00031016

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-1.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

JOURNAL

OF

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

PARIS AND ITS ENVIRONS.

JOURNAL

OF

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

31016

BY

THE HON. CAPTAIN BINGHAM.

WITH A MAP.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.
1871.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

00031016

JOURNAL

OF

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, September 18th.—Being an old inhabitant of Paris, I determined, in spite of the entreaties of my family, to stand the siege and observe the conduct of the citizens. I went to the chief post-office this morning and asked whether the mail for England would leave in the evening. The functionary to whom this question was addressed shrugged his shoulders, and said that all the lines were cut. In fact we were shut in under the Republic, Count Bismarck, with the key in his pocket, being determined to allow us to fry in our own gravy. The National Guards exhibited much enthusiasm round the colossal statue of Strasbourg, which stands, with the statues of other French cities, in the Place de la Concorde. Several battalions visited this lady in the course of the day, presented arms to her, and harangued her. One vivacious officer made a very patriotic speech, but its

effect was marred, as he was in constant danger of falling from the rickety table upon which he had mounted. As a work of art, the statue of Strasbourg, with one arm akimbo, possesses no merit; but, covered with flags and bouquets, and crowned with immortelles, it has quite a grotesque appearance. The day being fine, the public promenades were crowded with pedestrians. The Bois de Boulogne, which is full of sheep and cattle, is closed to us, and most of the carriage folks appear to have quitted the capital. The railway trains, which left the St. Lazare station last night for the west, were carried by storm. Our hope, trust, and expectation is that the siege will be a short one. If parties hang together a month without a dictatorship it will be astonishing. As for our means of defence, we have the enceinte, which is ill prepared to resist a serious attack; few guns have been mounted in the bastions, nor are any of the traverses or bomb-proofs completed. The ditch is dry except to the east of Paris, but there is some talk of throwing bundles of faggots into it, saturated with petroleum, and burning the Prussians in case they attempt an assault. There is a girdle of detached forts, sixteen in number, indifferently armed, and not in a condition to stand a siege; there are also redoubts at various tender points, and several formidable gun-boats on the Seine. The improvident Empire left Paris almost totally unprovided with guns and ammu-

nition, and but for the heavy ordnance brought up from the sea-ports we should be in a hopeless condition as far as siege-pieces are concerned, for there is no cannon-foundry in the capital, and our supplies from Douai, La Fère, Besançon, Grenoble, Toulouse, Bourges, and other arsenals are cut off: Creusot cannot help us, neither can Ruelles, where the large breech-loaders for the navy are turned out; and but for the naval artillery, drawn from Toulon, Rochefort, Brest, Cherbourg, and L'Orient, we should have to set field-pieces to wrestle with Krupp. The army of Paris may be set down as follows:— 360,000 National Guards, either armed or about to be armed; 80 battalions of Gardes Mobiles, 96,000 men; General Vinoy's corps, consisting of three divisions and other regulars, 62,000 men; 8,000 men from the fleet, 5,000 franc-tireurs, 4,000 custom-house officers, &c., 3,500 veteran volunteers, and over 4,000 horsemen of various descriptions. We have more than 500,000 men and 1,500 guns.

It would be difficult to judge of the value of these troops. After the first disasters of the French army, it was decided that neither Alsace nor Lorraine, nor the defiles of the Vosges, should be defended; the whole country was to be delivered over to the Prussians, and the capital was to be defended. All the resources of France were to converge towards Paris; Bazaine was to fall back from Metz, MacMahon from Châlons, &c. For political motives this plan was

abandoned. The Emperor was aware that until he had retrieved his defeats on the Rhine, it would be impossible for him to return to Paris. At Châlons he was grossly insulted by the battalions of the Paris Mobiles, and the reception they gave his Majesty betrayed the feelings of the capital. The Sedan campaign was resolved upon, and the regular army was almost entirely sacrificed. General Vinoy managed to make good his retreat with 30,000 men, and demoralized detachments were forwarded to Paris by the prefects of various departments of the east. Vinoy's corps has suffered in *morale*, but may recover. The stragglers are being organized; and one battalion, already formed, consists of thirteen companies, taken from thirteen different regiments. These troops will take a long time licking into shape. As regards the Mobiles, they are as yet untrained, but there is good stuff in them, and, as a class, the men are far superior to the regulars. In the hands of an able general, capable of inspiring confidence and enthusiasm, they would certainly fight well, but pent up in Paris, they will be less formidable than in the open field. The National Guards are formidable, as far as numbers go, but very few of them have ever fired a gun; most of them are still at the goose-step, and appear likely to remain there for some time; and many of the battalions entertain ultra opinions which will breed trouble. Like the Mobiles they have elected their own officers, and there is a charming

disregard for discipline, which will not improve the value of the force. Each battalion has its commandant, who is a sort of political colonel—through whose hands all the orders from the Government pass, and who commands his battalion inside the walls, but subsides into an adjutant beyond the enceinte. I should think that hardly a single commandant knows how to handle a regiment. Most of them have been elected on political grounds: one man commands a battalion because he is an ardent socialist; another, because he was transported under the Empire; a third, because he shot a sergent-de-ville, and so on. The socialist is a lean, sickly, short-sighted, spectacled individual; the returned convict is a decrepit old man, past seventy years old; and the assassin is an enthusiastic blockhead, quite incapable of distinguishing himself in a legitimate manner.

The sailors will, no doubt, be of great assistance: they man the forts, most of which are commanded by an admiral. The city arms, by the way, are a ship surrounded by other devices; and Paris has seen within its walls many admirals of note who never commanded at sea,—from Coligny, who perished during the St. Bartholomew, and the great minister Richelieu, down to Murat, that dashing cavalry officer, who was Master of the Horse and Lord High Admiral. Now we have real sailors, true blues.

Paris has now been besieged seven times, and is the city of the seven sieges: the Normans attacked it in

885, when its population numbered but 30,000 souls, and when it did not extend beyond the island of La Cité. For thirteen months the barbarians blockaded Paris, but at last they raised the siege. The Emperor Otho II. next appeared before the walls in 978, with 60,000 troops; he burned a suburb beyond the Cité, but he was utterly routed by King Lothaire, and pursued as far as Soissons. In 1359, when King John was prisoner in England, Charles of Navarre blockaded the city, and tried to reduce it by famine; the population suffered immensely, but in the end, his Majesty of Navarre, learning the approach of relieving armies, struck his tents and disappeared. In November of the same year King Edward of England invaded France with 100,000 men, and marched on Paris in the spring. For three months King Edward lay before the city, but he was forced to retire, because, having devastated all the country round, he ran short of provisions. Paris then contained 200,000 inhabitants, who again suffered all the horrors of famine. A century later there was a fifth siege. The English, who had become possessed of the city, were attacked by Charles VII., whom they had before driven to Bourges.* Some hard fighting took place, and

* An old song on this subject commences thus—

Les Anglais avec leur croix rouges
Voyant lors sa confusion,
L'appela le roi de Bourges
Par manière de dérision.

Joan of Arc was wounded at the head of a storming-party. Finally, the French were repulsed. For seven years Paris was between the hammer and the anvil, till at last the citizens revolted against the exactions of our countrymen, and let the French into the place. The sixth siege, the most horrible of all, took place during the League, when Henri IV. laid claim to the throne. The King's army took up its quarters at Gentilly, Montrouge, and Vaugirard, and attacked the Faubourg St. Germain. The siege, after being raised for a few months, was renewed in May, 1590, when a long stand was made, though the walls were in a bad condition only one gun was mounted on the ramparts, and there were provisions for not more than a month. The sufferings of the population were terrible, and yet, on the 4th of June, some citizens who counselled surrender were thrown into the Seine. During the famine 2,000 horses and 800 mules and asses were devoured, and dogs and cats were cast into a huge boiler, and their flesh served out to the poor. The siege lasted nine months, when Henri was forced to raise it at the approach of the Duke of Parma.

September 19th.—We have commenced badly. This morning, when I turned out, I found groups of excited people in the streets, gathered round soldiers, and learned that early in the morning the Prussians had surprised Vinoy's corps, and had tumbled it into Paris. The beaten troops were

making the best of their disaster, and, naturally, set down their misfortune to overwhelming numbers. The surprise was effected on the south side of Paris, and the enemy gained possession of the unfinished redoubt and the heights of Châtillon, which command the forts of Montrouge, Vanves, and Issy. The French were caught napping, and most of the men bolted, without waiting to fire a shot. In front of Montrouge some Prussian cavalry made their appearance at an early hour, and warned the peasants at work in the fields to get out of the way. Some regiments of the Mobile made a stand at this point, and fought well, until the Prussian gunners got the range. A bad example was shown when a *sauve qui peut* took place, and a rush was made to get through the gates. Cavalry protected the retreat. The Mobiles and National Guards are indignant at the cowardly conduct of the regulars; but it must be remembered that these soldiers are the scum of MacMahon's army, and their flight should not be wondered at. They are men of a retiring disposition, and prefer plunder to laurels. Paris is disheartened, and the runaways have done much to damp the courage of citizens by magnifying the strength of the enemy. It was apprehended that the Prussians would have followed up their advantage and stormed the city; but they seem contented with the capture of Châtillon, and are already throwing up earthworks.

September 20th.—Paris in a great state of alarm; and had the Prussians followed up their advantage yesterday the city would have been at their mercy. The regular troops, who are now bivouacking in the avenues and boulevards, are demoralized, and the Mobiles and National Guards are quite untrained. The people feel highly indignant that, after so many lessons, their soldiers should have been again surprised; and there is a loud outcry against the Zouaves, who, as representatives of the late régime, are denounced as dastardly prætorians, fit to act against unarmed citizens, but useless when opposed to solid troops. The members of the Provisional Government continue in a great state of excitement, and General Trochu has written a severe order of the day against the cowards who deserted their colours. These fugitives are being arrested by the National Guards, and it is a curious sight to see a couple of citizens in blouses marching up to the Place Vendôme with a run-away Zouave between them. A great many of the fugitives appear to have fled without firing a shot, and many have dispersed themselves through the deserted villages outside the walls, where they are pillaging. At Châtillon, where the surprise took place, an important earthwork had been commenced, but the contractor suddenly reduced his men's wages, many of them left, and when the Prussians arrived the redoubt was unfinished, unarmed, and fell into their hands. Another work, that of Montretout, is

in the same position. Concerning these two redoubts there is a curious anecdote told. After the battle of Valmy, gained by old Kellermann's cavalry charge, Louis Philippe, then Duc de Chartres, was the first who brought the news to Paris. The royalty had just been abolished, and ministers were assembled at the residence of the Minister of War, who was ill in bed. Thither the Duc de Chartres repaired, and having read his despatches and related the details of the victory, he was about to leave, when a minister with whom he was not acquainted, took him aside and begged him to pay him a visit the next day before setting out to rejoin the army. The Duc de Chartres asked to whom he had the honour of speaking, and the minister answered, "I am Danton." In after years Louis Philippe often spoke of the impression made by this answer; the effect produced by those simple words was never effaced. That night he could not sleep, to such an extent had the fact of finding himself face to face with the author of the massacres of September troubled his imagination. Next morning he presented himself before the terrible Minister of Justice. Danton commenced with his usual roughness by reproaching him for the terms in which he had condemned the massacres. "You have nothing to do with that," he said: "your business is to fight bravely, as you have up to the present. Above all, your duty is to preserve yourself. Sooner or later, France, by her

vices, perhaps also by her virtues, will return to a monarchy. The elder branch is worn out; it is you who will be king. You will have a difficult task, that of giving to the people two boons which they desire more, and are less able to keep than any others—order and liberty. You will have another serious difficulty, that of assuring our national independence, always menaced by our geographical position. You who have gone through the glorious campaign of '92 will comprehend where the weak point is. Remember that Paris is the heart of France, and do what we have not been able to do—fortify it."

Louis Philippe, when king, probably remembered Danton's advice; he expressed himself strongly in favour of the fortifications advocated by M. Thiers and opposed by Marshal Soult and M. Guizot. Louis Philippe obtained the forts and enceinte, but from his residence of St. Cloud he saw, and frequently made the remark, that the guns of Mont Valérien did not sweep the "dip" of Sèvres, and that the forts of Vanves and Issy were commanded by Châtillon. However, he could obtain no more forts, and was inconsolable. On the 6th of September, when the old King's sons, believing that the declaration of a republic had abrogated the law of exile, returned to France and offered their services to the Government, the first question asked by the Duc d'Aumale on revisiting Paris after an absence of twenty-two

years, was,—"And Montretout and Châtillon, are they finished? my father regarded them as so important!" The Prussians have seized on both these positions, and will most likely bombard us from them.

September 21*st.*—Paris presents a curious aspect. The Champs-Elysées, Avenue de la Grande Armée, and several of the exterior boulevards, have been turned as if by magic into encampments. The artillery has taken possession of the gardens of the Tuileries to the discomfiture of nurses and babes; some of our roofed-in markets have been appropriated for the manufacture of cartridges and petroleum, and various inflammable substances have been buried in the Park Monceau, and other delightful promenades. The Bois de Boulogne is closed. Where is the Parisian to take his walks abroad? The long lines of tents—the soldiers always cooking their soup—and picketed horses are picturesque to look at, but they impede locomotion, and the novelty of the thing soon wears away. The National Guards continue to bring in Châtillon fugitives, and men who have never had a chance of showing their backs to the Prussians demand their instant execution. Some of these unfortunate men have been paraded through Paris with their hands tied behind them, their coats turned inside-out, and wearing an inscription slung round the neck, to the effect that they are cowards who bolted before the enemy. Most of these scamps,

who are to be tried by court-martial, have been dragged out of low wine-shops, and there is a strong feeling that these establishments should be closed, Mars not Bacchus being the presiding deity. It is said that the French, in order to impede the movements of the Prussians, have blown up no less than sixty bridges round Paris; in addition to this, hundreds of houses, within the military zone and round the detached forts, have been levelled to the ground. Every now and again Mont Valérien, or one of her fifteen sisters, demolishes a house which may serve as a refuge to the enemy, and Paris, "like the scorpion girt by fire,"

In circle narrowing as it glows,

seems intent on darting her sting "into her desperate brain."

There is a mania now for getting a peep into the Imperial papers, which Count de Kératry promises to publish in a popular form, so that France may know by what manner of man she has been governed for nearly twenty years. As a foretaste we are offered some delectable letters which refer to a love-passage between the ex-Emperor and Mdlle. Marguerite Bellanger. Margot may one day take rank with Marie Fouchet, la Belle Gabrielle, La Vallière, Madame de Pompadour, the Dubarry, and other royal mistresses, who have played a part in history, though the influence she exercised over her "cher Seigneur" was not very apparent. However, she played a *rôle*

in the imperial comedy, and illustrates an epoch. M. Devienne, for complicity in this affair, has been superseded by the Provisional Government, though his conduct was, perhaps, not altogether inexcusable: as President of the Court of Cassation, it was within the range of his functions to try to appease any domestic quarrel which might lead to a demand for separation between man and wife. Then it must be remembered that M. Devienne belongs to the family, being a natural son of the first Napoleon. It is said that the Prussians, though they have swept all the country round Margot's property, have respected the château of Mouchy.

The words "National Property" have been scrawled up on all the public buildings, and means are being taken to efface every trace of the late régime. The Empire is now remembered as a sumptuous repast, which has turned upon the national stomach. Pah! take away every remnant of the feast and gibbet the host.

September 22*nd*.—This is the New Year's Day of the Republic, and, consequently, 1st Vendémiaire LXXIX., according to Romme's calendar. In honour of this glorious festival, and to celebrate the birth of the first Revolution, we have had a peaceful manifestation on the part of certain citizens, who think that their great talents, and the miseries they have endured under the Empire, entitle them to a seat in

the Cabinet. Blanqui, who has spent about forty years of his life in prison, and is an incorrigible old conspirator, was one of the ringleaders of this movement, which was aided and abetted by Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, and Major Flourens. The intrepid Flourens fought against the Turks in Crete; met the well-known duellist Paul de Cassagnac in single combat, and was wounded; afterwards took part in the Victor Noir riots, fired a pistol in the air, and declared the Republic established; hid himself from the police, escaped to England, plotted against the existence of the Empire, and now emerges, "in flower of youth and beauty's pride," as the Belleville pet—a sort of excitable Saint Just, very likely to create mischief and play up to Count Bismarck's strong hand. The manifestation, after bubbling for some hours, evaporated, for the calmer discontents, such as Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc, are adverse to physical force being employed. They hold to Napoleon's axiom, that force never established anything—and certainly Napoleon had some experience.

We learn that "our Fritz," as the Parisians love to call him, has established himself at the Château Meudon, from which a fine view of Paris is obtained. The ancient village of that name always reminds me of Rabelais, once curé there, and the mitrailleuses in which our last Emperor had such unlimited confidence. Those terrible engines were first manufactured secretly at Meudon. By the way, the curé

wrote a chapter in his History of Gargantua and Pantagruel which the Parisians might study with advantage, though it is four hundred years old. The chapter in question is headed, "Comment Gaster inventoit art et moyen de non estre blessé ne touché par coups de canon."

Victorien Sardou, the successful dramatist, has left his luxurious residence at Marly and taken shelter within the walls. As maire of his village, he was the last person to quit the place; when there were no more people to administer, he struck his flag and retired before the enemy. With a good glass he can see the smoke going up from his chimney-pots, for Marly-le-Roi is already taken possession of by the incoming tenants.

September 23*rd*.—There was a heavy cannonade this morning before daybreak, and it was imagined that the Philistines were upon us, but the alarm was a false one. About noon there was firing in the direction of Meudon; and a crowd of Parisians who had flocked to the Trocadero, overlooking the Champ-de-Mars, where the late Exhibition recently stood, had the pleasure of beholding some of those dangerous missiles hurtling through the air and crashing into the leafy woods which overhang the Seine. We hear that M. Jules Favre has gone to see Count Bismarck at the head-quarters of the Prussian army, and that there is a fair chance of an arrangement. The new

Government is working harmoniously, and is determined only to imitate the first Republican administration in its virtuous austerity: there is not the slightest necessity for another "September," nor beyond the precincts of Belleville are there any hoarse Dantons to demand a massacre. The bloodless manner in which the Revolution of the 4th of September was accomplished is a guarantee that order will not be seriously troubled in the face of the enemy. The *Rappel*, which can hardly be considered an Opposition journal, is indignant that the Mobile regiments should have re-elected nearly all their officers. When the regiments were formed, the men had to select their officers hurriedly, and for this reason a new election was ordered. The privates, finding that in nearly every instance the country gentlemen whom they had chosen to lead them had behaved well and become acquainted with their duty, confirmed their previous choice. The *Rappel* regrets to see this spirit of subordination and the Mobiles clinging to their natural chiefs. The ultra-Republicans desire perfect equality, and would gladly see companies without captains, regiments without colonels, and armies without a general. As a general rule, the conduct of the Mobiles in Paris has been most exemplary; and it is certainly strange to live in a great city filled with military and deprived of police, and find hardly any crime. Count de Kératry, who fills the chair recently occupied by

Pietri in the Rue Jerusalem, declares that there has been only one murder since the declaration of the Republic. Difficulties now adjust themselves or are righted by the National Guards; but since the police disappeared, no one appears to require them. I am inclined to believe that the sight of lawyers encourages litigation, and a glimpse of a medical practitioner a supposed need of physic.

Now that our terrestrial communications are interrupted, our Postmaster-General is taking an inventory of the balloons on hand, and thinking of starting an aëronautical school, in order that Paris may at least have the pleasure of sending out letters. The balloon question presents one difficulty, which will probably be overcome: there are not many balloons to be found, and there is only one house in France, and that at Lyons, where silk sufficiently strong for balloons is made.

We hear that the Germans are at Versailles, where the King of Prussia is to take up his quarters and sleep in the bed of the *Grand Monarque*. This sudden irruption still appears like a dream to the Parisians, who refuse to believe that all their favourite summer haunts are in the hands of the invader.

September 24th. — The storm of indignation against the Emperor, now called the Man of Sedan, is very violent, and everything which can remind the

people of the Imperial régime is disappearing from the public buildings. The bronze relief of his Majesty, as he appeared in the costume of the Cæsars, above the principal entrance of the New Louvre, has been plastered over, and at some future period the modern Augustus will be discovered by a learned archæologist, and form the subject of an antiquarian discourse, the professor being surrounded with mitrailleuses, chassepots, and other interesting relics of barbarous times. Most of the eagles have been torn down from the palaces and other edifices; two large birds in bronze at the New Opera having resisted the efforts of the mob, have been covered over with sea-green canvas, and there they stand, with outstretched wings, decently hidden from the gaze of virtuous Republicans. M. Jules Favre this morning publishes an account of his interview with Count Bismarck. Being desirous that no effort should be spared to bring about an honourable peace, our Foreign Minister determined to make a direct appeal to the Chancellor of the North German Confederation. It was felt, too, by the Government that the ignominy of a peace concluded so shortly after the Sedan catastrophe would fall entirely on the Empire, whilst a peace forced upon France after fresh disasters will be the peace of the Republic one and indivisible. The demands made by Count Bismarck were such that, had they been accepted by M. Jules Favre, they would not have been ratified

by the people of Paris, who are pledged not to part with Alsace and Lorraine. During the interview between the two statesmen at Baron Rothschild's château at Ferrières, Count Moltke, who is a silent man, sat in a corner perusing *Little Dorrit.* France now throws the blame of the war on the Emperor. But never was a war more popular in France, though the Emperor certainly did not desire it. The Senate, from the first moment, was madly in favour of hostilities, and so was the immense majority of deputies in the Lower Chamber, where Ollivier was taunted in the most pitiless manner every time he appeared on the point of accepting the explanations of Prussia or listening to the councils of the neutral powers. M. Thiers, who knew that France was not ready, nearly had his house in the Rue St. Georges sacked by an angry mob for daring to ask the Government not to go to war upon such a frivolous pretence as that put forward as a subject of strife between two great powers. M. Jules Favre, for a few words uttered in favour of peace, incurred the bitter hostility of the press, and was grossly insulted by editors who would now place their heads beneath his foot. No one had so much right to implore Count Bismarck to stay his arm as M. Jules Favre, and it is with regret that we learn the failure of his attempt to bring this fearful war to a close.

There has been some skirmishing in front of the fort of Issy. The forts of Ivry and Bicêtre have

been firing on the enemy to protect a French division ordered to occupy Vitry, Moulin Saquet, and Hautes Bruyères. The Prussians, 40,000 strong, are reported as hiding in the woods of Argenteuil, which look down on the north-eastern side of the city. They have also occupied the Forest of Bondy, an old retreat of highwaymen and other desperate characters, and are said to be quite at home there.

September 25th.—This is the second Sunday of the siege, and no attack is expected, the impression being that King William and his troops are strict observers of the Sabbath. A great many innocent people are being taken up as spies. An American minister, who was imprudent enough to take out his note-book in the Champs-Elysées and jot down a few observations for an afternoon sermon on the mysterious ways of Providence, was arrested this morning by some zealous National Guards, and, as he knows nothing of the French language, he will probably pass the night in the lock-up. An Englishman of eccentric manners has been brought to the British embassy seventeen times; he is in a chronic state of arrest, and when eventually consigned to a lunatic asylum he will be much regretted by Mr. Woodhouse and Colonel Claremont, who have become used to him. It is well known that Count Bismarck has numerous spies in Paris, and *Figaro*, who now and then washes its dirty linen *en famille*, gives an

interesting account of the organization of the Chancellor's retainers. The greater portion of *Figaro's* narrative is unfit for publication; suffice it to say that the Count first went to work on a grand scale when the Duc de Morny died, and a number of ladies of high position and profligate life were suddenly deprived of their resources. By pandering to the tastes of women accustomed to luxury, wedded to extravagance, and deeply in debt, the crafty minister got at state secrets which rendered him master of the situation. There are certainly several curious stories abroad as to the manner in which the Count has been served. Take the fact of a German banker having purchased a piece of land at Meudon, and built a château on the very spot where Paris should be protected by a battery. The Prussian engineers are no doubt well acquainted with the spot, and are now throwing up works sheltered by the nature of the ground from the fort of Mont Valérien. Besides the mania for arresting spies there is the signal mania; every candle lighted in the vicinity of the ramparts is supposed to convey intelligence to the enemy. An elderly National Guard, recently married to a handsome young woman, has had a hard time of it. His maid-servant, without his knowledge, placed a light in her window to warn a Leander of the district not to tempt the Hellespont. The National Guards on duty, concluding that the candle in the casement was a Prussian signal, rushed upstairs and

dragged Hero's husband off to the guard-room, where he spent the remainder of the night. The *teterrima causa* removed the signal when she heard the soldiers mounting to the assault, and the people of the quarter declare that the aged defender of his country is greatly to be pitied.

An old lady, who says that she was in some town or another when it was bombarded, recommends the Parisians, in order to protect the lower stories of their houses, to demolish the upper ones and leave the rubbish overhead. I don't suppose that the population will consent to this sweeping measure and strike their top-masts.

There are very few advertisements in the newspapers now, trade being at a stand-still; but a dealer in sand calls attention to his ware as an excellent preservative against bombs filled with inflammable matter.

September 26th.—I find M. de St. V——, who is a shrill politician of the true French school, in a state of rabid excitement at the presumption of Count Moltke in daring to invest this sacred city, which contains so many works of art and M. de V—— himself. As M. de V—— is a type of this generation of Parisians, I may explain that, though past sixty years of age, he sighs at the feet of the Marquise de P——, and addresses her compliments in a small falsetto voice. I have never been able to make out why the

Marquise tolerates him ; but as he is rich he probably pays his footing, and madame consents to be bored on the condition of being able to keep a few extra horses in her stables. No one speaks to M. de St. V—— at his club. He was an official candidate in the Chamber of Deputies, but has now abjured the Empire. In a recent debate he shrieked to a member of the opposition, "Monsieur, you never saw me before." "Only once," was the rejoinder, "in the Sixth Chamber;" and in truth the unfortunate de St. V——, a few years ago, was tried for swindling, and did not come out of the affair with clean hands. If he were as polished and witty as de M——, his sins would be forgiven him, for Paris is, or was, very lenient; but M. de St. V—— has none of the redeeming qualities of the pleasant rogue.

It is lamentable to witness the amount of destruction round Paris. All the charming villas and trees which stood within 500 yards of the enceinte, or in the vicinity of the detached forts, have been ruthlessly and at times wantonly destroyed; and all the country-houses spared by the engineers have been pillaged by marauders and the men of the Mobile Guard. Even Bagatelle, which the late Marquis of Hertford left to Mr. Richard Wallace, has been laid waste, though its owner has subscribed over 12,000*l.* to the Ambulance Fund. Fortunately, Mr. Wallace had removed most of the works of art which embellished his house before the Mobiles ransacked it.

Two chemists, Messrs. Beaume and Decanis, claim to have discovered the lost recipe for making Greek fire, and urge its employment on the Government. General Trochu and his colleagues are daily besieged by a host of inventors, all ready to exterminate the Prussian army at a reasonable figure. I shall make a collection of the terrible propositions made to the Government.

September 27th.—A sensational description has been given of the execution of a dozen Prussian spies in the ditch of the fortifications; but I believe that Lieutenant Hart is the only agent of Count Bismarck who has been visited with the extreme penalty of the law. The story now goes that this lieutenant was a duke in disguise: at least, the evening before he was shot he confided a letter sealed with a ducal coronet to his pastor.

The Prussians are being continually accused of firing on flags of truce, and committing other breaches of military law; they are also said to have treated several functionaries with unjustifiable cruelty. However, the chief doctor of St. Cloud, reported to have been massacred by the enemy, appears to have fallen by the hands of his own compatriots. A resident of St. Cloud, in a letter to the newspapers, describes how the worthy practitioner perished. "The inhabitants of St. Cloud," says the writer, "find themselves in an awkward position. Several of them have already

fallen, not by Prussian bullets, but shot by the sharp-shooters on the other side of the Seine. It is imagined at Boulogne that there is no one at St. Cloud but Prussians, and a fire is kept up on the town night and day. There are still seven hundred inhabitants—old men, women, and children—remaining here, and several have been killed by their compatriots. The Prussians merely occupy the château, which is not exposed to the bullets of the sharp-shooters at Boulogne. Yesterday Dr. Pigache died of his wounds, and to-day it is impossible to venture out to pick up a man killed near the entrance of the park. This morning the white flag was hoisted; but the firing continued, and we were obliged to get under shelter."

To-day a large quantity of petroleum stored in one of the parks caught fire, and a huge black column of smoke ascended straight up to heaven. It reminded Parson G—— of the cloudy pillar which led the Israelites in the wilderness, and, accepting the omen, he thinks France will soon be out of her difficulties. The afternoon was beautifully fine, and this dense column of smoke, with its feathery capital, had a startling effect on half Paris, which immediately credited the Prussians with some diabolical machination.

Nothing of much importance has been accomplished in the military department. The Minister of the Interior reports that some infantry attacked

the fortified farmhouse of Meches with too much intrepidity, and, after a sharp engagement, retired in good order. The Prussians, who remained behind their walls, lost two sentries and a horse! whilst the French lost one man killed and two wounded. "All that row about an omelette!" said the village curé, when a peal of thunder broke over his head as he was indulging the flesh on a Friday. This military bulletin, oh! Gambetta, for so sorry and dubious a narrative!

Another batch of papers found in the Tuileries has been published to-day, in which there is a remarkable letter from General Ducrot to General Trochu, in which the former explains the policy of Prussia with great foresight, and enumerates the military preparations made by that country with the view of invading France. This letter, dated 1866, appears to have been seized by the police.

September 28th.—It is hardly to be wondered at that French writers should rhapsodize over the occupation of Versailles, and call upon "the sons of Attila" to respect its treasures. "Alas!" says one gentleman, "from those charming gardens, where the most brilliant court in Europe got drunk with folly, those green alleys, where night, shade, and mystery presided over the discreet appointments of lovers in the time of Marie Antoinette, where the Cardinal de Rohan kissed the hand of Oliva, arises a

sickening odour of soup, whose chief ingredient is choucroûte." The rhapsodist then invites King William to get out of his bed and walk through the château in his night-shirt, in order to visit the tombs of the crusaders. "Leave your golden couch," he says, "take a torch in your hand, and go downstairs into the halls where the brightest pages of our national history are inscribed," &c. One can fancy the Prussian monarch exclaiming, "Did not these people destroy the tombs of their kings at St. Denis, smash the phial which contained the sacred ampoula at Rheims, and destroy Joan of Arc's felt hat at Orleans? Did not Napoleon carry off the sword of the Great Frederick from Potsdam, as he had robbed Spain of that of Francis I.?" By the way, an interesting monument has just been destroyed at Issy, where it was in the way of the fort. The engineers demolished yesterday a low cabaret, to which an historical souvenir is attached. The sign of the inn ran thus: "To the shell of the 15th July, 1815." At that date, the father of the present proprietor, who was postmaster, was ordered by King William, then Prince Royal, to put a pair of horses to his best chaise for a drive in the neighbourhood of Paris. On re-entering the inn, a shell thrown from a battery established close to the spot where the fort of Issy now stands struck the house over the door, and buried itself in the wall, where it remained till yesterday.

A lieutenant of National Guards, who is a grocer by trade, had the audacity to demand half a franc for a red herring this morning. The purchaser protested energetically; the public was indignant; National Guards arrived on the scene, and in the end the grocer's shop was closed, and the *corps du délit*, the red herring, was nailed to the shutters, the crowd applauding.

The Postmaster-General informs us upon what terms we can continue to correspond with the rest of the world. Our mail-bags—shades of Rowland Hill! —are to be entrusted to balloons, and be taken where the wind listeth.

September 29th.—All the war editors are urging General Trochu to march out against the enemy; but the Governor of Paris has a keen appreciation of the relative merits of an armed mob without artillery and the best drilled troops in the world with field-guns of the most excellent quality. There is a loud cry raised for cannons, but money is scarce, and there are no cannon-foundries in Paris. Cail and Co., however, promise to do their best; and as for metal, why there is the column of Vendôme, made out of the guns captured by Napoleon at Jena, and a hundred other victories. There is also the bronze statue of the "Petit Caporal," in his celebrated Brienne hat, great-coat, and top-boots, which may return to gun-metal now, and be recast after the war.

In addition to this we have the guns in the Artillery Museum, strange pieces taken at Sebastopol, in China, Mexico, &c., and the old battery of honour which stands in front of the Invalides, and fires Royal, Imperial, and Republican salutes, as the case may be. This battery is composed of pieces of the last century carefully chiselled. A M. Marklecberg appears to have invented a portable mitrailleuse, which does not weigh more than three chassepots. A friend of the inventor demands that twenty batteries of these weapons be instantly ordered; he calculates that they would fire 27,000 bullets per minute. It is said that a great many able-bodied young men, well fitted to shoulder a musket, have joined the ambulances and wear the Geneva bracelet. Alas! many attempts are made to shirk duty, and the old spirit of the Gaul appears to have departed.

September 30th.—There was heavy fighting this morning amongst the villages on the southern side of Paris. General Vinoy went out with about 10,000 men to try to drive the enemy from his positions in the vicinity of Villejuif, where he had been observed throwing up earthworks, and otherwise fortifying himself. Last night Vinoy massed his troops behind the forts of Bicêtre, Ivry, and Montrouge, and flung himself upon the enemy at daybreak. The French, always impetuous, rushed with great alacrity against the enemy's outposts, which

were speedily driven in. A French division even managed to get possession of L'Hay, Chevilly, and Thiais, and to capture some guns which were afterwards retaken. Emboldened by this success, it attacked Choisy in the most incautious manner, and paid dearly for the mistake. At Choisy the Prussians were not only in force, but in position, and the division of General Maudhuy was received with a withering fire from an unseen foe. After the fighting had been going on for about three hours, the Prussians brought up about 30,000 troops, and the French had to beat a hasty retreat behind their detached forts. Several regiments of Mobiles took part in this affair, called the combat of Villejuif: they behaved well. General Guilhem, an officer of merit, fell in the foolhardy attack on Choisy. The Prussians hardly ever show themselves, and this kind of fighting in the dark is very trying to the French character. The Gaul requires an object to rush upon, and his *morale* is affected when he cannot see his antagonist. I see that at a public meeting a *fusil d'honneur* has been voted for the citizen who shall shoot King William, but no Republican has yet come forward to "bell the cat."

OCTOBER.

October 1st. — To-day all is quiet, but we are by no means satisfied with the result of the sortie of yesterday. A large double balloon was sent up this morning, and when I last saw it, it was passing over Versailles. Mr. O'Sullivan, who was formerly in the United States' diplomatic service, has just returned here, after having passed eight days in the enemy's lines. In a graphic description of his journey, which he has contributed to the *Electeur Libre*, he demolishes the idea prevalent here that the Germans are savages amongst whom it is dangerous to venture. According to Mr. O'Sullivan, he received the kindest treatment at the hands of the Prussians, but was very roughly handled at the French outposts and by the National Guard when re-entering Paris. That the citizen of a sister republic, furnished with papers *en règle*, should have been arrested and otherwise ill-used by the civic troops, gives one a proper notion of their zeal and a poor idea of their intelligence. The Government evidently thinks that the siege may

now go on for some time, Mr. O'Sullivan's friendly overtures not having been successful; M. Magnin has therefore taxed our beef and mutton, which will be served out in rations. The French bring all kinds of absurd accusations against the enemy to account for their own failures. They declare that the Prussians have a trick of throwing up the butt-end of their muskets in token of surrender, and that when the French advance to secure their prisoners, the enemy's ranks open, revealing a battery which pitches grape into the confiding Gaul. We are seriously told that a few Spahis came across a body of Prussian cavalry yesterday. At the sight of the Algerian horsemen, the Uhlans, though ten to one, fled. When the Spahis came up to them they smote them with the flat of their swords. As Allah is their prophet, they could not kill such cowards!

October 2nd.—I find that the Prussians "are not satisfied with assassinating infants, but that they have just captured a seedsman at Vitry, and refuse to restore him to liberty unless 10,000 francs ransom be paid." The writer of this curious antithesis (if he had said, The Germans have not only imprisoned a seedsman, but slain a child, it would have been a natural climax) then calls the Prussians Calabrian brigands, and works himself up into a great pitch of excitement over the virtues of his injured countrymen. M. Louis Blanc publishes a very wild rhapsody

to-day, addressed to the English people. As Frenchmen will always base their arguments on passion, and not on reason, and will be loose of statement and regardless of fact, I fear the rhapsody will fall flat on the unpoetical English tympanum. "We assist at a monstrous phenomenon," commences M. Louis Blanc, who would consider it quite natural for Frenchmen to ravage Prussia and sack Berlin. "It would have astonished even barbarous ages. Hordes (Germans, of course) impatient to kill, burn, and destroy everything, have surrounded this most hospitable of cities in deep and serried masses. Civilization is for the moment imprisoned in Paris," and so on. All the blame of the war is cast on the Man of Sedan, and the belief that the universe cannot exist without Paris is insisted on *ad nauseam*. There are some, however, who think the French character has undergone very little change since the days of Chilperic, when, according to the historian Dulaure, "the love of pillage, ferocity, and bad faith were the principal traits of their character." Salvien speaks of the nation as "*gens Francorum infidelis*," praises them for their hospitality, blames them as liars. "The Francs," says Libanius, "cannot bear servitude, and believe themselves reduced to a miserable condition when they can find no one to plunder." A Greek proverb, reported by Eginhard, says, "You can have a Franc for a friend, but not for a neighbour." Isidore says they are corrupt and ferocious.

October 3rd.—Paris is anxious to know why General Burnside, who came in yesterday from the Prussian lines, should have favoured us with a visit. It is, of course, supposed that he has been charged, or has charged himself, with some diplomatic mission, with the view of terminating the war. America stands in a very favourable position for bringing about this result devoutly to be wished for. The great European powers have not acknowledged the Provisional Government, which usurped power on the 4th of September. America has done so, and at the same time Mr. Washburne, the popular minister here, has taken Prussian interests here under his care for the duration of the conflict. Count Bismarck communicated some views to General Burnside, but as General Trochu and his colleagues stand pledged to Jules Favre's declaration, that this country will not part with an inch of her territory, nor a stone of her fortresses, negotiation for the moment would be a hopeless task. At one of the last sittings of the Chamber of Deputies, held when the Prussians were swarming through Alsace and Lorraine, members vehemently voted that those two provinces should never be separated from France. M. de St. V—— supported this patriotic decision with his shrill voice and his bulletin. Old France and regenerated France, therefore, stand pledged to fight for the integrity of the Republic, one and indivisible. General Burnside's real mission relates to the depar-

ture of American citizens who have business at home, and have seen enough of the siege, which, as there is a difficulty in getting about, is becoming monotonous. To thoroughly enjoy a siege one requires, not an immense capital like this, protected by detached forts, but a small town and short rations.

October 4th.—There is a sort of mania here to possess Prussian helmets and other "spolia;" a helmet in fact fetches so high a price that a private manufacture has been started, and needy men are hired to wear them in close rooms, so that they may have the appearance of being genuine; they are afterwards battered and sent out for sale. The National Guards have discovered one of these manufactories in the Boulevard St. Michel, close to the spot where the Archangel is represented ill-treating Satan. Minister Gambetta has announced the fall of Toul and Strasbourg, after an heroic defence of fifty days. General Uhrich, who defended the latter place, is regarded as one of the finest soldiers who ever existed, although we were always led to believe that Strasbourg was impregnable.

To-day the censorship of the theatre was abolished, though we have no plays now. Our actors are all in the army. Even Hyacinth, whose nose was powerful enough to draw a full house, has shouldered a musket and gone to the ramparts, where he is capable of making the Prussians die of

laughter, and so doing more execution than a mitrailleuse. Capoul, of the Opéra Comique, the most adored of tenors, is a light horseman; some of our most charming actresses are vivandières, whilst the maturer ladies of the stage are on duty at the ambulances. However, if we only had peace, the French theatre could now play Victor Hugo and Voltaire. The "patriarch," be it remarked, has suffered severely under many régimes: under the Bourbons, during the Restoration, one of his finest tragedies was forbidden the stage for this single line—

Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux.

The fortunate soldier could only be Napoleon, to whom it was high treason to allude. To such a pitch was this censorship carried, that in a piece called the *Battle of Denain*, played at the same epoch, the Prince Eugène was called the Prince of Savoy, because Eugène was the name of the Empress Josephine's son by her first marriage. Any one who desires to study the history of the theatrical censorship in France, may ask for M. Hallays-Dabot's interesting work on that subject. He will there find such anecdotes as the following:—When the Allies entered Paris, in 1814, a grand representation was given at the Opéra in honour of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, when, to the air of *Vive Henri IV.*, the following couplets commencing thus were sung:—

Vive Guillaume
Et ses guerriers vaillants, &c,
* * * *
Vive Alexandre !
Vive ce roi des rois, &c.

In '48 there was great licence in the theatre here. In one piece called *La Propriété c'est le Vol,* Eve appeared naked and the serpent in spectacles.

We hear that the Bavarians are dying of hunger, and that there is little or nothing to eat in the Prussian camp.

There has been no fighting to-day, and the forts have been taking a holiday. The night is dark, and Mont Valérien is trying to catch a glimpse of the enemy with its powerful electric lights; but General Noel can observe no signs of the Prussians, and he slips not his dogs of war.

October 5th.—There was very heavy firing this morning at nine o'clock. My big neighbour Mont Valérien opened the ball, and Issy, Vanves, and Montrouge caught up the strain, and sent a storm of shot and shell hurling into Meudon. As a general rule, the Prussians do not work under fire during the day, but the generals and admirals commanding the forts would be suspected of supineness, and even treason, if they were to remain long without giving Paris some sign of their existence.

The papers here are very violent against their

tormentor William. For instance, *Figaro* this morning publishes an article, the commencement of which I must endeavour to translate, as a specimen of how we write when under the influence of passion. The article is headed "Janus," probably because the hero of that name was often represented in heathen mythology as presiding over gates and avenues, with a key in one hand and a rod in the other. Janus, evidently the King of Prussia, is thus sketched off by the writer in *Figaro*—"Idiot, drunkard, obstinate old man, outlandishly ambitious fellow, conquering monomaniac, mystical trooper, shameless perjurer, jackanapes in the hands of a clever scoundrel, Attila of the nineteenth century, and what more? We have forgotten one quality which explains him like a revelation, paints him like a photograph, searches him out like a perquisition, and skins him like a *post-mortem* examination: he is a consummate comedian," &c. Peter Simple is almost as glib of epithet as Rabelais.

We are still suffering from the spy mania. Madame de Beaulieu, in imitation of many ladies of high rank, transformed herself into a vivandière when the Mobiles of Mâcon, which is her native province, came to Paris, and has gone everywhere with her regiment, carrying a little barrel of cognac on one side and a surgical case on the other. A few days ago she was tripping along to join her battalion, when she was accosted by a National Guard, who,

rendered suspicious by the whiteness of Madame de Beaulieu's hands and the elegance of her costume, accused her of being a Prussian spy. She was immediately imprisoned, and, in spite of all the efforts made to obtain her release, remained in durance vile for four days. Poor Madame de Beaulieu! thou wert harshly judged by the unwashed. It must, however, be admitted that spies are numerous, and that Count Bismarck loves to deal with the softer sex. It is notorious, says an influential paper, that many female spies pass through the French lines, and spend the night in the Prussian camps. The night before last one of General Ducrot's aides-de-camp had one of these women arrested, who turned out to be the wife of an officer who had been made prisoner at Sedan!

Mr. Quested Lynch, a young native of the Emerald Isle, who speaks French like a Frenchman, and German like Count Bismarck, set out this morning to try and get through the Prussian lines. He carries several despatches, and the best wishes of numerous friends. M. de St. V—— is, however, delighted at the prospect of no longer meeting a gentleman at the Marquise's who sometimes presumed to set him right on matters of history, and remind him that the English did fight in Spain, and were not exactly beaten at Trafalgar.

There was a demonstration before the Hôtel de Ville this afternoon.

October 6th.—From what has transpired this morning, it seems that the Hôtel de Ville, where the Government sits, was visited yesterday by 10,000 men of Belleville, commanded by citizen Flourens. These heroes had seven demands to make—that the National Guard should receive chassepots; that an entire change should be wrought in the military system, and the Imperial tactics, which consist in opposing one Frenchman to three Prussians, abandoned; that a *levée en masse* should be ordered; that France should summon to her aid all Republicans, especially that great citizen Garibaldi; that municipal elections should take place; that all suspected individuals should be dismissed from administrative or political situations; that the commune of Paris, elected by the people, should take the resources of the city in hand. The Provisional Government refused to grant these requests, and consequently citizen Flourens has resigned his command of the 63rd, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, and 240th battalions of the National Guard, to which he was never appointed by the military or any other authorities. The Government does not intend to take any serious notice of this armed manifestation, which has caused great annoyance to the sober battalions. It has issued a milk-and-water decree against troops being marched about the city without orders from headquarters, and has reminded the Parisians of Count Bismarck's words about allowing the Republicans to stew in their own gravy.

General Schmitz, in his military report, says that the 5th battalion of the Mobiles made a reconnaissance in the village of Clamart this morning. The French had to deplore no loss in either dead or wounded; the Prussians lost two needle-guns, a sabre, and a cross-belt, which, according to the official bulletin, were brought into Paris. The Government, enchanted with the gallant defence made by Strasbourg, has decreed that a cast in bronze shall be made of the colossal statue of that town, which steadily gazes at the obelisk which Louis Philippe brought from the banks of the Nile and set up in the centre of the Place de la Concorde. In his "Tale of a Drum," Thackeray has thus described the Place, with its obelisk, and other adornments:—

> Around it are fountains and gardens,
> And the cities of France on their thrones;
> Each crowned with a circlet of flowers,
> Sits watching that biggest of stones.

And, in fact, Lyons, Bordeaux, Lille, Rouen, Marseilles, Tours, Toulon, and Strasbourg have been seated majestically for many years, gazing like the discreet statues mentioned in one of Washington Irving's Spanish tales.

To-day a torpedo blew up and killed or dangerously wounded eight men. This accident has seriously alarmed gentlemen of inquisitive proclivities. A queer story comes to us from Vincennes. It appears that 500 guns—most of them field-pieces—

have been discovered buried in that artillery depôt. Why they were committed to earth, who read the funeral service over them, how their resurrection was accomplished,—all is shrouded in mystery. These interesting relics are being limbered up and will soon be on their wheels again.

The Prussians profess to know all that goes on in Paris. They knew that Villejuif was going to be attacked from a spy who heard a French officer mention the fact at the Café Helder late on Thursday night. An hour later the Prussians were aware of the coming storm.

October 7th.—There is hardly a prettier or more frequented spot in the environs of Paris than Suresnes, which lies just the other side of the Seine, due west of the capital, and under the guns of Mont Valérien. In this village, under our very nose, Uhlans have been seen conversing with strange people, who, no doubt, gave them information concerning our means of defence before they put spur to horse and clattered up the high street. The Prussians, who occupy Meudon, have taken possession of the superb mansion of Madame de Grouchy, widow of the son of the Marshal on whom most of the blame of Waterloo has unjustly fallen. Let any one interested in the subject read the Marquis de Grouchy's justification of his father. There is a proposition made to-day, the fun of which M. de V——, who

grows more rabid as the siege continues, fails to see. The Republicans suggest that Napoleon III. should be sent to Mexico to save society, with the exception of Juarez.

According to Voltaire's *Henriade*, French troops are more formidable in attack than defence; witness the following curious lines:

> Là, d'Aumale, ennemi de tout conseil timide,
> Leur tenait fièrement ce langage intrépide;
> "Nous n'avons pas encore appris à nous cacher.
> L'ennemi vient à nous, c'est là qu'il faut marcher;
> C'est là quil faut porter une fureur heureuse.
> Je connais des Français la fougue impétueuse;
> L'ombre de leurs remparts affaiblit leur vertu.
> *Le Français qu'on attaque est à demi vaincu.*
> Souvent le désespoir a gagné des batailles;
> J'attends tout de nous seuls et rien de nos murailles."

I should say, that without our walls what remains of the French line, the Mobiles and the National Guards, would fall an easy prey to Von Moltke and his men.

October 8th.—We were much gratified on hearing this morning that the Congress of Newcastle, under the presidence of Lord Nordwarter, has proposed a league of neutral powers, destined to constitute a national parliament for the settlement of international questions. M. de St. V—— is charmed with Lord Nordwarter, though France does not require his assistance, nor the assistance of any milor. A Rouen journal has reached us to-day and is hailed as manna. I see in it that M. Emile de Girardin, one of the chief promoters of

this disastrous and cruel war, advises the provinces to intercept the Prussian stores on their road to Paris. "What will become of the German army," cries Emile, "when its steel guns have no ammunition and its stomachs no food? I think it will doubt the military capacity of M. de Moltke, who has most likely assured his communications." This morning the fiery Gambetta left Paris in a balloon to see what effect his fervent eloquence will have on the nation at large. M. Glais-Bizoin, one of the Tours delegation, has sent in a despatch to say that the provinces are rising, and that every valid man in the country is taking up arms. In a very able paper, M. de Kératry, Prefect of Police, advises the abolition of his post, which is no longer necessary under a Republican Government. The prefecture of police was created by Bonaparte, when he was Consul, in order that he might have Paris, that is to say France, under his hand. We all remember how Fouché was dreaded, and the rôle he played under the First Empire. The prefect was charged with the judicial, administrative, and political police, and the power placed in his hands was enormous, and trespassed on that of every minister, paralysing the arm of the municipal officers and the magistrature. Each government in its turn has made use of this incomparable instrument as a weapon against personal liberty. Under the Second Empire, says M. de Kératry, the Prefect of Police ended by becoming a personage exclusively political,

who had secret funds at his disposal and occult police in and out of the country unknown to, and distinct from, the ordinary police. One of the principal missions of the occult police was to get up factitious disturbances and excite public feeling against the demagogues. Against this concentration of power M. de Kératry protests, though it be now vested in his hands.

M. de Kératry, who is an old soldier, tells me that when he went to the Rue Jerusalem to succeed M. Pietri on the afternoon of the 4th September, he found that worthy and his chief acolyte, Legrange, who is well and unfavourably known to the Parisians, burning their papers. He refrained from arresting the two ex-functionaries, who would probably have been ill-treated by the people, but advised them to leave Paris with diligence. The pair took the hint and decamped.

Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc, though much disappointed at not being called to take a share in the Provisional Government, object to the employment of physical force to turn out the present tenants of the Hôtel-de-Ville.

In to-day's military report General Schmitz relates that General Bellemare contrived to form a semi-circular camp during a fog in front of St. Denis: only one man was wounded, so the operation did not cost much.

October 9th.—The Government, after announcing

that we should have municipal elections, has suddenly changed its mind. It thinks that it would be better to put off such elections until after the siege. This decision will evidently create a bad feeling in Belleville, but the large majority of the National Guard is determined to support the Government through thick and thin. I hear that another demonstration is taking place in front of the Hôtel-de-Ville, and that the people are shouting for the Commune; no serious disturbance is apprehended, as the large majority of citizens is determined to guarantee order. A man named Sappia, who commanded the 146th battalion of the National Guard, has been arrested by his own men for serving out ball-cartridge and proposing to march on the Hôtel-de-Ville. How this disreputable character got elected to the command of a battalion is one of those mysteries which may be revealed hereafter. This riotous officer was taken to the Place Vendôme, will go thence to the Conciergerie, and will afterwards be tried by court-martial. M. Henri Rochefort has written to his quondam ally Flourens, now Belleville swashbuckler, imploring him not to disturb the Government, "pars quorum sum." "Let me, O Flourens, enjoy the sweets of office, and give up those revolutionary practices in which we used to indulge together." But Flourens and his *tirailleurs*, as they are called, demand numerous and repeated sorties by the National Guard, that Republican commissioners be despatched

into the provinces, that rations be served out to every one without distinction. Nevertheless the Commune may be said to have died out.

Good news has reached us from the provinces, and as we are very mercurial, our spirits rise on the least gleam of sunshine. M. de St. V—— is in a state bordering on polite frenzy; he has been purring all day round the Marquise, his falsetto notes being shriller than ever. But for a bad leg, for which I have recommended him Holloway's ointment, said to have cured the leg of a milor, he would do duty on the ramparts in spite of his years. The good news is that two armies of 80,000 men each have been organized in the provinces, and that Bazaine with 70,000 men still holds good at Metz. The provinces, too, are well provided with chassepots, field-guns, &c. &c.

The maire of St. Cloud has just come into Paris under cover of a thick fog which prevailed all the morning: this functionary was said to have been shot by the Prussians about ten days ago.

The Prussians have at last thrown a shell into one of the detached forts — into Ivry, and Ivry, Bicêtre, Charenton, and the redoubt of Gravelle fired all day long on the Prussian positions at the cross-roads of Pompadour, and the outworks at Choisy-le-Roi. The gun-boats cannonaded St. Cloud; the forts of Montrouge and Vanves searched out Châtillon, where the enemy is strongly posted; the Double

Couronne and l'Est disturbed the enemy in the direction of Stains, Dugny, and Garches, whilst La Briche threw a few projectiles into Villetaneuse. Several reconnaissances were also made, and the Prussians were beaten up at Drancy, Créteil, Pantin, and in the neighbourhood of the Isle of Beauty on the Marne, into which the guns of La Faisanderie fired a couple of round shot. Altogether the day was a lively one.

The Bonapartists don't despair of seeing Louis Napoleon back here after the peace. I neither share their sympathies nor their expectations, for despotism is a firebrand which Prussia will hardly re-establish; nor could all the king's horses and all the king's men set Humpty Dumpty up again.

October 10th.—In imitation of the first revolution, during which the *tricoteuses, lecheuses,* &c., played a part, and a procession of women marched to Versailles, the ladies of the present day are preparing for business under the guidance of two respectable prophets. A man who rejoices in the name of Felix Belly has commenced the organization of the first battalion of the Amazons of France, but he can neither obtain arms nor quarters for his female warriors; this Mormon chief therefore distrusts the Government, and writes to the newspapers. The other prophet, Jules Allix, by name, presided last night at a woman's club, the meeting being held in the Triat gymnasium. The prophet took the chair, supported by several

ladies. Reports were received from various districts which were not very encouraging; one woman taxed the Ursulines of her quarter with malpractices, whereupon a National Guard started up and declared that the speaker uttered a falsehood; he then sprang upon the platform and upset the committee, the table, and the traditional glass of sugar and water. The prophet jumped at his throat, and after a severe scuffle reappeared with disordered garments and dirty hands, looking very pale. The National Guard who had interfered with the harmony of the meeting, was the Duke of Fitzjames, descendant of that James II. who served as a soldier under Turenne, and as a British admiral improved sea-signals, and beat the Dutch Admirals Opdam and Ruyter. He was buried at the church at St. Germains, where I often visit his tomb. His Grace of Fitzjames has evidently inherited some of his ancestors' blood; nor would the prophet have escaped so easily but for the intervention of the Amazons.

When order was restored, a woman of the people addressed the meeting. "You see in me," she said, "a peaceable and simple citoyenne; but what I require is a pair of Zouave inexpressibles."

Let us draw the curtain. M. Jules Allix next explained that he desired to draw attention to a weapon of carnal warfare that had been submitted to him, and to which he had applied the name of "the finger of God." Hereupon he produced a glove which

was armed at the top of the index with a small glass phial containing prussic-acid, and assured the meeting that the smallest scratch inflicted with this weapon would be fatal: it was meant to preserve the chastity of the women of Paris in the event of the city being carried by the enemy. The gentlemen in the body of the hall evidently objected to this invention; there was a tumult, and the prophet and the committee disappeared in the storm.

The Prussians are working very hard—with the perseverance of madmen, the French say,—in front of St. Denis. I expect that it is much the same case all round Paris. The fort of Aubervilliers fired for some time to-day on the village of Bourget, and there was some lively skirmishing in the direction of Noisy-le-Sec and Nogent. The French say that the Prussian bullets, owing to their peculiar form, make a noise like the miauling of a cat, but I believe the Prussians miaul like cats instead of using a whistle or a bugle. An old soldier, unable to stand being cooped up any longer in Paris, went out very early yesterday morning and brought down a sentry; the nearest post went out, and firing at random, missed our hero, who, after killing five or six more Prussians, returned home to breakfast. The papers teem with similar anecdotes, which go down like gospel.

October 11*th.*—There are no symptoms as yet, as far as the enemy is concerned, of an approaching

bombardment, but still precautions are being taken to preserve works of art as far as possible from being damaged by splinters. Rude's celebrated bas-reliefs at the base of the Arc de Triomphe have been boarded over; the Marly horses at the bottom of the Champs-Elysées and the figures at the Fontaine des Innocents, due to the chisel of Puget, have also been protected. Most of the art treasures at the Louvre, Imperial Library, &c., have been carefully stowed away in secret places, for it is felt that if the Prussians capture the city they will lay hands on the Venus of Milo, and the splendid collection of old masters bought and plundered from many lands.

The Government is in need of saltpetre, and the citizens have been asked to hoard up their wood ashes for the chemists. During the first Revolution the same want was experienced, and people were required to dig up their cellars and throw the earth in a heap before each door; the *savants* then went round and extracted the necessary ingredient from these mounds, and the Republican armies were furnished with gunpowder in spite of England, who held the sea, and prevented importation.

It is getting difficult to procure a good dinner for any reasonable sum. I dined at "Voisins'" to-day with Mr. Wingfield, Lord Powerscourt's brother, and the correspondent of the *Times*, and but for the bill we should have considered the fare Spartan. Mr. Wingfield, who is a bit of a surgeon, and is

attached to the American ambulance, carved; Mr. Austin washed down his Abyssinian experiences with Volnay, which he found preferable to the muddy rain-water of the campaign.

October 12th.—Monsieur D—— is one of the few Frenchmen with whom one can reason. But for a bad digestion, I am sure he would have made a first-rate officer, but he is lord of himself, "that heritage of woe." He has pointed out to me all the mistakes made during the campaign, and explained the results before they happened. He followed MacMahon for a few days after he left Châlons, as correspondent of one of the Paris newspapers, but he came back to the capital when he found that the editor, who was at that time mercilessly taunting the Government with concealing the truth, would not publish his letters, because they were too gloomy in their views! M. D—— said to me a week before Sedan, "Both our armies are lost," and he traced out the Prussian movements with wonderful sagacity. It looked as if he had directed all the operations of the German army, and reminded me of Montcalm writing home before the fall of Quebec, and saying:—"If Monsieur Wolf knows his business, he will," &c., and Wolf, following, as it were, Montcalm's advice, showed that he did know his business. M. D—— has no great opinion of his fellow National Guards if taken beyond the walls, but thinks they

can hold the ramparts, and that the siege will not be over as soon as we foreigners think. An unfinished letter found in the pocket of a dead Prussian the other day talks of the regiment not returning till after Christmas. I hope M. D—— and the departed German are not prophets in this instance.

Major Flourens, who, after having resigned his command of the *tirailleurs*, and his resignation being accepted, has resumed his rank, is to be prosecuted for causing the assembly to be beaten. Mont Valerien fired heavily this afternoon.

October 13th. — There was a little reconnaissance this morning, in order to feel the enemy's positions at Bagneux and Châtillon. At 6 A.M. the fort of Montrouge opened a heavy fire to clear the road for the French troops, who advanced at nine o'clock against the positions above named, whilst two small columns occupied the enemy, one at Clamart, the other at Bourg la Reine. Supported by the fire of Issy and Vanves, General Lusbielle's brigade attacked the barricaded villages in front of them with considerable intrepidity, and, after some hot street-fighting, drove the enemy out of his advanced positions. Elated by the success of their efforts, the French went too far, exposing themselves recklessly, and the consequence was that, on the Prussians bringing up reinforcements, they fell back

with considerable loss. Major de Dampierre, at the head of the Mobiles of the Aube, fell mortally wounded whilst gallantly leading his men up to a barricade, from behind which the enemy, perfectly screened, leisurely brought down their opponents. The Prussian losses are, of course, set down here as enormous; but, considering that the French hardly got a glimpse of their foes, and retreated rather hastily, their statements must be taken for what they are worth. There was considerable excitement this evening when the wounded were brought in; but the Parisian is a gullible creature, and easily persuaded that what he desires has been accomplished. No amount of previous deception renders him incredulous; he must have his champagne, no matter how his head aches the next morning.

Captain Hore, the English naval attaché, a zealous and efficient officer, who knows more of the French fleet than any admiral in the service, made an attempt to-day to get through the Prussian lines, but there was something wrong with his passport, and he was turned back, after spending several hours at the outposts. When taking leave of the Prussian officers, he assured them that Paris was still a very pleasant quarter, and that, as far as he was privately concerned, he did not care to leave it.

The important house of Cail and Co. has received a large order for guns—thirty-four siege-pieces, fifty bronze field-guns, and seventy-five mitrailleuses. How

Cail and Co. will succeed in this new line remains to be seen.

Five more men who ran away at the combat of Châtillon have been tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death for desertion in face of the enemy.

Only now are barracks being run up in various open spaces, and wooden huts being built for the artillery officers in the Tuileries gardens. God knows when they will be finished; but the nights are getting decidedly cool, and the cattle will suffer from exposure.

The Columbian minister made an unsuccessful attempt yesterday to get through the Prussian lines, but his papers were not found to be *en règle*, and could not get past the outposts. Count Bismarck is determined to let out as few persons as possible.

October 14th.—Colonel Lloyd Lindsay came into Paris yesterday evening, bringing 500,000 francs to be distributed amongst the ambulances, but no English papers, which would have been gratefully received. He has seen Count de Flavigny, chief of the ambulance department, a jovial-looking man, who, judging from his appearance, is quite unfit for the mournful post he occupies. "D—n the rascal!" said the undertaker in the old play, alluding to his chief coachman, "the more I pay him, the jollier he looks;" and the Count reminded me of this worthy when he met me on the stairs of the Hôtel-de-

Vouillement, and mistook me for Colonel Lloyd Lindsay. The 500,000 francs have been confided to our military attaché, Colonel Claremont, whose mother was French, and who was attached to General Pelissier's staff in the Crimea. He has been here for many years. He follows the siege-works with assiduity, and will, no doubt, send in a valuable report to the British Government on the defence of Paris. The engineers, by the way, are doing what they can to compensate for the loss of Châtillon and Montretout. The Point du Jour, which is that point of Paris nearest to Meudon, has been rendered almost impregnable, and the powerful redoubts of the Hautes Bruyères and Moulin Saquet, to the east and west of Villejuif, will effectually prevent the Prussians showing in force nearer than Choisy le Roi. The enemy, however, still holds the villages of l'Hay, Chevilly, and Thiais, in spite of being made very uncomfortable in those positions.

To-day, being the anniversary of the Battle of Jena, it was expected that the resentment of the Prussians would lead them to make a dash upon Paris; but our methodical enemies appear to be guided rather by the rules of art than those of passion, and no particular movement has been observed in their lines.

October 15th.—The cafés are open all along the boulevards, and wear much the same appearance as

usual, with these exceptions—there are more men in uniform and fewer ladies in fine raiment. The hen-pheasant when she gets old is popularly supposed to assume the brighter garb of the male bird; but here the males have put on gorgeous apparel, and the female has quitted her finery. We are told that immorality has had its day, and that under a virtuous Republic there shall be no more shameful and shameless extravagance. Beware, O Republic, lest another La Cabarus arise, another Madame Tallien with bright-dyed tunic and small naked feet bound with sandals, and that the *Jeunesse Dorée* and the *Merveilleuses* and Ionic dances return not as they did before the First Revolution was well scotched!

In the poorer quarters the people are eating horse-flesh, which is cheap, owing to the rapidity with which forage is rising. An entire horse is said to have been sold at the shambles for 35 sous.

Count de Kératry took his departure in a balloon which made its ascent yesterday. It is darkly hinted that the Count has a special mission for the republicans in Spain; but the probability is that he has simply left us to put himself at the head of the Vendeans, and rouse his native province of Brittany. Besides being a first-rate political writer, M. de Kératry is a soldier of merit; he served with distinction in the Mexican war as a chief of counter-guerillas.

Messrs. Decanis and Beaume have exhibited some "Greek fire" to the Government. Water appears to

feed the flame of this terrible liquid and render it more intense.

October 16th.—Pastor Coquerel, who is a very Protestant and eloquent divine, preached this morning at the Porte St. Martin theatre, taking for his text, "Du pain et de la poudre." During the course of his charity sermon he made Christian reflections on the staff of life and "villanous saltpetre, which many a tall good fellow has destroyed so cowardly." Pastor Coquerel spoke like a polished Covenanter, and deftly alluded to Claverhouse Bismarck in a manner which tickled both pit and boxes. Like Sherrick in *The Newcomes*, I hardly know whether to call the listeners "the house," or "the congregation." However, our Charles Honeyman was applauded, and a tolerable sum was taken at the doors after the performance, and will be laid out in sustenance and destruction. Whilst Pastor Coquerel was aiding the great work the French batteries of Mont Valérien, Mortemart, and Issy were playfully pitching shot and shell into St. Cloud, and at last flames were seen darting up from the Château, which had taken fire and was soon consumed. The French are rather proud of the sacrifice of a palace which has long been a royal residence. Louis XIV. often repaired there when wearied with the splendour of Versailles. Philippe of Orleans, regent of France, and many other Bourbons were born there, and Henrietta of

England was lying there dead when Bossuet cried from the altar, "Madame se meurt, madame est morte." It was in the orangery of the Château that the 18th Brumaire was effected in the year VIII. of the Republic, at St. Cloud that the fatal ordinances were signed by Charles X.. As for the town itself, its history is lost in the twilight of antiquity; its name is derived from a holy nail of the true cross, which is still preserved in the church. It seemed a pity to burn the Château, but the Prussians perhaps might have turned it to account.

October 17th.—This morning I breakfasted near the Point du Jour, and over a piece of roast beef and other delicacies witnessed an interesting little duello between the Mortemart battery, a few hundred yards in advance of the window where I was sitting, and a Prussian work in the woods of Meudon. Mont Valérien and Issy came to the rescue of their comrade, which is situated close to Baron Rothschild's house; and as the enemy only fired a few guns very deliberately, they were probably only getting the range. However, the anger of the Gaul was aroused, and bang bang went shot after shot into the leafy retreat, where the German works are perfectly screened from the keenest eye and the strongest glass.

The "Amazones de la Seine" demand permission to "man" the ramparts; so the probability is that

at least some of them have got their Zouave inexpressibles, and are otherwise accoutred. The prophets Allix and Belly remain in command.

The *Official Journal* tells us what the Provisional Government has done for Paris since it took office. I have already alluded to the state in which the defences of the city were left by the outgoing régime. In the forts there were no bomb-proofs, nor platforms, nor magazines, nor casemates, nor embrasures, and, of course, none of the accessories which it is necessary to accumulate. In six of the forts occupied by sailors, all these works have been accomplished by the admirals and their men, whilst eleven thousand workmen have put the enceinte in a fair condition, and closed the sixty-nine gates, which can now only be entered by means of the drawbridges. The military zone has been cleared, and three new batteries, those of Saint Ouen, Montmartre, and Chaumont, constructed. Traverses and bomb-proofs have been made in quantities along the enceinte; 2,000,000 sacks of earth have been placed on the parapets, and seventy vaulted powder-magazines built. A continuous line now unites the redoubts of Gravelle and La Faisanderie with the forts round St. Denis, and in front of this line the villages of Noisy, Rosny, and Nogent have been entrenched, &c. Eighty thousand men have been employed on this work. "Whilst, after the affair at Châtillon," says the report, "we were reduced to the line of our

forts, we have recaptured from the enemy, in front of our works, Vitry, Villejuif, Arcueil, Cachan, Issy, Suresnes, Puteaux, Courbevoie, Villetaneuse, Pierrefitte, Stains, Courneuve, Fontenay-sous-Bois, and Nogent-sur-Marne. Then we possess a *tête-du-pont* at Joinville, and almost all the peninsula of Gennevilliers. As for the artillery, that was in a deplorable condition when General Trochu and his colleagues took office. There were only a few pieces lying on the ramparts; the parks in reserve had been forwarded to Metz and Strasbourg; the ammunition represented only ten rounds per gun; there were hardly any oblong shells, hardly any canister-shot, or means of manufacturing canisters, and of powder there was but 540,000 kilogrammes. The artillerymen were few, and there were only ten officers for the whole enceinte. Now all this has been changed. There are 13,000 artillery officers and men, including 7,000 sailors, whilst 2,140 guns have been mounted in the forts and along the enceinte; there are 3,000,000 kilogrammes of powder, and the fabrication continues; oblong projectiles are being manufactured on a large scale, and the ammunition represents 400 rounds per gun. At the commencement of the siege there were but 390 cartridges per man, but large workshops were created, which turn out 2,000,000 a week. Several of the forts have received heavy guns, as well as some of the bastions along the enceinte at important points. In the opinion of

the Government, Paris has been rendered almost impregnable in a month. Besides the works above mentioned, M. Henri Rochefort, King of the Barricades, has been busy in preparing for an inner defence of the capital and for street-fighting. It was necessary to give the ex-editor of *La Lanterne* some special occupation.

October 18th.—An accusation having been brought against General Ducrot of having broken his parole after having been made prisoner at Sedan, that officer has thought right to clear up his reputation in a letter addressed to the Governor of Paris. He begins by saying that he cares little for the threat made by the Prussians of shooting him if he again falls into their hands—"to fall by Prussian bullets on the field of battle or on leaving a prison is all one to him, but he desires to leave behind him a stainless name." General Ducrot then explains that he refused to sign the capitulation of Sedan, but he afterwards accepted the conditions which were offered to him for reaching Pont-à-Mousson from Sedan. "I engaged myself on my honour," writes the general, "to go to the first-named place at my own expense, with my staff, a certain number of orderlies, and baggage. A safe conduct *en règle* was delivered to me, and it was stipulated that we should reach Pont-à-Mousson on the 11th of September, and present ourselves at the German head-quarters, in order to reconstitute our-

selves prisoners, and receive orders for the continuation of our voyage. Leaving Sedan on the 8th, we slept at Margut, a small village not five miles from the Belgian frontier. Beyond this place the road was completely free: we only met three Uhlans, who did not speak to us. Surely this was a fine opportunity to escape had we desired to break our parole. The communications with Belgium were easy, for we sent an inhabitant of Margut to get us some French newspapers. The next day we turned our backs to Belgium, and continued our journey to Pont-à-Mousson, where we arrived about 10 A.M. I had sent forward my orderly officer, Captain Gaston, to warn the Prussian authorities of our arrival, and ask them at what hour we should present ourselves at the railway-station. Captain Gaston, of his own accord, demanded the German commandant's permission for me to repose for a short time in a house in the town awaiting the hour for the train to start. As I was rather unwell and very tired, I took advantage of the commandant's permission to rest myself in the house occupied by the Prussian staff. During this time the chief of my staff presented himself with all his *personnel* to the commandant, and handed over the horses and carriages belonging to the State. At one o'clock I went with my staff to the railway-station, which was surrounded by sentries, who loaded their arms in our presence, according to the customs of war. Captain Gaston handed over my safe-conduct

to the officer in command, and we endeavoured to enter the train, which was about to start. But all the carriages were filled with prisoners who had arrived before us. I presented myself to the officer, and asked him, as there was no room in the train, to add some more carriages. He told me that the train was already too long, but that another would be formed, in which we would find place." It was whilst waiting for the next train that General Ducrot, who no longer possessed a safe conduct, disguised himself as a peasant, and made his escape. The Governor of Paris is perfectly satisfied with this explanation, which, I believe, has been forwarded to M. de Moltke.

October 19th.—In every open space and along all the broad avenues and boulevards of Paris, planned by M. Haussmann, our ex-Prefect of the Seine, we now hear words of command and the tap of the drum. The drill-sergeants are busy at work, and every column that parades is preceded by a vivandière, dressed in the traditional uniform, and decked out with the national colours. Some of the ladies of the theatre now step out bravely in front of our National Guards, and it must be admitted that both the Moblots and the civic troops have picked up the rudiments of their duty rapidly: they march and wheel steadily, but their discipline is far from satisfactory. Under the old Republic, when Marceau and

Hoche were generals, and Saint Just civil commissioner, with a guillotine at hand, a man who strayed fifteen paces from a column or stole a chicken, was summarily executed; but our present revolutionists are merciful, and will never make soldiers. Discipline, which, as Carlyle says in his *History of the French Revolution*, is at all times a kind of miracle, and works by faith, "is as necessary now to set France to rights as it was in '92." The consequences of allowing the Mobile and National Guards to elect their own officers must prove fatal to discipline. Yesterday the 117th battalion of the latter force superseded its commandant for expressing "red" sentiments. Politically speaking, one is glad to find National Guards condemning ultra principles, but militarily speaking, this act on the part of the gallant 117th is fatal. "If," said philosopher Hobbes, "I were seated at the bottom of a chalk-pit, and the devil put his hoof down into it, I would seize the opportunity of extricating myself." The end to-day is to drive the Prussians back across the Rhine, and why should this man of red doctrines be objected to as a means? A sortie in force is spoken of, and public rumour has it that General Trochu will ride forth to do battle with the Prussians, having M. Jules Ferry on one side and M. Rochefort on the other. M. Felix Pyat, who is a very advanced agitator, demands that the clubs be consulted on all military movements, in order to ensure their success. One can fancy with

what gusto M. de Moltke would peruse the plans suggested by the heroes of Belleville and forced on the Governor of Paris. The Government, being in want of artillery, demands from private subscription 1,500 breech-loaders, absolutely necessary for the defence. There has been a cry raised that the Column of Vendôme, made out of the guns captured by the first Napoleon, should be recast into pieces of cannon, but Victor Hugo would surely object.

October 20th.—We learn that Prince Frederick Charles is lying desperately ill of a fever, that the Crown Prince is down with the small-pox, that Count Bismarck has been shot at, that the *soudard mystique*, or mystic soldier, as King William is called, is as mad as Lear, and that Moltke does not know to which saint to turn. Paris, which is under the special protection of the Virgin Mary, who also holds a high command in the Austrian army, sees the finger of Providence in these visitations. Altogether the situation is regarded as cheerful. A new steam-mitrailleuse, capable of throwing 4,500 balls per minute, is spoken of; we have beef and mutton for the next six weeks. Bazaine, who retains 200,000 men round Metz, is regarded as one of the greatest generals on record; the attornies have promised a breech-loader, and the "reds" another, to be called *La Commune*, and specially dedicated to Count

Bismarck, if that minister has not perished by the hand of some modern Felton.

The Commune which is desired by the ultra-Republicans, is equivalent to the government of France by the maires of Paris. The first Commune was instituted shortly after the fall of the Bastile, when Bailly, maire of Paris, on the 23rd July, 1789, addressed an invitation to the sixty districts into which the city was then divided, asking them to name two deputies each, to assemble at the Hôtel-de-Ville. The first act of the Commune was to break itself up into committees—committee of administration, of public works, of police, of subsistences, of inquiry (after the doings of reactionary parts), of passports for circulating through the country. Then there were special committees — charged with the demolition of the Bastile, and the sale of the papers found in that prison, for the poor, &c. At last the committees became so numerous and the work so heavy that maire Bailly had to beg his sixty districts each to name another deputy, and to mention a fourth in case his presence should be required. In the month of October, 1790, the Commune issued a decree which shows that the institution is not necessarily one of disorder ; there had been troubles in Paris, so the Commune announced that it would receive no more deputations, except from legally constituted bodies, and that it would take measures to suppress disorders which might deprive France of the

fruits of her revolution, and bring dishonour on her sons. In consequence, the general commanding the forces of the Commune was ordered to deploy all his strength against the disturbers of the peace. It is strange to find that the battalion of National Guards at Belleville was one of the first to compliment the Commune on its decisions. That generous militia, says the official bulletin, "which has rendered us such important services, came and swore, in presence of the representatives, fidelity to the nation, the law, the king, to the commune of Belleville, and the commune of Paris." Not less strange is it to remark that amongst "the important services" rendered by the National Guard of Belleville, was cited the conduct of that corps on the night of the 5th October, when the Hôtel-de-Ville was invaded by the multitude, demanding that the Maire should place himself at their head, and march to Versailles. In the month of May following the Commune, desiring to recompense the conduct of the National Guard at Belleville, directed that the battalion should be presented with a ribbon, composed of the city colours, and bearing this inscription—*Trésor de la Ville sauvé et conservé le 5 Octobre*, 1789. The men of Belleville are not what their grandfathers were. After the 10th August the Montagnard and Jacobin parties began to dominate the Commune, which was reorganized, and became a docile instrument in the hands of Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, &c. In fact the

Commune broke down, having failed in its object. It had stormed the Bastile to be free, and in less than a year even the churches and convents were crammed with prisoners. It had fought for a number of civic rights—for freedom to come and go, liberty of the press, inviolability of domicile, the institution of the jury, magisterial reforms, equity in taxation, &c., and it soon happened that no citizen could venture into the street without a circulation card; there was a censorship for the press, and editors were dragged to the scaffold; private houses were visited on the slightest suspicion, and on the door of each house the names, surnames, prenames, and profession of all the inhabitants had to be written up in large characters. Magisterial reform ended in the creation of the Revolutionary Tribunal, dispensing justice as Fouquier Tinville dispensed it. These things Paris does not desire to see again—or rather Paris, with the exception of that admirable Belleville, which rendered such important services under the first Revolution.

October 21*st.* — This morning General Ducrot, with about 10,000 men, pushed a reconnaissance in the direction of Malmaison, supported by the guns of Mont Valérien, which kept up a heavy fire on the enemy's positions till late in the day. As usual the French drove in the German outposts, and were brought to a stand-still at the second line of invest-

ment, where they lost a couple of guns. The Prussians allowed the Mobiles to approach within 200 yards before they replied to their fire, and then suddenly unmasked their batteries. The Mobiles are said to have fought with great courage, and they certainly saved some companies of Zouaves which were on the point of being taken prisoners. General Ducrot is said to be satisfied with the results of this sortie, and the losses are set down at the lowest possible figure compatible with simple decency. M. de St. V—— can vouch for it, that the Prussians suffered enormously and are quite demoralized: he also repeats some absurd tale which is being circulated on the Boulevards and set up in type by printers' devils, that 20,000 Prussians have got into the peninsula of Gennevilliers, formed by a loop of the Seine, and cannot get out of it. A reporter of the *Débats* saw Mont Valérien break down the bridge by which the Prussians were passing over the river and precipitate many men into the stream. We are becoming very hardened and require proof as strong as holy writ before we believe in one dead Prussian. And we shall probably wake up to-morrow morning to find that the 20,000 German troops were a few French marauders looking for potatoes with a diligence which would have charmed Parmentier.

Those papers which are the most violent in their defence of civil and religious liberty are indignant at the intolerance exhibited by the Government in

removing the anti-Christ Mottu from his *mairie*. They write much as Gabriel Kettledrummle preached. "Occasionally," says Sir Walter Scott of that divine, "he vindicated with great animation the right of every freeman to worship God according to his own conscience; and presently he charged the guilt and misery of the people on the awful negligence of their rulers, who had not only failed to establish presbytery as the national religion, but had tolerated sectaries of various descriptions, Papists, Prelatists, Erastians, assuming the name of Presbyterians, Independents, Socinians, and Quakers, all of whom Kettledrummle proposed, by one sweeping act, to expel from the land, and thus re-edify in its integrity the beauty of the sanctuary," &c. The *Réveil* says that Mottu will carry with him the regret of "all the friends of toleration," &c., and the *Patrie en Danger*, whose editorial staff would no doubt rejoice to see the Goddess of Reason parading the streets with another Maximilien Robespierre for high-priest, says, "As for the image of Christ, we render sincere homage to that historical personage who was animated with the purest intentions and was crucified by the witty ancestors of the Royalists!" After all the Belleville of Jerusalem, which preferred Barabbas, was somewhat to blame, and shouted for the blood of the King of the Jews. However, it is one of the traditions of the first Revolution to believe that our Saviour was a Republican, and Camille Desmoulins and other

citizens styled him familiarly "le sansculotte Jesus," the title being applied as a mark of respect.

October 22nd.—Yesterday afternoon another dove seems to have returned to this beleaguered city, and was taken in by Noah Rampont, postmaster-general, whose duties consist in despatching balloons and climbing up to the house-top in the Faubourg Montmartre, where there is a pigeon-trap. The last bird brought a despatch from M. Steenackers, a member of the Tours Delegation, who, much to our astonishment, tells us that the heroic defence of Paris is the admiration of the whole civilized world, and that the Prussians are demoralized. We required some such consolation as this to keep up our spirits, and would have been thankful to M. Steenackers had he furnished us with any news concerning the armies which are marching to our relief. Let us content ourselves with the assurance that Christendom regards us as heroes, and ask no questions. The intrepid Major Flourens demands that victory be decreed as in the days of the first revolution; that generals be furnished with the means of fighting, and beheaded if unsuccessful. This reminds us of the civil commissioners attached to the armies of the Republic, the travelling guillotine by which they were accompanied, the fate of Custine and Houchard, and the nimble flight of Dumouriez, who took the civil commissioners with him, and handed them over to

the Austrian commander. Hoche certainly failed on the Rhine once, and was neither beheaded nor replaced, but received reinforcements, and was directed to persevere, which he did. It must be admitted that the present system of sending out 10,000 men to make a beautiful retreat, would end by irritating a less mercurial population than that of Paris.

October 23rd.—Sappia, a man of the true Marat type, who tried to persuade his battalion of National Guards to march with loaded muskets on the Hôtel-de-Ville, has been tried by court-martial, and in spite of the clearest evidence acquitted by three to four. For Sappia to have been declared guilty a majority of five to two was necessary. During the trial certain incidents in this man's life were brought before the court; he was proved to have been an imperialist, to have been dismissed from the army in Mexico for pilfering, and to be altogether an ignominious character. The National Guard contains not a few officers of the same calibre as Sappia, over whose acquittal even the revolutionary refrain from rejoicing.

The Provisional Government has bestowed its first Legion of Honour on the young Léonce Sellier, a Moblot of the Seine, whose father was shot by the Prussians. Léonce obtained permission to go out "poaching," and the other day two Uhlans passed by a house where he was lying in ambush; he killed them both and rode into Paris with the spoils of his

enemies. He afterwards killed a sentry who had fired at and missed him, and having laid three helmets, &c. at the feet of General Trochu, he was decorated by the Governor of Paris and received the customary accolade.

The Prussians are hard at work on the heights of Argenteuil, which dominate the north-western corner of Paris; years ago there stood a celebrated convent on the brow of the hill, of which Héloïse was *prieure* before she went to Paraclet and loved Abelard. The church is said to possess the garment of our Saviour without seam, which was woven from top to bottom; this precious relic was presented by Charlemagne, who had it from the Empress Jeane.

As if by mutual consent, this lovely Sabbath day has passed over peacefully.

October 24th.—General Trochu has issued an order for the battalions of the National Guard to march out beyond the walls, and in this way the Governor thinks that he may accustom the civic troops to the sight of the enemy, and bring them gradually under fire. They will probably not advance further than the detached forts, nor be taken within range of the Prussian outposts.

The Government having appealed to citizens for money to purchase 1,500 breech-loading guns, offices have been set up at various points of Paris, where three National Guards sit all day long with the

patriotic offerings they receive spread out on a table before them. There has been a great cry in Paris for breech-loaders, partly because the committee of artillery under the Empire reported in favour of muzzle-loaders, and partly because to the uninitiated there can be no comparison between the relative merits of the two systems—is not the chassepot preferable to the old ramrod rifle? The Maire of Paris has received a petition from certain citizens begging him to follow the example of the maires of Saint Denis and Saint Maur, and lay hands on all the church bells in the capital to transform them into cannon. Maire Arago refuses to operate this conversion; under the first Revolution there was some excuse for the people making use of the church bells and digging up coffins to make bullets, but now there is no scarcity of metal, except in the fevered imagination of your ardent patriots.

This evening at about eight, the most magnificent aurora borealis ever witnessed in these latitudes, suddenly illuminated the whole sky round Paris with an exquisite claret tint. The first impression of citizens was some devilry on the part of the enemy; it was supposed that the Prussians had set fire to all the woods round the capital, but it was difficult to explain the tint and the rays of light which traversed the aurora borealis at intervals as if the sun were struggling to burst its way through the deep rose-tinted crown which was suspended over our heads.

It was difficult to get citizens to understand that the phenomenon was caused by terrestrial electricity, and that probably neither William, Bismarck, nor Moltke had a finger in it. As soon as the aurora passed away the whole sky cleared up, and the huge clouds against which it had rested disappeared. "The stars then shone out," says astronomer De Fonvielle, "with a brilliancy comparable to that which is reserved for the star of France when it shall disengage itself from the hideous Prussian fog."

A bomb manufactory blew up last night in the eighteenth arrondissement, and caused great alarm in the quarter. The manufactory was a private one, which was engaged in making projectiles similar to those which Orsini flung under the carriage of the ex-Emperor. As they were most likely intended to be employed, not against the Prussians, but *intra muros*, one cannot regret the fate of the man Lapie, who perished in the explosion. Half-a-dozen of his accomplices were more or less wounded, and the authorities have had their eyes opened to the evil practices of Belleville. M. Flourens, by the way, has been re-elected to the command of the "tirailleurs" of Belleville, and is a regular partisan chief at the head of five battalions of infantry.

There was very little firing to-day: a few shells thrown from the redoubts of La Faisanderie and St. Maur into Champigny, and a reconnaissance in front of the fort of Charenton.

October 25th.—The aurora borealis reappeared this evening, but its tints were not to be compared to those witnessed last night.

During the Reign of Terror twenty-three theatres played nightly to crowded houses, and it was consequently asked the other day why some of the theatres of Paris should not be reopened? As few objections were raised, the ladies and gentlemen of the Théâtre Français, who were recently the ordinary comedians of the Emperor, gave a morning performance to-day in aid of the wounded. The actors and actresses compounded with the present state of affairs by appearing in modern costume to play Molière and Corneille. The Horatii and Curiatii fought in presence of Alba and Rome in swallow-tailed coats, black trousers, and white ties. It was the same with Alceste and Celimene, who had not the heart to come on the stage in slashed doublet and ribbons. During the performance there were three corpses laid out in the green-room, for an ambulance has been established at the theatre, and most of the *artistes* are nurses.

A good many accidents have occurred through the imprudence of National Guards, most of whom have arms placed in their hands for the first time, and are fond of "covering" each other. A terrible catastrophe took place a short time ago in the square of Arts et Métiers. The 181st battalion was about to "fall in" when a *gamin* offered some caps for

sale, and met with several purchasers. A young man, Cortey, was presented with a couple, and began to explain to his comrades that they might learn how to fire without having cartridges served out, as a cap would chase a column of air and extinguish a candle if the aim were correct. In order to prove what he said, he took up the nearest rifle, and aimed at the leaf of a tree close by. Unfortunately, the piece was loaded. The detonation was followed by cries of distress from a group of National Guards. Cortey ran forward and was stupefied on finding that he had shot three men. One was killed stone dead, the bullet having passed through his temple; the second was mortally wounded, and expired a few minutes afterwards; and the third was severely wounded in the leg. Cortey has been tried by court-martial, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment and a fine of fifty francs. There were certainly extenuating circumstances. No cartridges had been served out to the battalion, and, on examination, not another rifle was found loaded. None of the survivors had ever loaded, and no one acknowledged himself the owner of the fatal musket, No. 2,604. Out of about 1,000 stand of arms, Cortey just hit on the only weapon which was charged, and which is supposed to have belonged to one of the victims.

"Le Bon Marché," one of the largest linen-drapers' shops in Paris, has offered a breech-loader to the country.

La Fourrière is filled with strayed animals of all kinds, dogs, sheep, goats, even oxen and horses by the dozen. Where the horses come from is a mystery, but the probability is that they are turned loose by persons who have no more fodder for them. Horse-butchers' shops are being opened on all sides, so these unfettered steeds will soon find their way to the national kitchen. A bombardment is considered probable, as our advanced posts have seen the enemy tugging away with long teams of horses at immense guns, supposed to be Krupps.

The forts are reserving their fire.

October 26th.—Our military report this morning states that one of the enemy's advanced posts fled at an early hour before a patrol sent out from the fort of Nogent, leaving in the hands of the French twenty-two sacks of vegetables. At 6 A.M., at the moment our patrol was retiring, the Prussians, advancing along the left bank of the Marne, directed a heavy fire on our men, but were soon forced to retire. About 4 P.M. yesterday, the guns of Charenton fired on 200 men marching along the Pompadour road to Choisy, and threw them into disorder.

The above is a fair specimen of the bulletins issued daily by the Home Office, and signed by Jules Favre. The capture of a few sacks of vegetables is a meagre subject to discourse upon when 600,000 armed men are in presence of each other.

Complaints have naturally been made here of the manner in which the court of the Tuileries was represented in Germany when the war broke out. At Dresden, for example, the French Minister was M. le Marquis de Château-Renard, who had for secretary M. de Montgascon. These two diplomatists passed nine months in the year at a summer residence on the Bohemian frontier; they neither of them knew a word of German, and had a Prussian interpreter! At Munich it was the same tale over again with M. le Marquis de Cadore. At Vienna, up to a few weeks before the war, France was represented by M. le Duc de Gramont, the old schoolfellow of the Count de Chambord. Count Bismarck has written down the duke as the stupidest man in Europe; but he was immensely popular in the Austrian capital because, as French ambassador, he refused to pay his dog-tax. It is related that, at the beginning of last year, M. Rieger, one of the chiefs of the National party in Bohemia, drew up a very minute memorandum of the state of Germany, indicating certain steps which should be taken by France in case of a rupture with Prussia. This document was handed by M. Rieger himself to M. le Marquis de Lavalette, who, not considering himself competent to decide on the merits of the memorandum, forwarded it to M. de Gramont, who, without loss of time, communicated it to M. Giskra, then Minister of the Interior and head of the Prussian section in Baron Beust's cabinet. Poor

Rieger was immediately accused of high treason, but the war breaking out between France and Prussia, the charge was dropped, so as not to alienate Bohemia.

The Mobiles have often expressed their dissatisfaction with the National Guard, whose duty it is to take charge of the ramparts, whilst their friends from the country furnish outposts and march out with the line whenever a sortie takes place. Of course the National Guards vow that they would be only too happy to share the dangers of their comrades. If such be their feelings, they have now an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, for the Government requires them to furnish 40,000 volunteers for the duration of the siege. These volunteers will be formed into war battalions, and assimilated to the Mobile. It will certainly be a lasting disgrace to Paris should its National Guard not instantly respond to the call made upon its patriotism, which, however, is often louder of tongue than fertile of action.

The Prussians are reported to be getting heavy guns into position along that important portion of their line which runs from Choisy le Roi along by Thiais, Chevilly, and l'Hay, to Châtillon. Choisy le Roi and Thiais not only command the course of the Seine, but they terminate the line of heights running south to Villejuif.

Sergeant Hoff is making a name for himself similar to that of Mina, or any of the most dreaded

partisan chiefs who harassed the French during the Peninsular war. A night seldom passes but this legendary individual performs some daring exploit within the Prussian lines. The sergeant is said to have already disposed of about twenty sentries along the banks of the Marne.

October 27th.—To-day there was a great exodus of Russians, Americans, and English already tired of the siege. This foreign procession started at an early hour in the morning, and after a severe examination, the Russians and Americans were allowed to pass; but in consequence of some irregularity in the British papers, the inhabitants of the three kingdoms had to return, much to their disappointment, as several had sold off everything before starting.

In spite of the Government statement about the quantity of gunpowder in store, it was feared that we should run short of saltpetre, and be unable to go on manufacturing; but a large supply of saltpetre, enough for two months' powder, has been discovered in the catacombs, which has become a sort of mine, that will supply Paris in her need.

There is some talk to-day of M. Thiers being permitted to pass through the Prussian lines, in order to lay before the Provisional Government an account of his roving commission, and to see whether some basis for negotiations cannot be arrived at.

The possibility of Louis Napoleon returning to

Paris is now and then alluded to, but only to be treated with the ridicule such an idea deserves. In a stinging article in the *Débats*, M. John Lemoine imagines the hero of Sedan coming back to France, and, in imitation of his great uncle, presenting himself to the army, unbuttoning his coat, and saying, "Soldiers, it is I; recognize me. If there be one amongst you who could kill his Emperor, here he is; he comes with uncovered breast to offer himself to your bullets." I fear there are no more Labédoyères filled with enthusiasm for Napoleon III., no Ney capable of going forth to clap him in an iron cage and falling down to worship him.

October 28th.—To-day being the anniversary of the first Napoleon's entry into Berlin, after the crushing defeat of Jena, it is expected that his Majesty King William will try to return the compliment; it is known that he still remembers with peculiar bitterness the cavalier manner in which his mother was treated by the Emperor, and it is to revenge the insults heaped upon his family sixty-four years ago, that the King of Prussia is determined to sign peace in Paris. That very Radical paper, the *Combat*, has had the honour of an *auto da fé*. Citizen Felix Pyat having inserted a paragraph, with a deep black border, to the effect that Marshal Bazaine had sent to treat with the King of Prussia, in the name of Napoleon III., for the surrender of

Metz, the National Guards seized the *Combat* in the kiosks, and burned the copies publicly on the Boulevards. It is high treason to suppose that Metz can fall and Bazaine's splendid army capitulate. This evening the town was thrown into raptures by the news that the Prussians had been surprised at a small village, called Bourget, by the franc-tireurs de la Presse and the 14th battalion of Mobiles of the Seine, and driven out of that position with slaughter. The result is considerable, writes *Figaro*, and equals in importance the capture of Hautes Bruyères by the troops of General Vinoy. The men of the French corps engaged were Parisians, and consequently their feat of arms has been loudly extolled by the journals, who can now boast that the soldiers of the capital have put their shoulders to the wheel.

October 29th.—General de Bellemare's report on the capture of Bourget is published in the *Official Journal.* The general—and his report is a curious one—says, that wishing to utilize the franc-tireurs of the Press, who had nothing to do at Courneuve, in consequence of the inundation of the Crould, he ordered a night-attack on Bourget, where the enemy had established an outpost. The general then describes how the franc-tireurs, supported by the 14th battalion of Mobiles and some men of the 34th regiment, surprised the enemy, driving him from house to house, and finally, entirely out of the

village. The Prussian artillery then opened a heavy fire on Bourget, but did not succeed in dislodging the French, who immediately set to work to fortify themselves. About 6 P.M. General de Bellemare says that he sent fresh troops to relieve those which had been engaged in the scene since morning, to allow them to take their soup and rest themselves. The capture of Bourget, adds the report, enlarges the circle of our operations beyond the forts, gives confidence to our soldiers, and augments the resources of the capital as far as vegetables are concerned.

At an early hour this morning the Prussians tried to retake Bourget at the point of the bayonet, but they were repulsed. The fact of the wary Prussians having at last been surprised by the *gamins de Paris* is a source of great satisfaction. Some of the Prussian soldiers had turned in for the night and fled in their shirt-tails, leaving arms and baggage behind.

One of the new Republican maires of Paris has taken it into his head to set up the statue of Voltaire in front of the Prince Eugène Barracks, and to call the Boulevard dedicated to Prince Eugène Beauharnais, after the name of the Patriarch of Ferney. Notwithstanding Voltaire's republicanism, and that Eugène Beauharnais was the son of the Empress Josephine, and brother of the Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III., this is hardly the moment for such a change. Eugène Beauharnais was as

gallant a soldier as ever drew sword for the honour of France, whilst the intimacy which existed between the great King and the great Philosopher, and the extravagancies to which it led, is a matter of public notoriety. With William of Prussia at the château of Versailles, we honour the man who wrote after the misfortunes of Soubise at Rosbach—"You are made to be my King. It is, therefore, to my King that I write,—

> Votre esprit, votre ardeur guerrière,
> Des Français se feront cherir ;
> Vous aurez le double plaisir
> Et de nous vaincre et de nous plaire.

Your Majesty's envoy can now say that all the French are Prussians. O Paris, be worthy, if thou canst, to receive the conqueror in thy enceinte, muddy and irregular!" . . . In another letter, which Voltaire addressed to Frederick the Great, after Rosbach, he wrote,—

> "Héros du Nord, je savais bien
> Que vous avez vu les derrières
> Des soldats du roi très chrétien,
> A qui vous taillez des croupières."

One can form a tolerable notion of the state of a portion of the National Guard, from the fact that Mègy, who was first in command of the 91st battalion, and then reduced to the rank of ensign, in an altercation with a superior officer, struck him in the face. The probability is, that little or no notice will be

taken of this flagrant breach of discipline. Mègy owes his popularity to the fact of his having shot a policeman, called Murot, under the Empire. If the Empire was still in existence Mègy would be either in kingdom come or Cayenne, where the climate is not so insufferably hot.

I was nearly wandering into the Prussian lines to-day, in the vicinity of the forts of Vanves and Montrouge, when a French officer sprang up like Roderick Dhu, and warned me of my danger. Needless to say that I did not remain within range longer than necessary. However, it is only at some points that an incessant fire is kept up between outposts, and that it is dangerous to show an inch of superfluous flesh; at others, more or less of a good feeling exists, and sentries on both sides are lenient.

October 30*th*.—The French were not permitted to hold Bourget long. After having resisted the bayonet attack of yesterday, and fortified themselves to their front, they went to sleep on their laurels and drank to future triumphs. Unfortunately for the Parisian troops, who make excellent soldiers when scattered about through the army, but are unmanageable in a body, the Prussians had left wine in the cellars, and, after hard work and hard fare, a very few bottles were sufficient to render a whole company oblivious to outpost duty. Early upon Sunday morning the Prussians attacked Bourget in force, and

enveloped the village with some 20,000 of their best troops. Surprised in their turn, the French made hardly any stand; the enemy entered the rear of the village, and a regular massacre took place. Out of 3,000 men, but few escaped death, wounds, or capture. A part of the Prussian Guard fought with great animosity, as if wishing to wipe out the disgrace of having lost Bourget in the first instance. The sum total is that the position, which is of no great military importance, has been recaptured, and the franc-tireurs de la Presse, so called because commanded by a journalist, and the 14th battalion of the Seine, have been annihilated. This disaster has created a profound impression in Paris, and the road to the Courneuve is blocked up with anxious and weeping relatives, flocking out to that fort in the hope of obtaining tidings of some one who is, perhaps, off duty for ever. The men who have escaped declare that they had had fifty hours' hard work when attacked, and had been left thirty hours without food. Their excuse for not making a better defence is that they were exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and, I am led to believe, that a good many men quitted Bourget before the Prussians attacked, partly because they expected an attack, and partly because they were half famished. A Moblot of the 14th battalion, the only man of his company who escaped, has given me a graphic sketch of the whole business. He aided in the taking of the village, which was afterwards barri-

caded with an alacrity that betrayed the presence of the Belleville element. A large doll was placed in the centre of the principal work, and must have puzzled the enemy. The enemy's shells did a good deal of damage to Bourget on Friday, though few men were killed; and, when the Prussians attacked with the bayonet, they behaved in the most gallant manner, but were foiled. At night, the commander of the 14th battalion called for a volunteer to place himself outside a loopholed cottage at the extremity of the village, and Louis R—— presented himself. On taking possession of his post, he saw three inert bodies at a few yards' distance—three Prussians, each clasping his rifle. Fearing a ruse, and only being able to see these objects indistinctly, Louis R—— cautiously approached the enemy. He lifted up the first man's arm, and it fell heavily to the ground—he was stone dead. He had been shot through the head: his helmet was lying close to him, and contained his brains. The next man examined lay flat on his face, and groaned heavily—he continued to groan and sob the whole night long in an unconscious state. The third man had been shot through the thigh, and, when Louis R—— turned him over, he raised himself up, exclaiming, "Comrade—comrade!" The French, he told me, had deceived the Germans by means of an Alsatian, who entered into conversation with the sentry, and thus gained a couple of precious minutes. Before the post could be warned

the French dashed into the village; but on Sunday the Prussians returned the compliment, and took a fearful revenge. The bayonet was freely used, especially by the men of Queen Augusta's regiment, who appeared much exasperated, and who, grinding their teeth, uttered a yer, yer! as they worked away with their deadly weapons. My friend Louis R——, after disposing of one Prussian, retreated, and cannot imagine how he escaped. A bullet grazed his neck, he fainted, tumbled into a canal, and was dragged thence by a humane comrade. An hour afterwards he was in the arms of his widowed mother, and breakfasted with me next morning off a mule-steak.

M. Thiers arrived here to-day, in the hope of being able to arrange some plan for the election of a chamber, and the creation of a government with which the Prussians will be able to negotiate. The Emperor of Russia is said to have treated M. Thiers with much kindness, and to have procured permission for him to pass the Prussian lines and communicate with the authorities here. M. Thiers had a long interview with the members of the Provisional Government this afternoon, and will return to Versailles to-morrow; he expresses himself satisfied with the view which he has induced the great powers he visited to take of the position of France.

October 31*st.*—To the consternation of Paris, it was announced this morning that Metz had sur-

rendered. That man of ill omen, Felix Pyat, had but anticipated the evil news, and it is generally supposed that he learned the news from the Prussians, with whom he is suspected of holding intercourse. This is a sad blow to the lying system. For weeks past we had been led to suppose that Bazaine could hold out for months, that despatches had been received from him stating that he was well off for stores of all kinds; and the opinion was that this superb general was purposely engaged in neutralizing 200,000 German troops, which, but for his obstinate resistance and wild-boar sorties, would be overrunning the rest of France. Paris was thus unprepared for the intelligence of his sudden collapse, which sets free a large army and consigns 80,000 French troops to imprisonment. However, the news of the recapture of Bourget was a heavier blow; it happened nearer home, and showed that the army had not been taught by experience. The French were again surprised, and the blame is naturally thrown upon General Bellemare, whose report of the affair has not been, and perhaps will never be, published. From what I hear to-day, it seems that when the Prussians attacked, they caught two companies of the Mobiles of the Seine fast asleep, after a night spent in the cellars of the village; that the artillery galloped off and left the infantry to its fate; and that on the evening of the 29th 200 Moblots, not liking the look of affairs, and being hungry, quietly deserted

their post. No doubt General Bellemare's report makes serious charges against the Parisian troops. Be this as it may, Paris was not long lashing itself into a fury, and all the turbulent spirits of the day fanned the patriotic flame which burst out and threatened the destruction of the Government. Citizens gathered in groups and took counsel together, and their animated gestures boded no good; the assembly was immediately sounded in various parts of the city, and Belleville was particularly active: drums rolled, bugles sounded, and battalions of National Guards were mustered with surprising alacrity. The revolutionists were determined to overthrow the Government, and the men of moderate opinions were, for the moment, stunned and inert. An excited mob gathered in front of the Hôtel-de-Ville and clamoured for the Commune, shouting at the same time "à bas Trochu," and "à Versailles." In spite of a pelting rain, the crowd in the Place de Grève rapidly increased, and became more threatening in its attitude; some unarmed companies of the National Guard made their appearance, and matters assumed a gloomy aspect. The doors of the Hôtel-de-Ville were closed, and the maire, Etienne Arago, appeared at one of the windows and gesticulated wildly to the elements. Nothing he said reached the seething mob beneath him; he was succeeded by the lawyer Floquet, whose eloquence, so often employed in the defence of patriots persecuted

by the Empire, and the scathing of Princes, was of no avail. The people, who had flocked together from every point of Paris, desired arms to march against the enemy, the Commune to assume the reins of government, and *pas de phrases*. Whilst the people were yet shouting, "Down with the renegade Thiers!" "Long live the Republic!" "No armistice!" and "Resistance to death!" a pistol-shot was fired by some one in the crowd, and hundreds of people fled through Paris raising the alarm, wherever they went, that their brothers were being massacred. I hurried to the scene of action, and meeting my shoemaker said to him with Marullus :—

> Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
> What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

and the mender of soles told me he was on his way to vote for the Commune. General Trochu next came forward and beckoned to the people; but neither could the Governor of Paris nor any of his colleagues obtain a hearing. The doors of the Hôtel-de-Ville were then forced by the sovereign people, who quickly inundated the building, showed a red flag at the window, and proceeded to form a new government. A scene of indescribable confusion ensued, and all the evil-minded battalions of the National Guard surrounded the Hôtel-de-Ville. The Governor of Paris and his friends were captured, and confined in their council-chamber. They were

grossly insulted, and several attempts were made to force them to sign their resignation; but they resisted with dignity. General Trochu remained perfectly calm, and Jules Favre distractedly drew circles and angles on a sheet of paper. Gustave Flourens was one of the most active spirits on the scene. He had pranced down to the Place de Grève on horseback at the head of his "tirailleurs," and it was to the safe keeping of his officers that the Provisional Government was confided. Most fortunately for the imprisoned Administration, its wittiest and most unwieldy member, M. Ernest Picard, eighteen stone of common sense, leavened with Gallic salt, managed to slip through the fingers of his gaolers, and to reach the Treasury, from which place he immediately put himself in communication with the municipal and military authorities, and the commandants of well-affected battalions of National Guards. Whilst M. Picard was busy organizing his forces for the delivery of his colleagues, several Committees of Public Safety were proposed and submitted to the people. Every citizen was invited to hand in a list, and the very liberal ex-member for M—— handed up to a gentleman on a table the "reddest" list of the afternoon. Blanqui, Felix Pyat, Mègy, Victor Hugo, Tibaldi, Ledru-Rollin, Greppo, Mottu, Fonvielle, Flourens, and Dorian, the Minister of Public Works, were among the popular favourites, together with a set of rascals quite

unknown beyond the walls of Paris. The mob behaved "*more Francorum*" in the gilded saloons in which the Prefect Haussmann had the honour of receiving nearly every crowned head in Europe, including the Queen of England, the Czar, the Sultan, the Emperor of Austria, and King William of Prussia. They broke the glass and china ornaments, smashed the chairs, contaminated the sofas, and defiled the painted walls and rich wainscots. At one time in the afternoon there were three governments carrying on the business of the country, and issuing manifestoes: and all this time the Provisional remained in durance vile. Garnier Pagès swooned away; but, in spite of his age, his character, and previous services, he was still kept prisoner. For hours this tumult lasted, and it was seriously feared in Paris that a Committee of Public Safety had succeeded in establishing itself, and that a new reign of terror was about to commence. However, the sensible portion of the National Guards were bestirring themselves. A meeting of officers was held at the Bourse, the assembly was sounded, and the reign of Citizen Flourens was drawing to a close. At about nine o'clock the 106th battalion, with its bugles sounding, marched up to the doors of the Hôtel-de-Ville, and ascending the staircase, found some of Tibaldi's men levelling their rifles at General Trochu. These high-spirited patriots threatened to shoot down all the members of the Government if a

single shot was fired on them. The commander of the 106th consented not to make any prisoners, and, on the understanding that they should merely be disarmed, the Tibaldians consented to lay down their arms and return to Belleville, amidst roars of laughter from the 106th, as these wretched impostors passed beneath the Caudine forks, and stole away to rejoin their drunken comrades who were carousing in the neighbouring wine-shops. Some of the Flourens' men, however, stood firm; but a gigantic guard had caught up General Trochu, who was rescued from a very dangerous position. The Governor of Paris immediately repaired to the Louvre, where he met General Ducrot and other officers, who assured him of their support. Orders were instantly given for the Mobiles to turn out in force, and from one end of Paris to the other was to be heard the rolling of drums, bugle-calls, and the marching of men, as they hurried forward in the dark and wet to stamp out the incipient insurrection. M. Jules Favre, and the remaining members of the Government, were recovered by the National Guards, and, before midnight, an imposing force of Mobiles was massed in the Place de la Concorde and the Place Vendôme, very anxious to give the unruly Parisians a sharp lesson. The Governor of Paris, however, preferred allowing the storm to blow itself out, and gave the rebels a couple of hours to leave the Hôtel-de-Ville; at the expiration of that time, he put himself at the

31016

head of his Bretons and marched against the insurgents; Blanqui, and a few other madmen, were found issuing orders, in the name of the Commune, but little difficulty was experienced in persuading them, and the few hundred ragamuffins who still clung to the fallen fortunes of Flourens, to evacuate the premises. It was past 3 A.M. when order was entirely restored; Trochu as he rode back along the Rue de Rivoli was warmly cheered by the troops, in honour of his bloodless victory.

That the day should have passed over without a drop of blood having been shed is marvellous. Here was the Hôtel-de-Ville stormed by an indignant mob of the lowest description and worst instincts, the men being well-armed and ripe for mischief. The regular Government was captured, and afterwards forcibly rescued in two instalments; various other forms of government bubbled up to the surface and evaporated; probably a couple of hundred thousand men were under arms, and played some part in the day's proceedings; and in the end the Hôtel-de-Ville was cleared of its invaders by an armed force roused up in the middle of the night, and consequently not in the best of humours. Yet with all this, not a single man was killed or wounded. The 4th September passed over without bloodshed, so did the 31st October. No matter what may be the faults of the present Republican government their hands are free from the stain of the blood of their

own people. Of the First Revolution, Carlyle wrote:—"Alas! collisions, as was once said, must occur in a career of Freedom; different directions will produce such; nay, different velocities in the same direction will!" Times have greatly changed since the days of the First National Assembly.

NOVEMBER.

November 1*st.*—One would as soon expect to see an Irish fair without the flourish of a shillelah, or a faction-fight without a broken crown, as a bloodless French insurrection; yet yesterday no one was even wounded, and no one appears to be particularly irritated by what any one else has done. The humanitarian ideas of M. Jules Simon, the great advocate for the abolition of capital punishment, appear to pervade the Government, and instead of punishing the rioters of yesterday, General Trochu and his colleagues have determined to go to the country, or rather to Paris, and get themselves duly elected to power. At present, they only hold office by mob law; the mob broke into the Chamber of Deputies on the 4th September, and drove out the ministers of the Empire, whose places were quietly occupied by the new tenants of the Hôtel-de-Ville. We are to have a plébiscitum, and Paris will be called upon to decide between General Trochu and his colleagues,

and Major Flourens, Blanqui, Felix Pyat, Tibaldi, and the like.

After breakfasting at the Foreign Office, M. Thiers, accompanied by M. Paul de Remusat, took his departure yesterday, and reached the Sèvres bridge about 3 P.M. It would be idle to speculate on M. Thiers' mission, as we shall learn the result in a few days, but I find in political circles an impression that the veteran statesman has been fooled by the cabinets he has visited. He is said to have been most graciously received by the Emperor of Russia, who, however, raised objections to the form of government established in France. M. Thiers very neatly replied, that, a similar form did not prevent his Majesty from keeping up intimate relations with another country. The Czar smiled and continued negotiations. An accident of a serious nature nearly happened to M. Thiers, as he was leaving us yesterday. Mont Valérien had not been warned of the passage of that statesman and his party, and opened fire on them. A ball is said to have passed within a few inches of the head charged with the fortunes of France. This reminds me of a duel which took place many years ago between Thiers and Bixio, who was such an excellent shot that none expected to see his adversary return from the field otherwise than on a stretcher. After the affair Bixio repaired to the chamber, and was at once surrounded by deputies anxious to learn the result of the combat; great

astonishment was expressed at Thiers having been missed. "Parbleu!" said Bixio, "j'ai visé à hauteur d'homme."

Maire Clemenceau of the eighteenth arrondissement and his council protest indignantly against an armistice, and the maire and council of the fourth arrondissement follow suit.

At the affair of Bourget, Ernest Baroche, son of the late minister of Napoleon III., and commander of the 14th battalion of Mobiles, is said to have fallen in a very gallant manner. Seeing that it was hopeless to resist the enemy, he ordered his battalion to fall back, and advancing alone against a Prussian column, fired six shots into it with his revolver, and then fell riddled with bullets.

Victor Hugo, who was not present at the Hôtel-de-Ville yesterday, protests against the use made of his name.

November 2nd.—To-day is "le Jour des Morts," when it is customary for people to visit the cemeteries and decorate the tombs of departed relatives and friends. The Empire was usually tormented on this anniversary by patriots who would cover with garlands and immortelles the graves of Cavaignac and Baudin, and attempt to pronounce discourses. Last year at this epoch even Celine Montaland might have been seen weeping and praying over the spot where the remains of the martyr Baudin lie buried, though

no one suspected that light comedian of being imbued with Republican principles.

Gustave Flourens and eight other commandants of the National Guard have been dismissed by the Government, which might have awaited the result of the plébiscitum before doing this arbitrary act, though good in itself. Amongst the commandants dismissed is Milière, the socialist writer, a clear-headed man, who, with his lean figure and spectacled nose, is not formed to set a squadron in the field. At the trial of Peter Bonaparte, Milière was the only witness for the prosecution, who showed to any advantage. The court was much amused, however, when he gave in his christian names as Jean Baptiste, and explained the possession of a revolver by the fact that his wife had presented it to him on his fête-day, which falls on the 24th June. The mention of socialist Milière's name reminds me that great fears are entertained here lest the Paris workmen, who now receive thirty sous a day as National Guards, should refuse, after the war, to return to their old occupations. There are grounds for these fears, for the Government finds it hard now to get skilled workmen for the manufacture of arms, &c. &c., an idle life on the ramparts being preferred to high wages and close confinement.

The Government has determined to adopt the children of all citizens who fall in the defence of the country.

November 3rd. — The Government has passed several decrees against armed demonstrations on the part of the National Guard, and commandants moving their battalions from their respective parade-grounds without an order emanating from head-quarters. The 61st battalion, indignant at the dismissal of Razoua, who is a demagogue of some note, has infringed the decrees before they were well posted up, by holding a meeting at the Elysée Montmartre to protest against the decision of the Government. This morning the factious National Guards stuck up a red placard, declaring that they would recognize none other than Razoua for their chief.

In consequence of the Commune not having been accorded, citizen Clemenceau, maire of the eighteenth arrondissement, has resigned his office. However, in spite of various manifestations on a small scale, the state of the city is satisfactory. At the *Folies Bergères* last night, citizen Falcet, who was voted to the chair, spoke warmly in favour of the Government, and drew down thunders of applause when he declared that the Commune did not mean a government "de défense, mais de démence nationale." When another orator spoke against the armistice proposed by the four Powers on the ground that Prussia appeared to desire it, he was met by cries of "Comment savez-vous cela?" The meeting expressed its opinion that M. Thiers deserved well of the country; and, when an orator was interrupted for stating that

Paris alone could not repulse the invader, there were general cries of "Cela est évident! Pas de jactance! Assez d'illusions." M. Maurice Joly—a friend of old Blanqui—afterwards essayed to address the meeting, but, on being recognized as one of the ruffians who had grossly insulted Jules Favre at the Hôtel-de-Ville, he was seized by the collar and bundled into the street.

This evening the boulevards were very animated, groups of people waiting to learn the result of the "plébiscite," but there were no angry discussions, nor was the peace anywhere disturbed during the voting. Paris has become most exemplary—has been quite sobered by Count Bismarck's boast. Great satisfaction was manifested when it was announced that the Government has scored 557,996 votes against 62,688 given to the Commune. Many of the bulletins accorded to the Government had "avec la paix" written on them. The Orleanists—and they are numerous now—all voted for the Government, which is suspected of having monarchical tendencies.

The Government has, perhaps, acted wisely in reserving for itself a certain monopoly of news. Two or three papers announced last night that General Cambriels had destroyed a Prussian corps in the defiles of the Vosges, and that good news had been received from Bourbaki. M. Jules Favre blames these papers for misleading the public, and warns the people to be on their guard against false intelligence.

Term commenced to-day, but many of the judges are absent, notably, the President of the Court of Cassation. The opening audience was not preceded as usual by the "Mass of the Holy Spirit"—which mass was forbidden by M. Emmanuel Arago, Minister of Justice, and ex-proconsul of Lyons.

No military operations of any importance took place to-day.

November 4th.—It is supposed that M. Thiers will demand an armistice for thirty days; the re-victualling of Paris, the convocation of a National Assembly to meet at Paris, the election of representatives in the invaded provinces, and the *status quo* for the belligerent armies, and Paris anxiously awaits the result of the pending negotiations. Peace would certainly be hailed here with delight upon any honourable terms, such as the payment of the expense of the war; but Paris is not inclined to give up Alsace and Lorraine, and if Count Bismarck insists upon having those provinces, a National Assembly may hand them back to Germany, but the Provisional Government will not, and dare not, take such a step. It is thought that there will be much difficulty in provisioning Paris, which will require in the way of meat alone 34,000 oxen, 8,000 sheep, 8,000 pigs, 5,000 calves, and 10,000 quintals of salt meat.

Five more commandants of the National Guard

have been removed from their battalions, one Longuet being a noted orator in Blanqui's club, and altogether a most dangerous fellow.

M. Henri Rochefort, our "king of the barricades," is said to have been much disgusted with the conduct of the sovereign people at the Hôtel-de-Ville, and as most of the rioters were formerly his constituents and friends, he has discovered his position in the Government to be, to say the least of it, unpleasant. He has therefore resigned, and it is not probable that his place will be filled up.

One of the most popular themes of discussion is the Metz capitulation. Could Bazaine have held out longer than he did? Could he have forced his way through the Prussian lines? Bazaine does not bear a high character; dark tales are whispered about his conduct in Mexico, where he is supposed to have aimed at the Empire for himself, when his wife suddenly died at home and left him free to marry an heiress at the court of Maximilian. He is known to have plundered without compunction, and to have been ambitious to a degree. He is now vaguely accused of having acted as a traitor at Metz; his ultimate object having been to reappear at a given moment as the saviour of France, and to install himself at the Tuileries as a military dictator. I have no doubt in my own mind that had Bazaine been able to make his way back to Paris the Provisional Government would not have been able to

resist his authority for one hour. In spite of his blemished character, his dictatorship would have been accepted with enthusiasm by the great mass of the population, recently delighted at having shaken off the fetters of the Empire. There are many accusations brought against the Marshal by people naturally angry at the fall of a place which was always being declared to be strong and well provisioned, but few proofs that he acted as a traitor to the Republic.

In the year 1791 Metz was the object of some dark transactions. In his history of the *Girondins* Lamartine, speaking of Mirabeau and Count de Lamarck, quotes this passage from a letter written by the King to M. de Bouillé: "Although those persons are not very estimable, and I have paid Mirabeau a very high price, I believe he can render me services. Listen to what he has to say without trusting him too much." Count de Lamarck arrived at Metz a few days afterwards, and spoke to M. de Bouillé of his mission; he avowed that the king had recently given Mirabeau 600,000 francs, besides paying him 50,000 francs a month. Some queer negotiations afterwards took place at Metz, which the King stoutly denied.

November 5th.—Some of the chiefs of the insurrectionary movement of the 31st October were arrested last night, but the aged Blanqui, as usual, slipped through the fingers of the police, and is not to be

found. This act of vigour on the part of the Government has astonished both friends and foes. M. Jules Favre and most of his colleagues have spent the best years of their life in protesting against arbitrary arrest.

The Government, having been accepted by so large a majority, has come to the determination to meet the communists half-way and permit the election of maires and municipal councils. The maires of the twenty arrondissements into which Paris is divided, together with the adjoints, will have to appeal to universal suffrage. The regiments of the Mobile and the National Guards elect their own officers, and why not the citizens of Paris? Was not the Empire always blamed for not permitting the city to choose its own prefect and municipal council, for making M. Haussmann *maire* of Paris, controlled by a council appointed by himself, just as the Emperor's acts were controlled by the Council of State?

The Government has not yet finished weeding out the revolutionary commandants from the National Guards; two more "chefs de bataillon" have been dismissed, one a simple M. Eudes, who is generally in hot water, and the other Baron Tessiers de Marguerittes, evidently a perverted aristocrat like Mirabeau or Condorcet.

The gardens of the Tuileries, where youthful Paris loved to disport itself, was some time ago closed to the public and filled with guns, caissons,

and artillery, men and horses, who camped out. As we have had a few cold nights, the military authorities have commenced to erect wooden stables, which will probably be ready when the horses have been eaten. Under the first Revolution the gardens were sown with turnips.

The splendid horses which decorate the Place de la Concorde at the entry of the Champs-Elysées have just been covered over with thick planks, for fear they should be damaged by a bombardment. These groups, the work of Couston, which ornamented one of the fountains of Marly, were removed to Paris by order of the Convention.

November 6th.—Paris was not unprepared to learn that the armistice suggested by the four great Powers had been rendered unacceptable by the conditions which Count Bismarck desired to impose, and that the siege must go on. The Chancellor, on hearing of the disturbances in Paris, changed his mind with regard to terms, being evidently convinced that this mercurial population was about to commit suicide, and that he would simply have to dispose of the body. The irritation felt against the "mystic soldier" and Count Bismarck is enormous; but the people entirely approve of the decision of the Government, and scorn the conditions which the enemy attaches to an armistice.

The forces now collected in and round Paris have

been divided into three armies, General Trochu remaining commander-in-chief, and having the 3rd army under his special orders. The 1st army, composed of 266 battalions of National Guards, with a legion of cavalry and a legion of artillery, is placed under the command of General Clement Thomas, a fine soldier-like-looking officer. General Ducrot commands the second army, which is divided into three corps-d'armée, placed under the orders of Generals Vinoy, Renault, and d'Exea. General Trochu's army is divided into seven divisions, two of which are commanded by admirals. On looking over the losses which France has experienced since the commencement of the campaign, one gathers the following facts. After the disasters of Sedan, Metz, and Strasbourg, all that remained of the old French army in the shape of regiments were—six regiments of the line, two in garrison in Paris, four in Algeria; the foreign legion; three battalions of Turcos; three light cavalry regiments in Africa, and three regiments of Spahis; the 9th regiment of Cuirassiers, reformed in Paris after Reichshoffen; two battalions and four squadrons of the Municipal Guard; a regiment of infantry in Africa; then the depôts.

It is true that the present Government found a certain number of regiments of march, as they are called, which had been hastily formed by Count Palikao before his flight. These regiments consisted of various *débris* and other unsatisfactory elements.

One regiment I believe to be formed of fourteen companies drawn from fourteen different regiments. Out of the twenty-seven regiments of march created previous to the 4th September, several were captured at Sedan. Of new infantry regiments, we have thirty-five, with one regiment of Zouaves, one regiment of foot gendarmes, two regiments of mounted gendarmes, two regiments of mounted artillery, six regiments of heavy and five of light cavalry; and in addition to this force, we have our Moblots, who begin to look like old soldiers; our National Guards, who are making satisfactory progress with their drill, and who love marching about with their vivandières to the sound of bugles; and, lastly, the Franc-tireurs, the Friends of France, &c., and, if needed, Felix Belly's Amazones de la Seine.

There was no military report to-day.

I regret to have to record the fact that this childish Government should have ordered the removal of the marble statue of the Empress Josephine, which stood in the avenue of that name. The minister who has done this will probably set up on the naked pedestal one of Felix Belly's Amazons in brass. The Empress Josephine has always excited sympathy, partly owing to her persecution by the great man, and partly because her name is intimately connected with all his most wonderful feats of arms. When Josephine ceased to be Empress the glory of the Empire commenced to wane, and

now her marble statue, only set up a few years ago, is abruptly removed, whilst Paris allows the Arc de Triomphe to stand, and Napoleon, in the costume of Cæsar, to remain at the summit of the Place Vendôme.

November 7th.—After getting within sight of land, it is hard to find oneself drifting out to sea again; but the population of Paris takes the failure of the negotiations with the enemy in a philosophical manner. "No matter what happens," writes one popular journalist, "we are ready. Should the provinces hesitate, they will for ever establish the supremacy of Paris over all France, and government by the Commune will be the natural result of such weakness. But how could the provinces dare to speak of peace whilst Paris resists with so much heroism? Horseflesh is rare, the meat of mules and of asses is accounted a delicacy; penetrate into the heroic faubourgs, the laxity of whose ideas we blame, and you will see what Count Bismarck calls the 'populace' eating horses' lights and food which the dogs themselves recently disdained. No one murmurs. Up to the present, what journal has dared to advise the Government to make peace? France is a soul, which vibrates; Prussia is an accountant, pitiless as his figures. To each people its temperament, its mission."

The other day Paris accorded an immense majority to the Government, and now, by the elec-

tion of its maires, the city has reversed its decision; at least, five out of the twenty maires who have been selected are notoriously hostile to the Government. Delescluze, editor of the *Réveil*, Bonvallet the restaurateur, Mottu the anti-Christ, with Clemenceau and Ranvier, are "reds" of the deepest die, and in favour of the Commune, which the Provisional Government abhors. The last-named maire, Ranvier, one of the commandants recently removed, was arrested the other day for participation in the insurrection of October, and is now at Sainte Pélagie. It is said that the National Guards of Belleville intend to cross the Seine and attempt his release; but when they learn that ball-cartridge has been served out to several well-affected battalions of the National Guard, who are determined not to tolerate any disturbances, they will probably change their line of action, and leave Sainte Pélagie alone.

A large cortège of English residents, with some other foreigners, left us to-day by the Charenton gate, en route for Versailles, which is much like making a man ordered to Richmond leave London by Greenwich. Our colony is now a very small one, and as Mr. Woodhouse has left, we find ourselves under the protection of Colonel Claremont, our military, and Captain Hore, our naval, attachés. Nor can we complain.

Count d'Haussonville publishes a long letter in the *Débats* upon the present situation, for which he

almost entirely blames the Emperor, and all European nations, as well as France, for having recognized him. The count thinks there was something indecent about the hurry with which Napoleon was recognized by the Powers which had signed the treaties of 1815. That may have been the case ; but the Academician overlooks the fact that England and the other great Powers simply acknowledged the man chosen by the French nation to re-establish order ; and, after eighteen years' experience of their sovereign, the French only six months ago confirmed their choice by a stupendous majority. The manner in which M. d'Haussonville takes the ex-Member of Sheffield to task for having allowed himself to be beguiled by Napoleon III., after his famous outbreak in the House of Commons about the disgrace which the Queen incurred at Cherbourg, when the French Emperor sullied her cheek with his mustachios, has much amused those persons acquainted with the character of "Tear'em." Count d'Haussonville, whom I saw last night, says he is sending his manifesto to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, by the kind permission of the Government.

There was heavy firing from Mont Valérien at 8 A.M., and the usual duties of the siege have been resumed.

November 8th.—For the last ten days we have received no pigeon, and our spirits have sunk many

degrees below zero. By some the Prussians are supposed to have brought falcons from Saxony for the purpose of intercepting our feathered couriers; other people imagine that the messengers from Tours fall into the talons of vultures attracted by the carnage round Paris; and more fear that the Government on the Loire has no cheering intelligence to communicate, and therefore sends no despatches. To preserve our pigeons from birds of prey, we are reminded of an ingenious device resorted to by the Chinese, who attach a reed whistle by means of a light string to the tail of their carriers. When the pigeons fly the whistles scream, and the kites and other marauders are scared away. In consequence of the National Guard not having furnished the quota demanded by General Trochu, the Government has determined to mobilize a portion of that force. The civic heroes were asked for 45,000 men to save the capital, and, notwithstanding various inducements and the imminent peril of this city, only 12,000 stepped to the front and inscribed their names at the "Offices of Glory." Considering that there are 270 battalions of the National Guard, some of them over 2,000 strong, and drawing pay, this meagre exhibition of patriotism and gallantry is not calculated to inspire respect. Oh, M. Steenackers, when the civilized world learns this melancholy fact, will it remain lost in admiration at our heroic defence? The well-known writer, M. Edmond About, now thinks that peace should be

concluded, and blames the Government for breaking off negotiations. General Vinoy, who has seen a great deal of active service, and who escaped with a division from the catastrophe of Sedan and brought it safely to Paris, has now been appointed to the command of the 3rd army of Paris. In the first instance he had merely the command of a corps in the 2nd army, under General Ducrot; but there is an article in the military code which lays down that any officer who signs a capitulation must be whitewashed by a court-martial before resuming his rank. As General Ducrot has not passed through this ordeal, General Vinoy refused to serve under him, and the Governor of Paris, to avoid a scandal, appointed him to the 3rd army, which he had intended to lead into the field himself. General Trochu had greatly alarmed his wife and his intimate friends by declaring that his intention was to head the columns of attack, and to offer himself up on the altar of his country. We shall now be spared this sacrifice. There appears to be a dearth of saltpetre; at least, the Government asks citizens to collect what they can, and hand it over to the proper authorities. A good deal is said to have been scraped off the roof of the catacombs. The forts continue to bellow away and fire a good deal at night, whenever their electric reflectors show that bodies of Prussian troops are on the move, or that "dirt" is being thrown up. The weather is bitterly cold and dull.

November 9th.—The new regiments, which are to be formed out of the National Guard, will consist of five categories. First of all, the volunteers; then unmarried men and widowers, without children, between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. If these two classes are not strong enough to furnish the complement demanded by the Government, the unmarried men between thirty-five and forty will be taken; then fathers from twenty to thirty-five; and afterwards, last class of all, fathers from thirty-five to forty-five. This last class will certainly not be troubled much, although in the steady quarters of the city, where battalions of National Guard have long existed, and are for the most part composed of elderly tradesmen, this law, which forces each regiment to give a certain quota, will fall heavily. During the recent attempt to obtain volunteers, the unruly Belleville did not furnish a single man—nearly all the volunteers were offered by the aristocratic quarters.

Much abuse is daily lavished on the Prussians for the free use they make of spies, and the perfect knowledge they possess of every move made in Paris. The objections raised against Count Bismarck's system of course remind one of the Great Frederick laughing at Soubise for having twenty cooks and only one spy, whilst he had twenty spies and only one cook. An anecdote was told here yesterday which shows how accurately the Prussians are informed,

and that there must be traitors in the French camp. A corporal and guard of Moblots were at an advanced post the other night, when a small detachment of cavalry was heard approaching. On the corporal crying "*Qui vive?*" the reply was "France." "What regiment?" "2nd Hussars." There was something in the accent of their answers that did not quite satisfy the Moblot, so he ordered the troopers to halt, and the officer to advance and give the watchword. When within twenty-five paces the officer was called on to stand and reply. "Verdoun!" The word was hardly out of his mouth before the Moblots fired and emptied three saddles. The watchword was "Verdun," which the Uhlan had pronounced after the manner of his countrymen.

The indignation of French against the spy system is somewhat ridiculous, when one considers the *rôle* which the secret police have long played in France, and that a few months ago no one would have dared to express a political opinion before a stranger in a café. Some of the papers found at the Tuileries have exposed the amount of bribery and corruption to which the ex-court resorted after the example of its predecessors: the Emperor's misfortune was that he paid for what he never got, that instead of purchasing information he simply squandered money. Lamartine, with much frankness, relates a capital anecdote,

which will not be out of place here as it concerns Berlin and Paris. The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria were meditating the invasion of France, in order to stamp out the Revolution and deliver Louis XVI. from his captivity at the Tuileries. M. de Ségur, says the historian, was sent to Berlin on a delicate mission, which consisted in nothing less than to try to detach the King of Prussia from an alliance with the Emperor Leopold, offering instead an alliance with Revolutionary France. These two words, "seduce" and "corrupt," were all the instructions which M. de Ségur received. The King of Prussia had favourites and mistresses. Mirabeau had written in 1786—"Il ne peut y avoir à Berlin de secrets pour l'ambassadeur de France que faute d'argent et d'habileté; ce pays est cupide et pauvre; il n'y a pas de secret d'état qu'on ne puisse y acheter avec trois mille louis." M. de Ségur, imbued with these ideas, determined to lay siege to Madame Rietz and the Countess Ashkof; but unfortunately for him, the Count von Goltz, Prussian ambassador in Paris, who had most likely been prodigal, had informed his court of the object of M. de Ségur's mission, and a copy of the ambassador's secret instructions reached Berlin two hours before the ambassador himself. The King was highly irritated at the plan of seduction which M. de Ségur had been instructed to carry out with

French gold. There was a tariff for all consciences, a price for every perfidy. Irresistible offers were to be made to his Majesty's favourite aide-de-camp, Bishofwerder, who was to be promised a splendid establishment in France, in case of his connivance being discovered. All M. de Ségur's negotiations broke down, and after a very short stay at the court of Berlin he demanded his recall, thoroughly humiliated by his failure and the misfortunes of his country. He even attempted to commit suicide.

The Minister of Agriculture has ordered all persons in possession of horned cattle, or sheep, goats, &c., to make a declaration to that effect, under the penalty of having such property confiscated.

The forts fired at intervals all day long. The redoubts of Moulin Saquet and Hautes Bruyères, which lie to the south-east of Paris, in advance of the forts of Ivry and Bicètre, have been greatly strengthened, and will offer an almost insurmountable obstacle to the Prussians attacking from Choisy le Roi, Thiais, and Chevilly. At the former village they are reported to have just unmasked a battery.

November 10*th.*—The possibility of this siege going on much longer is what Paris cannot comprehend. The *Patrie* of this evening says:—"Berlin

blockaded,—Berlin separated from the rest of the world,—would be so much boredom and pedantry the less. But Paris invested—Paris captive—is intelligence on the strike; it is the life of the world which ceases; its heart which no longer beats. Imagine Europe menaced with a winter without Paris; when not a ray of this sun, which shines all the more brightly that the other is less brilliant, would be able to reach so many countries which it usually illuminates and warms! This is impossible. Emperors and kings are well aware of this. Seeing that their brother of Prussia does not come to an end of his invasion of darkness against light, that he is losing his time before Paris, that he fears to overstep the Loire, that he hesitates biting into Normandy, and, in a word, that he no longer advances, they will insist on his withdrawal." M. Louis Blanc proposes to submit the present difficulty to the arbitration of four Powers—two monarchical, two republican. I fear that Prussia will not be inclined to listen to this shrill cry of distress raised by the returned exile who so long resided in London, but not long enough to learn practical policy and the folly of stamping like a child. After the election of the maires came that of their assistants or adjoints, and the result for the 20th arrondissement was that it found itself under the municipal control of maire Ranvier, the officer lately dismissed from the command of the 141st

battalion of National Guards, who is at present confined in the prison of Sainte Pélagie; for adjoints the arrondissement selected Gustave Flourens, Jean Baptiste Millière, and another red republican named Le Français. The Government, after having had the weakness to concede an appeal to universal suffrage during the siege, has had the vigour to cancel the decision of the 20th arrondissement, and to name a provisional maire and adjoints.

Paris has learned with regret the death of Prosper Merimée, but, by common accord, the critics defer all serious notice of his life and works until after the siege. The fact is that it is difficult to mourn over one man at present, especially in the presence of a limited audience. M. Louis Beau makes a few just observations, however, on the author of the *Chronique du Règne de Charles IX.*, *Colomba*, *Clara Gazul*, *Arsène Guillot*, *Les Ames du Purgatoire*, *Carmen*, *Lokis*, &c., and appends a few letters and fragments like the following, the first portion of which evidently refers to an election at the Academy:—

"Rien n'égale l'aplomb des candidats qui manquent de titres pour faire quelquefois leurs conditions. M. l'Evêque d'Orléans, l'Abbé Dupanloux (*sic*), à qui quelque courtier académique avait proposé l'une des deux places vacantes par la mort de Jay et de Tissot, et particulièrement celle du premier, comme moins embarrassant à louer que le second, a répondu: 'Non, décidément: je préfère la succession

du second. J'aime mieux avoir à faire l'éloge d'un voleur que d'un Voltairien.'

"Je trouve cette réponse un peu forte avant nomination. Malgré cela, si elle est textuelle, comme on me l'assure, elle rappelle à merveille l'école du grand diplomate dont M. Dupanloux a reçu la confession; car remarque bien que le candidat fait d'une pierre deux coups; il emporte l'Académie et il se réconcilie avec *l'Univers*. . . . .

"A l'enterrement de Rebecca, la sœur de Rachel, ramenée morte des Eaux-Bonnes par sa sœur chérie, voici les premiers mots qui s'échangèrent dans la synagogue entre le Rabbin officiant et l'un des premiers arrivants, une grande notabilité de la tribu et de la Bourse :—

"*Le Monsieur au Rabbin.*—Dites-moi donc, bien vîte : avez-vous toujours votre mobilier?

"*Le Rabbin.*—Non, je l'ai vendu.

"*Le Monsieur.*—Vous avez joliment bien fait, et si j'ai un conseil à vous donner, c'est de ne plus vous fourrer là-dedans.

"Et ces deux personnages intelligents ne se dirent plus rien, s'étant entendus sur le principal; le reste n'était qu'accessoire."

M. Prosper Merimée was grand officer of the Legion of Honour, and Senator, which latter distinction brought him 30,000 francs a year, and allowed him to indulge in his favourite propensity of doing nothing. In his youth he travelled much in Spain

and there made the acquaintance of the future Empress—an acquaintance which was afterwards renewed in Paris, and led to the honours and emoluments above mentioned. Prosper Merimée was faithful to the Imperial dynasty without servility: he was its friend, not its servant. Like Barnave, touched by the beauty and misfortunes of Marie Antoinette, his politics were influenced by the grace of the Empress Eugénie. "Nothing," says a French writer, in alluding to Barnave, "is so dangerous for a man of sensibility as to know those against whom he struggles. The hatred for the cause expires in face of the attraction of persons. One becomes partial without being aware of it. Sensibility disarms intelligence; one is moved to pity instead of reasoning; the sentiments of a man touched with compassion soon become his politics."

Snow has been falling heavily all day long, and the astronomers predict a hard winter, judging from the gazes of the sun.

November 11*th.*—With the downfall of the Empire came the establishment of clubs in every quarter of Paris, but not in such profusion as in '48, nor have they preached such sanguinary doctrines as those professed by the Jacobin and Cordelier clubs of the first Revolution. It is true that the question before the country is not the same as when Danton roared, and Marat croaked for the blood of their own

countrymen. There is no demand on the part of the Republicans of to-day for the heads of the Imperialists of yesterday. All parties have fallen into the ranks of the National Guard, and do duty on the ramparts: even M. de St. V—— would serve his country but for a bad leg, which he says is worse than Milor Aldborough's and not to be cured even by Holloway's ointment. He complains much of his infirmity, and constantly tells the Marquise all that it prevents him from accomplishing. Even Felix, the ex-Emperor's barber, has strapped on his knapsack, and forsaken his old customer at the Tuileries, whom he now curses as a scamp who has sold the country and damaged his, Felix's, trade in ivory-handled hair-brushes, tortoiseshell combs, scents, hair-dyes, essences, &c. The Empire seems to have disappeared, nor left a rack behind, and we are in the same state as Rome, described by Macaulay, when Lars Porsenna of Clusium was marching on the city:—

> When Fathers mixed with commons,
> Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
> And smote upon the planks above,
> And loosed the props below.

The great subject with which the clubs deal is, how to get rid of the enemy, or prolong the resistance here so that the provinces may have time to muster their forces and come to our aid. Every evening orators mount the tribune at the following clubs: the Valentino, Folies Bergères, Alcazar, Montagnards,

Elysée Montmartre, Casino Cadet, Pré-aux-Clercs, Favie, Raoul, Ecole de Médecine, Mille et un Jeux, Rue d'Arras, Percherons, Réunion; and to these have lately been added the Club de la Défense, the Club de la Résistance, the Club de la Délivrance, and the Club de la Vengeance. It is very seldom that anything practical is either said or done at these clubs, which urge all kinds of fantastic measures on the attention of the Government. Amateur strategists suggest infinite means for disposing of the enemy, and gentlemen unacquainted with the first rudiments of warfare, nightly undertake to handle large bodies of troops, and circumvent M. de Moltke, who, according to M. Jules Ferry, member of the Provisional Government, is merely a charlatan. It is extraordinary to remark that these clubs have not yet furnished a single orator capable of drawing an audience or leaving his mark on the minds of the people. An Englishman of the name of Smith has been able to hold his own in the tribune, his language being seasoned with coarse allusions to Queen Victoria.

The cannon has been roaring away all the morning, and it is said that the Prussians have unmasked some batteries at Meudon and Nogent.

November 12th.—There was no military report this morning, but in revenge we have a decree deciding that all horses, mules, and asses, destined

for the shambles, shall be considered the property of the Government, and shall be divided equally amongst the various arrondissements.

Yesterday, in the midst of the snow, a dismal ceremony was performed. In front of the Ecole Militaire 1,500 men were drawn up, and as the clock struck nine, two prison vans arrived on the ground, from which eleven men descended, who were placed in front of the troops. After a roll of the drum, the Prévôt announced that André Desquères, found guilty of assassinating Corporal Bellegrade, had been condemned to death by court-martial, but that the Provisional Government had commuted the sentence into hard labour for life. A colonel of the staff then pronounced André Desquères degraded and unworthy to carry arms; his buttons and epaulettes were torn off, and in this condition he passed before the troops. The other prisoners, condemned to lighter penalties, for theft, desertion, &c., were then disposed of, and the vans on their return to the prison were accompanied by a band which played a selection of airs from the *Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein.*

"Last night two strong columns of Prussian infantry, marching from Versailles to Choisy le Roi, were assailed," says the *Soir*, "by our Moblots and franc-tireurs, and thrown into confusion; besides this they were exposed to a heavy cannonade from Moulin Saquet, Bicêtre, and Montrouge. The guns of the Prussian batteries remained silent, as they

would have fired on their own men. These columns, harassed with fatigue, coming from Melun by forced marches, defended themselves feebly, and did not offer that resistance which our troops have so often encountered. Their losses are considerable; about 1,500 men. We suffered little or nothing." The German general must have been severely rapped over the knuckles for taking his troops from Melun round by Versailles to reach Choisy le Roi, and then marching in between the French forts and Prussian lines in such an awkward manner that when attacked by Moblots and franc-tireurs the French were able to receive the support of their artillery, whilst the enemy's gunners were unable to fire. The press teems with such wild inventions as the above, written with the intention of stimulating the ardour of citizens.

A young Irishman, who threw up his commission in her Majesty's service to join the franc-tireurs, is said to have fallen yesterday well to the front. He was a handsome lad, and a good type of his gallant and daring countrymen. He reminded me the first time I saw him of the lines,—

> So frank and bold his bearing, boy,
> Should you meet him onward faring, boy,
> Through Chili's glow, or Iceland's snow,
> You'd say, "What news from Erin, boy?"

His nationality was unmistakeable. His religious convictions impelled him to join the French army to

fight against Protestant Prussia, and he fell by a Bavarian bullet.

November 13th.—The forts have been actively employed, and the redoubt of La Gravelle has been throwing shot and shell into Mont Mesly, whilst the French have occupied Créteil, and have commenced putting it in a state of defence. Captain Néverlée, with a body of volunteers, is reported as having captured a Prussian patrol, which offered a lively resistance. In fact, the patrol consisted of six men, five of whom were killed, and the sixth dangerously wounded. "This daring expedition," says the military report, "does the greatest credit to Captain Néverlée and his volunteers;" but as there is no return of French killed or wounded in this affair, which is thought worthy of forming the whole of an official bulletin, the business smacks very much of a massacre. A couple of days ago, Sergeant Hoff monopolized the prose of General Schmitz, in a bulletin which ran thus:—"The sergeant Hoff, of the 107th, has again distinguished himself by an act of the greatest vigour. Accompanied by a garde mobile, he approached within twenty paces of a Prussian sentry, and killed him; he also killed a soldier who came to his comrade's assistance. Sergeant Hoff has already killed about thirty Prussians, and has received the cross of the Legion of Honour for his numerous acts of courage." This

sergeant Hoff, who is a small, active man, generally operates on the banks of the Marne, in the vicinity of Nogent and the Island of Beauty, and he often takes to the water and surprises the German pickets along the banks. He is animated with a spirit of the direst revenge, because his father was murdered by the enemy, and his brother, a franc-tireur, was captured and shot, as not being entitled to the treatment of a soldier.

The Government having published a list of departed heroes to whom the country is grateful, surprise has been expressed at the omission of the name of Ernest Baroche, the officer who fell at Bourget. Baroche's father was for years a minister of the Empire, and had a hand in the *coup-d'état*, but surely this is no reason why the gallant death of his son should be ignored by a Republican Government. Now the fact of the matter is that a slight mystery hangs over the fall of M. Ernest Baroche. The Prussians, on being asked for the body, declined to restore it, and contented themselves with saying that the commandant of the 14th battalion died like a brave man. There is a vague suspicion that M. Ernest Baroche was in the pay of the enemy, and that he has gone over to the Germans with much valuable information. The story is, at least, significant of the state of the public mind here.

In the clubs which I have visited the proceedings have been conducted with much moderation and

order. When an unpopular orator, such for instance as Roullier, a kind of Hercules, who has just returned to France after twenty years' shoemaking in London, presents himself at Blanqui's club, there are signs of impatience, and as Roullier has lost his voice and has little to say, he soon retires. The president does his best to obtain a hearing for each orator, and frequently reminds citizens of their duties. Under the latter days of the Empire meetings were allowed to a certain extent, but there was always a police commissioner, with his scarf of office, seated to the left of the gentlemen of the committee, and ever on the watch for political allusions. On the third warning the commissioner would rise and dissolve the meeting, advising the persons assembled to retire tranquilly under certain pains and penalties, which few seemed inclined to incur. The audience would issue forth and find a strong body of police drawn up in front of the door. From the Republican meetings the police element has been entirely withdrawn, and all that the Government demands is that the clubs shall be closed at an early hour. Up to the present these political safety-valves have been productive of no injury to the public welfare, but, on the contrary, have helped to expose many shams. At the Pré-aux-Clercs last night a military genius exposed a new strategic discovery which he declared infallible against the Prussians. "We must only fight by night," exclaimed this orator, "projecting the rays

of our electric machines upon the enemy's lines; we must then fire a discharge and disappear. By repeating this manœuvre we shall soon annihilate the Prussians, and by another simple method we shall be able to capture King William and his staff. I should recommend humanity and generosity towards the person of his Majesty, and allow Prussians to have him back for a milliard (40,000,000*l.*)." The meeting declined to hear this citizen any longer, and the debates then turned on artillery. One speaker, after declaring that plenty of new guns had been delivered to the Government, was succeeded by a practical man, who showed that the private firms had not yet furnished a single breech-loader; that the first cannon founded had burst and killed three men. This citizen was confident, however, that within a month they would have an artillery powerful enough to engage the Prussians upon equal terms. As no more orators were forthcoming, a citizen proposed to read some passages from the *Châtimens* of Victor Hugo, a proposition which was hailed with applause.

At the *Folies Bergères* citizen Delabordo declared that Paris could resist for another month. "The enemy," he added, "fears our courage: he fights at a distance from our forts and our barricades, and above all our bayonets."

Citizen Henriez protested energetically against any measure capable of destroying the Republic, such

as a constituent assembly, adding, "I wish this war, since it has taken place, to be the end of Germany, and not the death of the republic." Citizen Beaurepaire was in the midst of a splendid discourse on the best means of getting through the Prussian lines, when the gas was suddenly put out, much to the indignation of citizens. This is the manner in which Paris blows off its superfluous patriotism; the clubs are not unfavourable to the idea of peace, but dread the reaction.

The following is a list of the prices asked for the necessities of life:

	fr.	ct.
Jambon fumé (le kilogr.)	16	0
Saucisson de Lyon (id.)	32	0
Viande de cheval (id.)	2	50
Viande d'âne ou de mulet (id.)	6	0
Une oie	25	0
Un poulet	15	0
Une paire de pigeons	12	0
Une dinde	55	0
Un lapin	18	0
Une carpe	20	0
Une friture de goujons	6	0
Une douzaine d'œufs	4	60
Un chou	1	50
Un chou-fleur	2	0
Une botte de carottes	2	25
Une livre de haricots	5	0
Une livre de beurre frais	45	0
Une livre de beurre salé	14	0

November 14th.—M. Henri Rochefort, who, as editor of *La Lanterne*, proved such a bitter enemy of the Imperial régime, having resigned his position

as a member of the Provisional Government and Inspector-General of Barricades, has enlisted as a private in the artillery of the National Guard. This ardent Republican is the last representative of one of the oldest families in France; and when he stood for Belleville, it was reproached to him that one of the daughters of his ancestor, Count de Rochefort Luçay, had been betrothed to Louis le Gros. M. Rochefort, being physically short-sighted, is far more fitted for a writer of political squibs than a gunner. His defective vision, however, has never prevented him from running into danger. He has fought many duels with the best swordsmen of the day: was wounded in one arm by Achille Murat for exposing the prince's horse-dealing practices with Cora Pearl; in the other by Paul de Cassagnac. Paris was much astonished, about a year ago, to learn that M. Rochefort had at last succeeded in pinking his man. During his exile in Belgium he fought with poor Ernest Baroche, and wounded him slightly. Citizen Clemenceau was recently elected by the "reds" as maire of the twentieth arrondissement, and it is encouraging to find that one of his first acts has been to pounce on a quantity of bombs filled with nitro-glycerine, which *les frères et amis* had stored up for internecine warfare. Napoleon used to boast that he had only to put a bit of gold-lace on the coat of a virtuous Republican to secure his fidelity; and it will not astonish me if Delescluze,

Bonvallet the restaurateur, and the anti-Christ Mottu, now they are in power, perform their municipal functions in an exemplary manner. The peace party is gathering strength, and, supported by M. Edmond About and other journalists, proposes to start a club.

November 15th.—The news of a great victory gained at Orleans, the country of Jeanne d'Arc, was officially announced this morning, and the resistance of Paris, which was rapidly drawing to an end, will go on. The peace party will retract or vanish. The successful general is already spoken of as Jean d'Arc, and wedded, as it were, to the Maid of Orleans. The triumph of D'Aurelle de Paladines has had an immense effect on this impressionable people. It is remembered that France was in a hopeless condition in 1429, when Jeanne d'Arc appeared and raised the siege of Orleans, afterwards defeating Talbot at Patray, where the Prussians had head-quarters a few days ago. However, Paris has been so often deceived, and Gambetta is so wild in his assertions and careless in his estimate of events, that many people doubt the importance of the Orleans affair, whilst others expect that we shall soon hear of D'Aurelle de Paladines having been "burned at Rouen." The conduct of Bazaine in surrendering Metz is diversely viewed here. The French are always ready to ascribe their defeats to

treachery, and few of the generals engaged in the present war have escaped the appellation of traitor. It must be admitted that the enemies of France have generally been able to find some party willing to sell their country. In the time of Jeanne d'Arc, the Burgundians sided with the English against Charles VII. and the Armagnacs; and the Duke of Bedford governed in Paris whilst the French monarch held his court at Bourges. Now it is supposed that General Trochu and most of the members of the Provisional Government are devoted to the Princes of Orleans, and that the Bonapartists, willing to make any concessions to the enemy to recover power, are treating with Count Bismarck. The "reds" of course form a third party. During the first Revolution the cry of traitor was constantly raised. Breakfasting a short time ago with a lady nearly ninety years old, but whose intellect is quite unimpaired, the conversation turned on the men of the Terror, most of whom she had seen in the flesh. I was much amused when, on being asked her opinion of Robespierre, she turned sharply round and observed, "They said he was plotting to bring back the Bourbons." And this is the man whom Carlyle delights to call the sea-green incorruptible. The other day a curious tale was related concerning a piece of land where the Prussians have established a battery. It belongs to the grandson of a man who came by it in the glorious year '93, under the fol-

lowing circumstances:—Saint Just, though one of the bloodiest men of the Terror, passed for being a disinterested patriot. He managed, however, to hoard up some money, which he got a friend to lay out in land in his own name. Before the transfer could be effected with safety, St. Just perished on the scaffold, and his friend, who was a common peasant, kept the property he had been engaged to purchase. A long list might be made of the generals who have betrayed France since the breaking out of the Revolution, beginning with Dumouriez. Moreau fell in the Prussian ranks. Bernadotte, when King of Sweden, fought against his country; so did Murat, King of Naples. Clarke, Duke de Feltre, was a traitor; so was Bourmont and Soult, as far as intention went.

November 16*th.*—M. Etienne Arago has resigned his functions as maire of Paris, thinking that the twenty lesser maires, who rule the twenty different arrondissements of the city, should be brought into direct communication with the Government. The office of maire is lost in the twilight of history; there were mayors of the palace, in the days of that famous old monarch, Dagobert, renowned for having worn his breeches inside out; and Charles Martel, who saved us from being Mahomedans—see Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*—was the first of these functionaries who distinguished himself.

The Prussians are at length beginning to unmask their batteries, and at several points round the city they show a formidable row of teeth. At Meudon Krupp guns are said to be visible to the naked eye, whilst numerous siege-pieces in position are reported at Châtillon and Choisy le Roi. Last night an officer, accompanied by five-and-twenty franc-tireurs, crept up to within a hundred yards of the Prussian earthworks at l'Hay, in the hope of being able to surprise a Bavarian post which had been observed during the day, and the exact position of which had been carefully noted. The night was dark and wet, and when the party approached the spot where the Bavarians were supposed to be, the officer tripped over a wire which had been stretched across the path, then another and another: the third wire evidently communicated with the post, for no sooner had it been touched than the enemy was heard bolting—a piece of prudence which the franc-tireurs were not long in imitating.

November 17th.—M. Jules Ferry, a young man who did much to shake the credit of M. Haussmann, has succeeded M. Arago at the Hôtel-de-Ville. M. Arago, who commenced life as a writer of farces, goes to the Mint, where *Figaro* hopes that he will strike off better pieces than those of his youth.

We are running very short of fresh meat, and the

prospect of famine has had a most wonderful effect on people of delicate appetite. Mdlle. R——, a dainty artist of considerable talent, frets like an infant for that beef and mutton she formerly despised, even after a course of bitters. A large cattle-dealer has just passed a contract with the Government to deliver 30,000 oxen within a month, and he left Paris last night by balloon to commence operations. Looking at the manner in which the dealer has been obliged to leave Paris, it seems very improbable that he will be able to get his beeves through the Prussian lines. By an ingenious method of photographic reduction, a single pigeon can now carry as many words as are contained in the Evangiles, but no bird could bring in a single ox, even reduced by Liebig.

The celebrated Sergeant Hoff, who continues his exploits on the Marne, has now a dangerous rival in the person of M. Escoffier, who appears before the public as "Le Chasseur de Prussiens," having already had some experience in the Argentine Republic, where he had dealings with Indians; he had also shot the panther and the rhinoceros. The other day, not being in uniform, he was arrested by two tipsy Zouaves and a National Guard, who dragged him before the general of the district, who handed him over to a commissioner of police, who treated him just as if the brutal Empire still existed. In consequence of these outrages, Escoffier, like a

second Metellus, stands forth and exposes his whole life to the appreciation of his fellow-citizens. According to Escoffier, on the 19th September he was alongside of Captain Mollard, Moblot of the Seine, during the attack on the barricade at Pierrefitte; in the evening he fought in the ranks of the Zouaves, and only laid aside his rifle when he had killed three Prussian officers and five soldiers, under the eyes of Adjutant Thomas and Quarter-master Herbet. On the 23rd, along with Lieutenant Bourbaki and Captain Vaillant, at the head of the Grenadiers and Voltigeurs, he killed four soldiers. On the 15th October, at Pierrefitte, in presence of Captain Ferren and Sergeant Dagencourt, he attacked a Prussian post and killed a sentry; in the evening he got between a fire of Mobiles who did not recognize him, and a fire of Prussians who probably did, and brought down three of the enemy. In the presence of other officers, Escoffier slew six Prussians at Villetaneuse on the 17th, four at Bourget on the 28th, six on the 29th, six on the 30th, and two on the 31st. Escoffier leaves aside the men slain in private excursions, when no one was near to witness his exploits, and only claims five officers and forty-four men. Under these circumstances, Escoffier finds it hard to be treated as a spy by men who fight all their battles over a comfortable fireside, whilst he lies out in ambush.

November 18th.—Our rats have not yet reached Derry prices, and a good sewer animal may be had after some haggling—for there is no Government tariff—for three francs. Dogs we eat, but not fattened in the graveyards—as in Derry, where the mongrels devoured the dead, and were eaten of the living. I asked Roger T—— how it came that G——, who passes for a consummate *gourmet*, strutted along the Boulevards with so satisfied an air. "*Parbleu!*" was the answer, "*il vient de manger des huîtres!*" How his oysters passed the Prussian lines is a mystery. Another fortunate man was able to dine off a *civet de lièvre*, having had his hare caught for him under the following circumstances: Monsieur possesses a charming property at Gonesse, about a dozen miles from Paris, and being anxious to know in what state it was, he despatched one of his gamekeepers to inspect it. The gamekeeper had not been many minutes in the park when he was arrested by the Prussians, and subjected to a searching cross-examination. An officer at last asked him his master's address in Paris, which the man gave. The Prussians, then quite satisfied that the retainer was no spy, said, "We know very well where monsieur lives; he's a capital fellow, and left wine in his cellar. Pray give him this hare, killed in his own preserves, with our best compliments." The gamekeeper returned safely to Paris, and his master greatly enjoyed his *civet*. The balloon, General

Uhrich, ascended shortly before midnight, with a freight of despatches, correspondence, pigeons, and a passenger. This torchlight scene was strikingly picturesque and suggestive of our position. Long after the balloon had disappeared, we could hear the voices of the aërial travellers floating down the November mist, and then, with a "God speed you!" the party which had assembled to see the start broke up.

November 19th.—Belleville is getting obstreperous again, its battalions refusing to do rampart-duty. The intention of these worthy Republicans, in case of a sortie, is to plunder Paris. Belleville, which has shouted more patriotically, and manifested a greater desire to slay Prussians, than any other district of the city, has furnished no volunteers, and contrasts unfavourably with the aristocratic quarters. The Madeleine battalion, for example, which numbers 2,800 men, gives 1,000 volunteers, and some of its companies, be it remarked *en passant*, are still 200 strong. In the interest of discipline, the Governor of Paris has now decided that, when vacancies occur in the Mobile regiments, they must be filled up by officers from the grade directly below that in which the vacancy takes place. If a captain falls on the field of battle, the Mobiles must elect a lieutenant to replace him. There is a considerable movement of National Guards to-day. Owing to the vast number

of men who claim exemption from serving in the war companies on account of physical incapacity, the Government has been obliged to call together special commissions to examine these defective heroes, who prefer the ease of the ramparts to the chance of going out to meet the enemy. A friend of mine, Lieut. B——, a volunteer, saw a sentry assassinated the night before last under peculiar circumstances. An artilleryman, returning to the ramparts in the evening, forgot the watchword, and, being stopped by the National Guard on duty near his bastion, had to return to the post to refresh his memory. On regaining his piece, he took up his rifle, marched up to the National Guard who had stopped him, and shot him dead. The ball, fired at close quarters, struck the unfortunate sentry in the chest, and passed out of the calf of his leg. The murderer, who appeared perfectly cool, made no attempt to escape, and allowed himself to be arrested quietly.

November 20th.—A special decoration, consisting of a triangle, printed on a piece of white satin, has been given to the volunteers of the National Guard, so that it may remain as an heirloom in their families. The triangle, which, of course, signifies liberty, fraternity, and equality, is not to be worn as a part of the uniform. Such an exhibition would be hurtful to the feelings of the men of the war battalions who preferred to remain sedentary. Another batch of

Orsini bombs has been discovered at Montmartre, and this mild-mannered Government has contented itself with laying hands on the projectiles, which, like those found by maire Clemenceau, were evidently intended for home use. The men of Belleville are constantly crying out against the clergy and the religious seminaries, and demanding the incorporation of priests in the army; but the general public respect the clergy as a body, and show no disposition to meddle with the established law, which exempts them from military service. Even the question of having *prêtres assermentés*, such as existed under the first Revolution, has not been seriously raised. It appears that there are in Paris at present 1,015 priests, 612 of whom are over forty-five years of age, and are, therefore, exempt. Of the remaining number, many are foreigners, others are aumoniers at the forts, or attached to active divisions, &c.; and, in fact, there are only 250 curés liable for service. "The *frères et amis*," says a smart writer, "must find another means for preserving their skin from Prussian bullets, for it would be impossible to provide each man of Belleville with a curé for a cuirass."

After supping full of the deadly and intermittent warfare waged between the hostile outposts, Paris was rather startled the other morning by a severe order emanating from the Place Vendôme against holding friendly communication with the enemy. At some points of the line a certain amount of intimacy has

been springing up between the French and the Germans, and exchanges of tobacco, &c., have been the order of the day. What drew down the censure of head-quarters was the following little escapade. One day last week some young Prussian officers invited some officers of the 20th battalion of Mobiles, in garrison at St. Denis, but for the moment on outpost-duty at a few hundred yards from Stains, to step over the lines to breakfast. The invitation was accepted, and at the hour named the captain, lieutenant, sub-lieutenant, and sergeant-major, in full uniform, put in an appearance at the château of Stains. The Moblots, however, refused to sit down before the officers of King William had pledged their word that whilst they were at table no movement of troops should take place. An armistice, *per pocula*, was agreed upon, and breakfast served up and done ample justice to. The festivities did not terminate until an advanced hour in the afternoon, when the French officers regained their posts. Their absence had, of course, been reported to the admiral in command of St. Denis. I believe that the officers in question have simply been reprimanded. All the attempts to communicate come from the German lines, and have naturally awakened the suspicion of the authorities, though our newspapers must furnish Count Bismarck every morning with all the information he requires.

A heavy fire was opened last night against Bourget,

and some sharp outpost work took place in the vicinity of Villetaneuse. Prussians have been discovered disguising themselves as marauders, and in that manner approaching and firing on the French sentries.

November 21st. — Paris was half-irritated, half amused, at the first appearance of the official *Moniteur* of Seine-et-Oise, published by Count Bismarck at Versailles. The intimation as to where subscribers should send their money perhaps turned the scales, and laughter predominated over wrath. Even M. de St. V—— smiled gloomily at this parody of the great universal *Moniteur* of the Empire, which had recorded his speeches in the Chamber of Deputies and the steady manner in which he had voted for the Government. The *Moniteur* of the Seine-et-Oise contains Count Bismarck's circular to the ambassadors of the Confederation of North Germany, which is copied this morning into our *Official Journal*. The Chancellor blames France for not accepting an armistice for four weeks, *sans ravitaillement*, &c.

We have Trianon and Sans-Souci in the following picture by a French artist:—"Who has not visited the Queen's toy, shut up in Trianon, like a sheepfold in Nuremberg, in its box of white wood? There is the church, the mill, the farm, the dairy where queens and princesses milked the cows, and princes were shepherds. Everything is in its place; upon a tablette of

marble the amphora and cream-bowls await the guests. There, too, stands the Temple of Love, an edifice of white marble, on a miniature isle surrounded by a running stream spanned by elegant bridges. The actors alone are wanted, with their ribboned sheep; all have disappeared, like the flowers with which they were bedizened. It is in this hamlet, on the beautiful autumn mornings, that Father Gui-Gui, or, if you like it better, the drunkard king retires to digest his breakfast, smoking his 'Augusta,' his holiday pipe, and following with a tipsy look the fantastic gyrations of his requisitioned tobacco. He is happy, this soudard; he has all sorts of intoxication—wine, tobacco, blood. Seated on a stone bench, at the entrance of the dairy, he amalgamates in his disturbed brain his historical souvenirs: confounds Trianon with Sans-Souci, France and Prussia, and the Court of Louis XVI. with that of Potsdam. He is present in imagination at the famous representation of the Marriage of Figaro, which Marie Antoinette herself placed on the stage at Trianon, and in which she played the part of the Countess. The Count d'Artois, the king's youngest brother, afterwards Charles X., was Figaro; the Chevalier de Vaudreuil, Almaviva; the Duke de Guiche, Bartholo; the Duke de Crussol, Bazile; whilst the *rôle* of the Page was filled by the Prince de Polignac, who, as prime minister of Charles X., signed the fatal ordinances."

"He smiles; a wanton idea illuminates his rubi-

cund face; then he suddenly rises and brings his hand up to his helmet. In his dream he fancied that he had caught a glimpse of the ascetic Augusta walking under the venerable trees of Sans-Souci. . . . But soon his drunkenness disappears and the King opens his eyes: he is seated on a throne of cinders and corpses; the people curse, *Augusta* has gone out, and his bloody glory evaporates with the fumes of his wine."

Articles such as the above are constantly appearing in the press.

There was firing along the south line of forts last night, but no engagement of any importance took place.

The Government has laid hands on all the potatoes still for sale, and they will be served out with the meat rations, which, in quantity, are so absurd, that many persons refuse to go for them. Can you imagine a poor person having to wait for four or five hours, every third day, at the butcher's door, for a quarter of a pound of beef?

November 22nd.—M. Jules Favre denies Count Bismarck's imputations in the *Official Journal* this morning, and is sending out circulars to his foreign agents by balloon. What most vexes the Government is the accusation that they desire to remain in power, and dread a National Assembly; it has often been remarked that French ministers never know when to resign: the ministerial residences are so

sumptuous, and the adulation paid to their excellencies so sweet, that it is very difficult, for the sake of a mere conviction, which, after all, may be wrong, to sink back into a plain "Monsieur." A gentleman who has managed to reach us from Tours, has given a very comprehensible account of the Prussian works round Paris. We learn that the first line is composed of unarmed trenches and barricades, which are carefully guarded by a multitude of posts skilfully concealed. The barricades and trenches connect more important works, armed with a powerful artillery. The Prussians, says this acute observer, have paid particular attention to the establishment of platforms destined to receive heavy guns, in the event of the position being menaced. This line, which starts from the Mill of Orgemont, crosses the valley of the Mound of Pinson, then runs on to Stains and Dugny, which are connected with Bourget. The line is rather vague as it passes through Bondy to Neuilly sur Marne. From thence it runs to Choisy le Roi, by way of Bry, Champigny, Sucy, and the cross-roads of Pompadour. From Choisy the line extends to Versailles, by way of Thiais, Chevilly, l'Hay, Bourg la Reine, Bagneux, Châtillon, and the woods of Clamart, thence on from St. Cloud to Bougival, by the ex-Emperor's farm of La Touilleuse, the château of Buzenval, and the park of La Jonchère. These works are said to be very well made, being much less apparent, and at the same time more solid

than the French works. At several points regular redoubts have been erected, which would require a regular siege before being taken. Such are the works at Orgemont, Pinson, Champigny, Mont Mesly, and Choisy, &c. This line only exists to guarantee the Prussians against surprises; their true positions are much further to the rear, and out of the range of our forts, as our forts are beyond the range of their guns. The redoubts of Brimborion, Montretout, and Châtillon, prepared by us, can alone annoy us. What is also very singular is, that the Prussian redoubts are closed, and as strong on the opposite as on the Paris side. These redoubts are to be supplied by a circular railway. Such is a brief sketch of the information which the runner from Tours has had the honour of laying before the members of the Provisional Government.

General Clement Thomas has reviewed a couple of war companies of the National Guards, which are forthwith to be despatched on outpost-duty.

November 23*rd*.—An interesting letter on German strategy has just been written by a promising young officer, who has at least the merit of comprehending his antagonist. "General Guilhem," he says, "who was very brave, was accustomed to the old system of attack, and led his troops gallantly at Chevilly; but the unfortunate soldiers who advanced against Thiais, Chevilly, and l'Hay, over the plain

of Longboyau, fell in great numbers before they reached the enemy's breast-works: some companies were annihilated. It was the triumph of arms of precision over the old system of attack. On the other hand, have the Germans been once seen to attack a position under similar conditions to those under which General Guilhem tried to storm Chevilly, Thiais, and l'Hay; General Vinoy, Bagneux; General Ducrot, La Jonchère? If attack has become impossible with our present arms, you will ask me how it comes that the Prussian army has not ceased to gain ground since the month of August? It is here that is placed the second principle of the new strategic system; it consists in replacing dashing attacks by movements of troops, well operated concentrations and tactics. Never advance against the front of a position, but by means of turning movements more or less developed, more or less rapid, accomplish the investment of the positions occupied by the enemy; everything is contained in this formula, theoretically very simple. Studied in its entirety first of all, and then in its details, the day of Sedan is a marvellously skilful application of this principle; but to return to the operation directed against Paris, who will not remark the art with which M. de Moltke accomplished the investment of Paris in the boldest manner without fighting a battle? A recent episode has shown that M. de Moltke does not depart from the tactics which he has adopted, under any circumstances

or at any price. I allude to the affair of Bourget. Having committed the fault of allowing themselves to be surprised and driven from this important position, the Prussians determined to retake it. Did they undertake to re-capture the position by force as we should have done? Not at all; orders of concentration were given and executed, and by means of a sudden massing of forces in the darkness of the night, Bourget was surrounded by such a force of Prussians that it was found impossible to resist more than an hour. In a severe note General Trochu reproached the corps which had been charged to occupy Bourget for having allowed themselves to be surprised and driven out of the village. The reproach was unjust; the defenders of Bourget were ready to sustain the shock of an attack conducted according to ancient tradition. In that case they would have been found vigilant and intrepid; but what they did not foresee was the rapid concentration of some 30,000 men on the point they had to defend. . . . M. de Moltke will not attempt a direct attack against any of the forts, or any portion of the enceinte of Paris. This would be to return to a system absolutely abandoned and superannuated, of the danger of which M. de Moltke has too keen an appreciation. . . . You will ask me my opinion. It would be madness for the general who commands the army of Paris to attempt an attack on the investing lines. Let the orators of the clubs, the strategists of small journals,

old staff officers and generals on half-pay, who are unacquainted with the present conditions of war, speak about forcing their way through the Prussian lines, and fighting a great battle under the walls of Paris. With the three armies which have lately been formed, were they five times as numerous, with an artillery ten times as powerful as that they possess, I would still say that an offensive movement against the enemy would be an unpardonable military fault."

A young gentleman at the Belleville Club, who considers that theology and metaphysics should be replaced by geology and sociology, made use of some very impious language last night. "I don't mind thunder," he shouted; "I hate God, the miserable God of the priests; I should like, as the Titans, to be able to climb up to heaven and poniard him." This language, applauded by the men, appears to have terrified the women.

M. Edouard Fournier, who is supposed to be a poet by his friends, publishes some verses on the taking of Orleans by d'Aurelle de Paladines. The concluding stanza is a very fair and curious specimen of this gentleman's powers:

V.

Que dit-elle,—car vers la France
Jeanne a d'en haut les yeux ouverts,—
Quand sous la honte et la souffrance,
Elle compte, hélas! nos revers;

Quand elle voit l'abîme où glisse,
Sous les coups du talon Prussien,
Aux rires de l'Anglais complice,
Ce cher honneur, qui fut le sien ;

Quand elle suit, l'âme blessée,
Ce retour d'outrageans succès,
Et sa Lorraine menacée
De n'être plus pays Français ?

. . .

Sous l'affront qui nous déshonore,
Irons-nous aux gouffres béants ? . . .
Non ! Là-haut, Jeanne espère encore :
On vient de sauver Orléans !

Sa délivrance rompt le charme
Qui nous enchaînait aux malheurs,
Et nous vaut la première larme
Qui n'est pas celle des douleurs.

Rappelez-vous cette journée,
Ce réveil, Comte de Bismarck :
La victoire s'est retournée
Sur le terrain de Jeanne d'Arc.

November 24th.—At the American ambulance I met a couple of Zouaves this morning who had just recovered their legs after having been knocked off them at the Malmaison. One was a handsome sprightly young fellow with a distinguished air about him ; the other a small dark man, light, active, and well put together. They now are two who once were three. With a comrade who fell at the Malmaison, and has not yet turned up, the two Zouaves commenced the campaign in MacMahon's army, and were present at those desperate battles with which it was opened. They all three escaped

miraculously, got back to Châlons without a scratch, and marched with the Emperor to Sedan. There again they were in the thick of the fray, but their good fortune still stuck to them, and they not only escaped unwounded, but managed to get back to Paris with Vinoy's corps. The younger Zouave appears to have been more specially protected than his comrades, and it was fearful to listen to his description of the scenes of havoc through which he passed scathlessly—sections, companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, divisions, corps-d'armée tossed about and lacerated by the Prussian artillery—with wonderful facility of expression and grotesqueness of detail. "Oh! mon ami, quel carnage!" ejaculated this excited youth, as at the close of a more than usually sanguinary period, he turned to the small dark man, who was lazily propelling wreathes of smoke from between his half-closed lips. These soldiers both declared that they had never been under so heavy a fire as at the Malmaison, where it seemed as if the Prussians "were throwing handfuls of peas at them:" it was impossible to show without being shot down. The three got behind a large tree, which, in the course of a very few minutes, was struck eleven times; the missing Zouave, in leaning forward to fire, had the breast of his jacket carried away, and at last a bolt was decided upon; two of the Zouaves managed to get down the hill, but the third fell and has not been heard of since.

Strange to say, the remaining Zouaves were wounded exactly in the same place; each received a bullet which passed through the fleshy part of the left thigh without touching the bone, and when I saw them hobbling about the ambulance grounds, their wide red trousers still exhibited the holes by which the bullets entered and made their exit.

In many instances the National Guards have made lamentable mistakes in the selection of their officers. A lieutenant has just been tried and convicted of swindling, and it appeared from this man's antecedents, that he had been twice in prison for similar offences, and had only just been released from Fontevrault when he was chosen to fill the important post of officer. Only a few days ago a man who was elected to the command of the 215th battalion, was accused of some serious crimes by his own officers; he attempted the arrest of his subordinates, and fired on his lieutenant, wounding him in the hand. He has been dismissed and a warrant issued for his arrest as guilty of having made away with public money. I believe the commandant's antecedents were decidedly equivocal: in fact, M. Paul de Cassagnac considered them so deplorable last year, that he refused (though not over nice) to fight a duel with him. There are, unfortunately, a great many of these political swashbucklers amongst the officers of the National Guard.

Two pigeons have arrived here bringing over 1,100 despatches from Orleans.

November 25th. — M. Mottu — known as the "anti-Christ," a man who objects to all religious teaching on the same grounds that Sydney Smith objected to reading a book before he reviewed it, because it was apt to prejudice him—is now enjoying a little repose. He was dismissed from office by the Government in the middle of October, for interfering with religious instruction; but returned to his mairie on the evening of the 31st of the same month, borne thither by popular acclamation. On the morning of the 1st of November he was dispossessed of office for the second time, but was reinstalled on the election of the maires by universal suffrage. M. Mottu, who was originally a Protestant, is now going very quietly in harness, and is settling down to his work in a steady, business-like manner. It is to be hoped that he will make no further effort to complicate our present delicate position by introducing the elements of religious discord. At the beginning of the war serious accusations were brought against the Protestants, and one young man was brutally burned to death in the provinces. A prefect in Lorraine, no doubt with the intention of trying to make himself agreeable to the Empress, brought a distinct, and, of course, an unfounded accusation against the Protestants under his jurisdic-

tion, complaining of their dealing with the enemy.* Unfortunately, France has often shown herself too ready to indulge in religious persecution. Without going back as far as the St. Bartholomew or the Dragonades, we have only to remember the fearful scenes which were enacted after the Restoration in the year 1815. I copy the following from a French historian :—"In the department of the Gard, the Royalist reaction manifested itself under the appearance of religious enthusiasm. At Nîmes, Uzes, and other places, assassins perambulated the streets in open day to the cry of 'Death to the Protestants!' Some monsters, led by a Trestaillon, a Trupheim, and a Grattan, renewed the horrors of the 2nd of September; they massacred the Calvinists, even in the prisons, with the most horrible barbarities, outraged their wives, and burnt their houses and their temples; and these atrocities remained unpunished! They were committed in the sight of the local authorities, who allowed them to go on. The Government, powerless to prevent them, remained silent for a long time; and the Chamber of 1815 branded itself with infamy by calling to order, with frantic transports, the Deputy D'Argenson, who demanded an

* "The situation of Strasbourg," wrote the Prefect of the Bas-Rhine to the Empress, "becomes worse every day. The Protestants lend a hand to the Prussians. The defence of Strasbourg is impossible with a few hundred men. I have made the sacrifice of my life (*sic*). I implore your Majesty to send reinforcements to re-establish confidence and foil secret machinations."

inquiry into these terrible crimes. The cry of justice and humanity arose from a foreign tribunal: the illustrious Brougham invoked in favour of the Protestants of France the intervention of his Government, and the English Parliament was moved by the accents of his indignant voice." It is to be hoped that we shall escape the repetition of the horrors perpetrated under Charles IX., Louis XIV., and Louis XVIII., and the slaughter of priests during the first revolution; but with the excitability of the French temperament, one feels that the slightest impulse given to the indulgence of religious or anti-religious animosity will lead to the most disastrous results.

M. Lanfrey, the able historian of Napoleon I., appears to have joined a company of franc-tireurs in the Vosges. His admirers, and they are legion, are naturally very anxious that no mishap should befall the author and hinder the completion of his work. When the franc-tireurs fall into the hands of the Prussians they meet with little mercy. The papers to-day relate that some "free-rifles" recently stopped a train containing 120 Prussians, who were immediately shot, because the troops of the Prince of Mecklenburg had executed ten men of their corps taken prisoners.

November 25th.—There was fighting yesterday at Pierrefitte, to the north of Paris, where the troops of

the ex-Imperial Guard are said to have behaved admirably, and to have driven the Prussians from the village. A simple volunteer called Ferrières Sauvebœuf,—what a name for a hero!—is reported to have shown remarkable courage; whilst an old National Guard of St. Denis, taking his stand in front of the line, inflicted on the enemy "losses relatively very sensible." The press continues to pour forth the wildest stories. The Prussians are accused of making an unfair use of the Geneva cross; of pretending to surrender, and then firing on the confiding Gaul. The manner in which the naval gunners point their pieces elicits universal admiration. A tar called Merger, quartered at the fort of Bicêtre, can lodge a ball in a hat at 4,000 mètres. Yesterday he allowed the Prussians to arm an earthwork, and then with three shells blew all their guns to atoms. He has been decorated, as has a similar expert at the fort called Double Couronne. Fearful tales of Prussian cruelty are related in order to rouse the indifferent. A peasant has been shot at Meudon for burying bread and wine in his garden; and a stableman, whose only crime was wearing the Imperial livery, has also been summarily executed. The Prussians, say the French, are much worse than the Russians of 1815; they everywhere demand "gold, wine, and bacon, whilst the Cossacks had the gallantry to ask for chandelles, brandevin, and petites mamzelles."

November 26th.—M. de Brancion, commandant of the 72nd battalion of National Guards, has sent in his report to the admiral commanding his section. He states that in accordance with orders, he proceeded yesterday morning to Bondy, entered that village, and surmounted a barricade; he then skirmished with the enemy and drove him from tree to tree. The war companies of the 72nd were reinforced by the éclaireurs of the Seine, and the enemy's fire became very hot. The National Guards replied briskly, and continued to advance firmly and in good order. Captain Massion was shot through the leg, and Doctor Pillon was called in to look after him. Four more men were wounded. The 72nd, though under fire for the first time, behaved with remarkable energy and coolness. The reconnaissance lasted three hours, during which time the enemy, sheltered by his entrenchments and loop-holed houses, never ceased firing with vivacity and precision. Commandant de Brancion then recommends several men to the notice of the admiral for distinguished gallantry. The Parisians, not difficult to be pleased, are delighted with the prowess of the National Guard, and fancy that the moral effect of this march to Bondy and back will be enormous, and upset all Von Moltke's plans.

Another batch of Imperial papers has appeared which shows the utter want of organization in the French army when the campaign began. As far as

the popularity of the war goes, we find a telegram addressed by M. de Persigny to the Emperor on the 6th of July couched in these terms:—"Receive my most ardent congratulations. All France will follow you. The enthusiasm is unanimous." And Persigny was a friend, with a keen appreciation of the direction in which the current was flowing. As these papers will most likely be published in England, I shall only refer to one or two despatches. The Emperor had been very badly received by the Paris Mobile; so on the 2nd of August he wrote to the War Minister from Metz that his intention was to disperse the Mobiles assembled at the camp of Châlons, who had shown a detestable spirit, amongst the forts of Belfort, Thionville, Verdun, Toul, Sedan, Soissons, &c. Towards the end of August, Paris was astonished by the sudden apparition of a legion of strange-looking men in brass helmets—uncouth, unkempt, undrilled. These were the firemen from the provinces—rustics with the Roman head-dress and most modern and untidy nether garments. This queer lot was to garrison Paris. The men eventually disappeared like locusts swept away by a storm. There are three despatches concerning these heroes, who formed a strange medley of the antique warrior and the ploughman of the present century. The Paris journals, be it understood, were loud in their praises of these Salamanders directly their helmets were seen glittering on the boulevard. Their patriotism was loudly

extolled, and they were thanked for the gallant manner in which they had volunteered to quit their native villages and fly to the protection of the capital. The *gamins* were delighted with these weird provincials. But the despatches! On the 16th of August the Minister of the Interior received from the Prefect at La Rochelle the following,—"Order to send firemen to Paris creates great emotion. Most of them refuse to go. Population uneasy. Will telegraph again." On the same date the same minister received the subjoined from Tours:—"There is hesitation amongst the firemen. I will get over it. The measure is found admirable by reflecting people." —Not by *pompiers*, who don't reflect, and have to go! On the next day the Minister of the Interior wrote a circular commencing,—"The *élan* of the firemen is such that, to avoid encumberment, suspend further remittances . . . . . explain to these devoted men the motive of this temporary adjournment." It is the fate of France to be always deceived.

November 27th.—To-day all the gates are closed to the public, and further communication with the enemy has been rendered almost impossible. Our pleasant but rather dangerous trips to the *avant-postes* are at an end, and the journals are silent upon all military movements. This looks as if our sufferings were about to be brought to an end. I see that a corps-d'armée has been placed under the orders of a

vice-admiral, De la Roncière le Nourry. Much to our astonishment, we learn that a number of the fugitives of the 19th of September, condemned to death, supposed to have been executed, and long ago forgotten, have had their sentence commuted to two years' imprisonment. What a merciful Republic! The Government is looking everywhere for food, and woe to the shopkeepers who hide away stores. Large quantities of ham and bacon have been recently discovered and sent to the central markets, to be disposed of at a reasonable price. One large "holder," in whose cellars over 1,700 hams were found, has committed suicide through fear of being run up to a lamp-post. A great outcry has been raised against the rich men, who, now that there is no more forage, feed their horses upon bread. A horse, say the people, will eat ten kilos of bread per diem, and ten kilos are sufficient for fifteen human beings. Multiply fifteen human beings by 10,000 horses, and you have 150,000 persons sacrificed daily, as far as their food is concerned. It may be useful to keep horses in order to eat them, and so have fresh meat, but after all, a horse, in three months, will eat nearly 1,000 kilos of bread, and 150 kilos of meat will only feed 500 persons for one day. The artillery is said to be very fond of dogs, and two butchers' shops have now been opened for the regular sale of small domestic animals, which are purchased, ready money down, and sold in detail. Over one shop

is written, "Resistance à outrance! Grande boucherie, canine et féline." I happened to be present the other day at a touching spectacle. A strolling manager found he must part with an old friend, poor Pompone, who had dragged his master, his company and his decorations, and himself through all France and Navarre. It was some time before the player could make up his mind to part with his beast at the door of the shambles where the faithful drudge was about to end his days. Forage was running out, and Pompone must die. The unhappy owner flung himself several times on the animal's neck and embraced him, then pocketed the blood-money, and slunk off like Judas. I brushed away a tear, and, waiting till all was over, purchased a fillet. Poor Pompone! his fate reminded me of Théophile Gautier's *Capitaine Fracasse*.

In one quarter there have been potato riots, and the stalls of the potato-sellers have been overturned by a crowd indignant at the prices demanded. Is not Parmentier revenged? At the end of the reign of Louis XVI. he attempted to introduce potatoes here, but the people could not be persuaded to eat them, till the sly Parmentier had a few fields planted and strictly guarded by gendarmes all day long. At night the executive was withdrawn, and the people plundered the forbidden fruit, which was found amazingly sweet. And thus did Parmentier

do battle against a ridiculous prejudice, and make use of the natural wickedness of the people to accomplish their well-being.

November 28th.—To-day the walls of Paris are placarded with an extract from the period of the occupation by the Allies, to the effect that when Denon complained to Marshal Blücher that the Louvre was being robbed of works of art, that uncivilized soldier brutally replied, "Hold your tongue." This is a childish way of trying to excite the population against the Prussians, who are, of course, debarred from making any reply. Every one knows whence the French museums and picture-galleries have derived their wealth, and with what method the work of pillage was accomplished. When Napoleon was encamped at Boulogne he caused a list of all the chief works of art in England to be made out, and, had he crossed the "ditch," our public and private collections would have passed into the hands of the successful invader with marvellous rapidity. The Allies did but from the robber rend the prey, or such portion as could be found.

The papers continue to chronicle the brilliant exploits of Sergeant Hoff, who succeeded last night, at the head of 100 men, in seizing on Neuilly-sur-Marne. The *Soir* finds it absurd not to gratify this plucky and intelligent soldier with an important command, instead of keeping him in the ranks of the regulars.

"Why does not a special decree of the Government," says the writer, "elevate this hero to the grade of captain, or even major? No one would call this an injustice, so numerous are the titles of Hoff to public gratitude. Who knows if we have not put our hand on a Marceau of the new Republic. I add that Hoff, who is Alsatian, has become, by his heroism and his hatred against the Prussians, the living impersonification of that oppressed but indomitable province." According to the papers, Hoff is in a fair way to reach his hundredth man—at least, judging from the *spolia opima* which he lays at the feet of Paris every time he returns from an expedition.

There was a performance at the opera last night in aid of the wounded. It had been announced that some prisoners would be present, and, in fact, a wounded Bavarian was exhibited in the front boxes. After the music, a selection from the *Châtiments* was read out, and, finally, a collection was made in Prussian helmets!

A census has been taken of the horses in Paris, and it is evident that the Government is going to lay hands on them.

I extract the following graphic details from an unofficial account of the combat in which a couple of days ago the 72nd battalion of the National Guards was engaged:—"The bugler Leloup, formerly a coachman, was the first to fire on a Prussian, whom he perceived behind a thick hedge. 'My arm is excellent,'

he cried, pointing out to those near him the man he had just brought down, who was writhing about in the last convulsions of death. At the same moment, to express his satisfaction, he commenced to dance whilst reloading his musket. 'Hide yourselves,' shouted he to his comrades. Carried away by his ardour, Leloup advanced some yards under a perfect tempest of balls, and, bringing his rifle quietly to his shoulder, fired, and rolled over another Prussian, who fell into a ditch. 'That makes two,' said the bugler, who continued to advance, though one bullet had made a hole in his képi, and another had battered his instrument. Leloup himself killed four Prussians, without counting those he wounded; and the military medal should recompense this splendid conduct." My private information of this heroic day differs essentially from the official and unofficial accounts published in the papers. I believe that the gallant 72nd did not come across a single Prussian, and that Captain Massion, and the other men who were wounded in the affair, were simply shot by mistake, and in the excitement of the moment.

There was an extremely heavy cannonade last night, and during the day an unusual movement of troops, indicating an approaching conflict on a grand scale.

November 29th.—The cannonade which kept us all awake last night, was but the beginning of strife.

In the morning the Governor of Paris, General Ducrot, and the members of the Government issued proclamations to the effect that the supreme hour had arrived, and there was consequently no doubt as to the nature of the struggle commenced at daybreak. At an early hour all the gates on the eastern side of the city were thronged by crowds of people anxious to learn how the fight was going, and the wounded, as they began to drop in, and the artillerymen returning to refill their caissons, were eagerly questioned. The wildest stories circulated from mouth to mouth. As I was standing at the Ivry gate shivering with cold and listening to the heavy fire, an important-looking individual announced that the admiral of the fort outside had just stated that 20,000 Prussians had been captured, and I must say that the news was very coolly received, as some one else had given better intelligence. The city was in a ferment all day long, and when the shades of evening fell, Paris was unwilling to believe that the operations of the day had broken down, and was as irritated as a spoiled child. The *Liberté* had the hardihood to lay before the public a plain statement of the case, and the consequence was that an angry crowd made its appearance in front of M. Vrignault's offices, and threatened to break the presses. So much for attempting to tell the truth.

All night long, as before mentioned, a heavy fire had been maintained against the Prussian positions

to the east of Paris, and for seven or eight consecutive hours as many as 200 rounds a minute had been directed on the enemy's works. As soon as it was light enough to see, General Ducrot, who had informed the Parisians that he would return only as a corpse or conqueror, got his troops in motion and proceeded to pass the Marne. General de Maud'huy marched to the attack of l'Hay, whilst Admiral Pothuan, with his naval brigade and some war companies of the National Guard, made a dash at Gare aux Bœufs—a position of importance, from which Choisy le Roi could be seriously menaced. Unfortunately for General Ducrot a sudden rise in the Marne swept away some of his pontoons and prevented him from passing the river. General de Maud'huy made a gallant but useless attack on the village of l'Hay; he managed to drive the Prussians out of it in the first instance, but he got under the fire of the guns of Chevilly and suffered severe loss. He had been some time engaged when he received word that the principal movement had failed, and that it was of no use to persevere with his attack; he consequently ordered a retreat, and fell back within his lines without being harassed. As for the gallant admiral, he appears to have taken possession of "Ox Station" or Gare aux Bœufs without any difficulty, but he relinquished his hold of that place on being informed of the accident which had occurred on the Marne. In fact, the grand operation against the enemy had

to be postponed in consequence of the false attacks above having only partially succeeded.

A couple of *voyous* who were caught by the troops in the act of conveying journals to the enemy, were summarily dealt with, and refused benefit of clergy.

The greatest excitement reigned along the Boulevards all the evening, but the firmest confidence in the ultimate triumphs of the French arms animated every group and rendered all men of the same party. Hence there was no quarrelling, though much discussion, violent gesticulation, and patriotic declamation.

November 30th.—This morning General Trochu took up the thread of his operations commenced yesterday, but interrupted by the rise of the Marne. Long before daylight I was roused from my slumbers, in the west of Paris, by terrific and incessant discharges of artillery along the same line of fire as that which had swept the Prussian positions yesterday. The whole city trembled, and another painfully anxious day was spent by many a parent who had husband or child exposed to the tempest of lead and iron at a few miles from home. The Prussians, if not prepared to meet the French yesterday, were fully ready for the attacks which took place this morning, and it was, perhaps, foolhardy in the Governor of Paris not to renounce his assault on Champigny altogether, after the accident which happened to General

Ducrot's pontoons, as he gave the enemy twelve hours to prepare for his reception. At 10 A.M. this morning General Ducrot passed the Marne on his pontoons and the bridge at Joinville, which had been sufficiently repaired to permit of the passage of infantry. A work had been thrown up to protect this movement; but it was not required, and the Marne was passed without any molestation on the part of the enemy. It was evident that the violent cannonade had forced the enemy back to some distance; and Villiers-sur-Marne, the objective of Ducrot's attack, and the key to the plateau which commands the Marne, was isolated, and reduced to defend itself. A small French force had crossed the river at Nogent, the plateau of Avron had been occupied, and a reconnaissance directed against Mont Mesly paralyzed the Prussian troops at Bonneuil. Ducrot, therefore, had only to look to his front, and attack the position before him. The first resistance which the main body encountered was from an advanced post, which fired on the advancing columns from behind some barricades in a small clump of trees. The barricades were carried at the double—the Prussians not waiting to defend them. On reaching the Mulhouse line, which, after crossing the river, runs a little to the south of Villiers, some Prussian posts disputed the way; but, though the railway bank is nearly sixty feet high at the spot where the Bry road passes underneath it, the French

columns dashed over the obstacle, and captured several prisoners with hardly any loss. The columns to the left and right of Villiers began to close in round their prey, and the action commenced in real earnest. The French artillery rapidly drove the Prussians from the series of little hills which run from the Marne to the line of railway, and Villiers lay at their feet; but the rising ground to the rear of the town was found studded with redoubts, and two formidable works opened fire on the assailants. Balls and shells were poured in heavily, and one battery had hardly unlimbered when a shell, in bursting, killed half-a-dozen horses, whilst a second smashed a caisson, and killed three men. A terrible musketry fire was opened on the French at the same moment, and the consequence was that Ducrot's troops, surprised at such a rough reception, hesitated first, and then halted. The captain of one battery, which was suffering heavily, made his remaining men lie down until the Prussian guns occupied themselves in another quarter. This example was extensively followed, and, in some cases, the officers had great difficulty in preventing their men from breaking altogether. The officers behaved admirably at this critical juncture, and paid dearly for their temerity and gallantry, which alone prevented a disaster. A good many groups of soldiers had retired behind some rising ground between Villiers and the Marne, and it was evident that if a rout

commenced the greater part of the force would be driven into the river. It was now nearly noon. Generals and other officers placed themselves at the head of the troops; and by dint of example and strong language got them to stand their ground until reinforcements arrived, when matters assumed a better complexion. The French artillery, during these decisive moments, had not ceased its attack on the enemy's redoubts, and so effective was the fire of its thirty batteries that not a single Prussian skirmisher could show in front of the entrenchments. At this period of the action General Renault, considered one of the finest officers in the French service, was struck in the leg by a shell as he was mounting his horse, and though in dreadful pain, he refused for a long time to quit the field. The Prussians soon afterwards experienced a heavy loss whilst calling in the troops which had occupied some works to the north of the town and concentrating their forces. At three o'clock the Prussians had massed all their troops in a kind of entrenched camp above Villiers, and resisted with greater obstinacy than ever, keeping up such a fire on their foes that the French position appeared untenable. However, the struggle continued for a couple of hours—the Prussians being sheltered behind their works, and the French almost entirely exposed. When the sun, which had been shining brilliantly all day, went down, the firing on either side suddenly ceased, and the

French army encamped on the ground which it had gained in the morning, whilst the Prussians still occupied their redoubts overlooking Villiers. The ambulance corps commenced work, and the French wounded were sent home on board of a number of small steamers, which had been brought up the Marne for that purpose.

During the time that the principal attack against Villiers was being made a diversion was operated by the troops at Créteil against Mesly and Mont Mesly, and some hard fighting took place round these villages, which, if it did not end in their capture, yet occupied the attention of the Prussian head-quarters at Bonneuil.

This evening Paris is even more agitated than it was last night. One hears that Trochu, with 80,000 men at his back, has broken through the Prussian lines, and is marching on Orleans to join the army of the Loire. The investment is considered at an end, and the position of the Prussian army more than compromised. The question is no longer how to defend Paris, but how to prevent King William effecting his retreat across the Rhine? The papers are strictly prohibited from giving any military intelligence; they can simply publish the official bulletins, and declare that the news is excellent. The *Liberté*, which got into such trouble yesterday for telling the unwelcome truth, apologizes this evening in the most abject manner. The editor

was unfortunately absent when M. Yriate's article got into type, and the whole staff of the paper signs a declaration to the effect that yesterday was a good day for France, and to-day a better one. The troops engaged appear for the most part to have behaved with great gallantry and steadiness, although, as in most battles, there were exceptions to the general rule.

DECEMBER.

December 1*st*.—In addition to the attacks made on the Prussian position to the east and south-east of Paris, attacks were also made on Drancy and Groslay from the fort of Aubervilliers, and on Epinay from St. Denis. In the latter affair, seventy-two prisoners were taken, and were brought into Paris in triumph. There are a good many anecdotes flying about the city concerning the operations of yesterday, which have resulted in the occupation of Champigny, Bry, Chennevières, and some other advanced forts, which an excellent military writer, M. Louis Jezierski, a naturalized Frenchman, says must lead to more fighting. General Trochu has expressed himself highly satisfied with General Ducrot and the troops, but it seems positive that a portion of the Mobile took to its heels, and was very roughly handled by the French gendarmerie à cheval. One hears of 100 fugitives having been cut down. I remember that the Bretons, who are an exceedingly obstinate lot, declared after the disgraceful scene which took place at the Hôtel-de-

Ville, that they would not fight any more for the Parisians, and on the first occasion they have kept their word. General Ducrot is said to have behaved with great intrepidity, and very nearly to have killed a Prussian; he galloped after a flying soldier, and thrust several inches of steel into the man's knapsack, when the sword encountered some hard substance, and snapped in two. "Is not France sure to triumph with such a man as this?" cries the *Liberté*. There is one point which I have not been able to elucidate. General Ducrot, about 3 P.M., rode back almost to Joinville, and, meeting the 50th battalion of National Guards, who were marching to the scene of action, complimented the men, and said they would form a second and useful reserve. Why did the general leave his troops in the heat of action? and if he was in search of reinforcements, why did he moderate the ardour of the National Guard, and not accept its proffered services?

There has been no fighting to-day, and the French still occupy their advanced positions.

December 2nd.—To-day many a patriotic fist was shaken in the direction of Wilhelmshöhe, where the Man of December, merged into the Man of Sedan, is enjoying his captivity. What has become of his accomplices? Beyond Rouher, Persigny, and Haussmann, few remain. Morny, St. Arnaud, Fould, Troplong, Billault, Magnan, and a crowd of other

"great men," emanating from the coup-d'état, have passed away. On the morning of the 2nd December, nineteen years ago, five generals—Cavaignac, Bedeau, Lamoricière, Le Flô, and Changarnier,—Colonel Charras, and nine representatives of the people, Thiers, Roger, Baze, Nadaud, Valentin, Miot, Cholat, Greppo, and Lagrange—were arrested in their beds, and taken to Mazas. Thiers is trying to save his country by diplomacy, after having protected Paris with an enceinte, detached forts, and codfish. Changarnier is a prisoner in his old age; Le Flô is Minister of War; Greppo is an assistant *maire* or *adjoint;* Valentin was named *maire* of Strasbourg, but could not take possession of his mayoralty in consequence of the investment; Miot is an apothecary; and Roger and Baze have long disappeared from Paris and public life. To-day the *Châtiments* of Victor Hugo is in every hand, and France, cursing the coup-d'état which has produced the recent crop of disasters, declares the Napoleonic legend finished.

M. Louis Jezierski was quite correct in his conjecture that if General Trochu did not immediately renew his attack, he would be attacked in his turn by the Prussians. This morning, directly it was light, the Prussians made a desperate onslaught on the French positions, in the hopes of being able to tumble Ducrot and his army into the Marne; and they very nearly succeeded. At dawn, when the grand guards were being relieved, the enemy's guns,

which had been firing intermittently since 3 A.M., suddenly opened a sustained and heavy fire in the direction of the plateaux of Bry and Cœuilly; and, in the meantime, columns of infantry debouched at the double against those two positions, driving in the French outposts, and pouring a galling fire into their lines. A small camp of Mobiles was lapped up, and the utmost confusion reigned. The Prussians had succeeded in piercing the French line, and reached the village of La Plâtrière, where the divisional staff was quartered, and some of the officers were wounded before they could get into their saddles. Thanks to the activity of the French officers, some resistance was offered, and the troops, thus suddenly attacked and outflanked, managed to fall back on Champigny, behind which village the artillery had taken up a strong position—at least, a breastwork had been thrown up the evening before, which, in a great measure, sheltered the French gunners from the fire of the Prussians. The progress of the enemy was checked by this obstacle. To the French left some very sharp fighting took place—at Bry—between Maussion's division and the Saxons. There had been a severe struggle in this village the day before yesterday; and in one house the corpses of thirty Zouaves were found, who had fallen during the assault. At Bry the French made a capital stand, and, in order to dislodge them, the Prussian artillery opened fire on the bridge of Nogent, so as to cut off

Maussion's retreat. The bridge escaped damage by a miracle. The wings having been turned, the French centre, to avoid the same fate, had to fall back; it executed a retrograde movement crossing the Mulhouse line of railway at the wood of Le Plant. The French artillery, though it had efficiently protected the retreat, had suffered severely; gunners and horses falling round their pieces. Once arrived at the angle formed by the railway and the road to Villiers, the retreat terminated. Some heavy pieces had been placed in position by General Favre, ex-aide-de-camp of the Emperor; and this redoubt, together with the guns of the fort of Nogent, within range of which the Prussians had ventured, saved the army. By nine o'clock the French had lost all the positions which they had so painfully conquered on the 30th November, and the heights from Bry to Cœuilly were in the hands of the enemy. However, when the French got under Favre's redoubt and the fire of Nogent, a change took place in the fortunes of the day. For about an hour neither party lost or gained ground, and an artillery duel ensued; the Prussian batteries at Villiers reaching the French position, and the Prussian troops being exposed to the fire of the works above mentioned, not to speak of the field-pieces on both sides. During this combat three generals of artillery were wounded on the French side, and Franchetti, the commandant of a free corps of horse, raised by his own exertions,

had his thigh broken whilst conveying an order for General Trochu. In the meantime, the French began to receive reinforcements; General de Bellemare debouched with his division on the field of battle, and new guns and mitrailleuses were brought up at the gallop. Reinforcements poured across the bridge of Nogent, and obliged the Saxons to fall back. The French reassumed the offensive, and by noon had regained the positions from which they had been driven in the morning; at one o'clock, General Trochu rode along the Villiers road, and was cheered by the troops, to whom he addressed some words of encouragement. The artillery on either side continued their work of carnage for some time longer, but in the end the French remained masters of the positions which they had won on the 30th November. The Prussians had been foiled in their effort to capture Ducrot's army, thanks to General Favre's redoubt, which had escaped the enemy's vigilant eyes.

It should be mentioned that the French have taken possession of the plateau of Avron, which is being heavily armed: this plateau commands the Strasbourg railway, and its occupation must greatly annoy the Prussians, as it interferes with their line of communications, and menaces their head-quarters at Chelles.

December 3rd.—After the manner in which the newspapers had discreetly announced the splendid success of the recent operations, Paris was hardly

prepared for the bulletin which General Schmitz issued this evening, and which fell like a bucket of cold water on the fervid imagination of hopeful patriots. "The army of General Ducrot," writes the chief of the staff, "bivouacks to-night in the wood of Vincennes; it repassed the Marne during the day, and has been concentrated upon this point with a view to ulterior operations. About 400 Prussian prisoners, amongst which are a group of officers, have been brought into Paris to-day." General Schmitz also announces that Avron continues its fire in order to harass "the incessant convoys" of the enemy in the direction of Chelles.

Chelles, which is often mentioned in the military reports in consequence of its strategical importance to the enemy, is situated near the Marne, at about fifteen miles from Paris. In the sixth century it was a royal villa, and enjoyed a lamentable celebrity, on account of the crimes of Fredegonde. Under the Capets the palace of Chelles was allowed to fall into ruin. An abbey was founded there by Sainte Clothile and was governed by many ladies of high rank, and the Bavarians who are now encamped amongst the ruins might feel interested to know that one of the last lady abbesses was Hegilwige, mother of the Empress Judith of Bavaria. After many vicissitudes, the abbey was taken and ravaged by the English in 1358, was partially destroyed by lightning in the beginning of the fifteenth century, was again pillaged by the

English in 1429, and was entirely blown down during a terrible hurricane in 1559. It was restored by a daughter of Henri IV., and in 1719 it had for lady abbess a daughter of the Regent, Louise Adélaide de Chartes. The Church contains a handsome altar and many precious antiquities.

At Bry—or Brie, as it is more commonly spelt—the church contains a very remarkable picture by Daguerre, the inventor of the daguerreotype. This picture, which is a marvellous triumph of perspective, represents an old Gothic temple, with its pillars and the tombs and banners of knights. It is usually kept covered up, and it is to be hoped that, as a work of art, it will be respected by the enemy.

A small town called Vernon, situated on the Paris and Rouen line, is supposed to have offered a patriotic and heroic resistance to the Prussians. In the Middle Ages Vernon was a strong place, and saw many changes of fortune. The King of England seized upon it at the commencement of the twelfth century, and built a vast château, whose tower of archives still exists. In 1154 Louis le Jeune recaptured Vernon, but was unable to retain it, and it again fell into the power of the English. Philippe Augustus took and lost it twice in 1190 and 1195. Vernon was then twice burned—first by Edward III., in 1346, and then, ten years later, by the Duke of Lancaster. It fell again into the hands of the English in 1419, and was only finally annexed to

France thirty years later, when it was carried by assault by the celebrated Dunois and the Count of St. Pol.

I find in the *Patrie* of to-day the following remarkable reflections on cavalry:—"You have remarked," says the writer, "that we hear nothing more of the Uhlans. The reason is that the brilliant part they played arose from the ingenious manner in which they were employed by the staff. This cavalry of the riding-school, whose qualities are superficial, is only fit for parading along a good road in sight of our astonished and unarmed populations; therefore, the star of the Uhlans has commenced to pale before that of our Spahis—the first cavaliers in the world," &c.

It appears that M. de Moltke has been pleased to take into consideration the explanations offered by General Ducrot with respect to his escape after Sedan, and the rumour is that the matter has been arranged. Under these circumstances, General Ducrot, the next time he goes out to do battle, will probably refrain from issuing such a proclamation as that which preceded his recent sortie. Instead of declaring that he intends to fall or conquer, he will be able to imitate Napoleon before Austerlitz, who promised to keep out of harm's way. General Ducrot, be it remarked here, is too impetuous an officer for the command of an army. Like old Gough, he would much prefer going into the thick of

the affair with a shillelah, to standing afar off and manœuvring.

The small-pox continues to make sad ravages in the city, and Maire Dubail, and all the adjoints of the tenth arrondissement, have just had themselves vaccinated as an example to the rest of the parish.

There is one of those wild rumours abroad to-night for which there is no accounting. The boulevards are wild with excitement, and the newspaper kiosks almost carried by storm; every ten yards one meets a knot of citizens with an orator in the centre. The cause of all this hubbub is the report that Bourbaki has captured Versailles, and strategical patriots are explaining how this feat of arms has been accomplished.

We hear that Prince Frederick Charles is in that dreary Sologne country, where he will find it difficult to subsist. By our last advices, he was at Gien-la-Ville, where the spy, Hart, was arrested, though no one then imagined that the Prussian army would ever pass that way.

December 4th.—The people have taken Ducrot's retreat wonderfully well, and that general's reputation appears to have been rather increased by the skill with which he managed to effect this retrograde movement in the face of a watchful enemy. Ducrot, who had took advantage of a fog to withdraw his

troops from a position which it was dangerous and useless to hold, has issued the following order of the day. "Soldiers,—After two days of glorious combat, I have caused you to recross the Marne, because I was convinced that any new effort in a direction where the enemy had had time to concentrate all his forces and all his means of action, would be sterile. By insisting I should only have made a useless sacrifice of many thousand brave men, and far from serving the work of deliverance, I should have seriously compromised it. I might, too, have brought about an irreparable disaster. But you have understood this: the struggle is merely suspended for a moment; we are going to renew it with resolution; get ready, complete rapidly your ammunition, your provisions, and, above all, let your hearts rise to the height of those sacrifices which the holy cause for which we should not hesitate to give our life, exacts." General Schmitz, who on the present occasion represents the feeling of more than half Paris—Paris, whose device, by the way, is "*fluctuat nec mergitur*:"—commences his official bulletin in this fashion:—"The losses of the enemy have been so considerable during the glorious days of the 29th, 30th of November, and 2nd of December, that for the first time since the commencement of the campaign, injured in his power and his pride, he has allowed an army, which he had violently attacked the evening before, to cross a river in his presence in broad day. One cannot

insist too much on this fact, which stands out alone in the campaign of 1870, for it testifies to the efforts made by an army which did not exist two months ago. The cause must be sought in the patriotic elements which compose it, and in the force which the population of Paris has inspired by its attitude."

The French complain that the German soldiers do not kill them politely; and after all there is no reason for indulging in unparliamentary and un-Homeric language on the battle-field. An officer on General d'Exea's staff, missed at close quarters by a Pomeranian, had his feelings hurt by a violent expletive better aimed than the bullet. M. de Saumière, who was one of the first officers to enter the streets of l'Hay, received a bayonet wound in the ear whilst retreating; he was then fired on by a sous-officer and abused in the grossest terms. M. de Villeneuve-Bargemont relates that at Gravelotte he was cut down by an Uhlan to the cry of "Hurrah, cochon de Français!"

M. Jules Fernandez writes the following lines in the *Liberté*:—"As for the misguided populations, the Bavarians, Badeners, Hessians, Saxons, &c., let us be full of indulgence and generosity; the day that they become aware that the tales told of our cruelty to prisoners are not true they will come to us and surrender willingly, instead of allowing themselves to be stupidly killed for the benefit of a nation which deceives them. But for that cruel people which has

sworn us eternal hatred, which kills our prisoners, our ambulance men, our bearers of a flag of truce, whilst overwhelming them with the grossest insults, for them no Pity, no Mercy." The amount of exasperation appears equal on both sides.

M. Louis Blanc, who has not been much heard of lately, appears to have uttered a "mot" about the enemy's tactics. "The Prussians are like Mohicans," he said the other evening, "who have studied at the Polytechnic."

There appears to have been some slight foundation for the rumour of the capture of Versailles, for General Trochu received last night a despatch from Bourbaki, dated Amiens, November 20th, running thus:—"My troops are ready to march. I have cavalry and artillery with me. I shall follow thy instructions. No Prussians between Amiens, Beauvais, Chantilly, and Gisors." If, then, Bourbaki was at Amiens on the 20th, he might have reached Versailles by this time. The phrase "thy instructions" has given great satisfaction to the Republican mind, which is not aware that Trochu and Bourbaki were at school together, and have never dropped the second person singular.

An anonymous writer is highly indignant with the Prussians for having committed such havoc amongst the horses the other day. This hungry patriot writes:—"It was remarked that the enemy's guns were pointed principally against our artillery

teams. Can this be a new tactic to add to the many trickeries of the Prussians, which consists in destroying our means of defence with the least possible danger to themselves? If we had not had quantities of relays, in spite of our energetic resistance, they would have seized on our pieces without a hand-to-hand struggle, as they have always done since the beginning of the war. They only leave their hiding-places when they can do so with impunity."

December 5th.—Can one imagine the Duke of Wellington or Charles Napier receiving such a letter as the following, addressed by the members of the Provisional Government to General Trochu at Vincennes?—

"General and dearly Beloved President,—For the last three days we have been with you in thought upon that glorious field of battle where the destinies of the country are being decided. We should like to share your dangers, leaving you that glory which you have so well prepared, assuring by your noble devotion the success of our valiant army. No one has a better right to be proud of it than you; no one can more worthily speak its praises; you only forget yourself, but you cannot hide yourself from the acclamations of your companions in arms, electrified by your example. It would have been pleasant to us to join our voices to theirs; permit us,

nevertheless, to express all the gratitude and affection which our hearts feel for you. Say to the brave General Ducrot, to your devoted officers, to your valiant soldiers, that we admire them. Republican France recognizes in them that pure and noble heroism which has already saved it. It knows that it can place its hope of salvation in you and in them. We, your colleagues, initiated into your thoughts, hail with joy these splendid and great days, during which you entirely revealed yourself, and which, we have the profound conviction, are the commencement of our deliverance. Accept, &c.

(*Signed*) JULES FAVRE, GARNIER PAGÈS,
JULES SIMON, E. PELLETAN,
E. ARAGO, JULES FERRY,
ERNEST PICARD."

If anything in burlesque ever exceeded the above document, I should like to see it. The *Official Journal* calls attention to the barbarity of the Prussians, in shooting all peasants taken with arms in their hands, and reminds Count Bismarck of the means to which Prussia resorted when she was invaded by the armies of the first Empire. The question is no doubt difficult to settle. On the one hand, the peasant has the option of remaining unmolested, and enjoying certain immunities on the condition of adhering strictly to his character of a non-combatant. But if he accepts those immunities

and then betrays them, he becomes more dangerous than the open enemy. If he really wishes to fight, he can easily join the ranks of the army. There are instances, however, when the peasant is suddenly called upon to act, during moments of great irritation; his village, for example, is unexpectedly assailed; his life and property are placed in jeopardy, and he seizes his musket and defends himself, his family, and his goods. It is evidently unjust to confound such a case with that of a village which surrenders, and afterwards fires on the enemy, as the inhabitants of Châtou or some other village between this and St. Germain did, when a sortie from Paris was supposed to be succeeding. It is the same with the franc-tireurs. The man whose home has been utterly destroyed, and who, in a spirit of revenge, has joined a free corps, cannot understand that whilst men in red breeches and regulation shakoes are gallant soldiers, according to the German code, men in slouched hats and knickerbockers are assassins. If you break into a man's house you must not expect the man whose sanctuary is violated to be particular as to his means of resistance. On the other hand, there is a recognized manner of raising troops and fighting, and if men will draw up regulations of their own, apart from those of the War Office, they must not expect to be dealt with as gently as men acting under the orders of the Minister of War and amenable to some kind of authority. If the franc-

tireurs will indulge in Red Indian warfare, they must take the consequences.

In spite of the promises made in various proclamations about hostilities being renewed, there is no probability of any move being made for some time. Dissension reigns amongst the chiefs; several generals have had to be transferred from the second to the third army, and some divisions have suffered so heavily that time will be required to reorganize them. We may, therefore, be said to have had a relapse, and to have fallen back into our normal state. The latest invention of the town is that M. de Moltke, "deceived by the retreat of the victorious French" from Orleans, is about to quit Versailles. M. de Moltke, be it remembered, has just written a polite note to General Trochu, saying, "It may be useful to inform your Excellence that the army of the Loire was defeated yesterday and Orleans recaptured."

General Clement Thomas, who commands the National Guard, because he commanded it in '48, has issued an order of the day which gives another example of the deplorable state of discipline in that branch of the service. The 76th battalion marched out some days ago, and, on re-entering Paris, Commandant Latappy, according to orders, directed the cartridges served out in the morning to be returned to the fourgons, whereupon Lieutenant Montfilière, of the 2nd Company, violently abused his chief and

threatened to disarm and arrest him. He tried to excite the battalion to revolt and to keep their cartridges. A few men joined Montfilière, but the majority of the battalion stood to Latappy, an old soldier, who behaved with much moderation, and in the end the lieutenant was disarmed, arrested, and taken to the conciergerie. For this ebullition Montfilière is to be tried by court-martial, and the men of the battalion were not permitted to take part in the sorties of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd December.

As the Government is in want of money, it has laid hands on a portion of the funds voted not long ago for carrying on the works commenced by Prefect Haussmann.

December 6th.—Paris was deeply grieved to learn this morning the death of two popular soldiers wounded during the recent battles on the Marne—General Regnault and Commandant Franchetti, the latter being a Jew. Poor General Regnault had been so often wounded that it was said of him as of Marshal St. Jean d'Angely, "ce n'est plus un homme, c'est une guipure." In appearance, General Regnault reminded one of the first Napoleon in his lean period, when Barras first took him by the hand; he was respected by the army, which deplores the loss of a gallant and upright soldier. Franchetti, with his free corps, had been very useful to the Republic, and a week seldom passed without honour-

able mention being made of those horsemen in the official bulletin. A writer in *Figaro* thus describes how Franchetti was wounded:—"He was carrying an order for General Ducrot when he was struck by a piece of a shell, which, after having ripped up his horse, broke his thigh a little below the hip. He did not fall. With the pride of a wounded lion he bore up against his pain, and remained for some time on horseback; he even tried to regain the general's quarters, but on reaching the hollow road near the railway, pale and weak, he was obliged to acknowledge that he could no longer bear up against the torture he was suffering." How the horse, after having been ripped up, managed to keep on his legs, the writer does not explain.

Some gentlemen of the Jockey Club, wishing to dine *à la mode*, gave the necessary order to Baron Brisse, who served up the following repast:—

Hors-d'œuvre.

Radis, hareng mariné, oignons à la provençale, beurre demi-sel, cornichons, olives.

Premier service.

Potage de cheval dessalé aux légumes, côtelettes d'âne aux carottes, foie de mulet sauté aux champignons, mou de cheval à la sauce blanche, carpe de Seine à la matelotte, goujons frits, têtes de céleri farci.

Deuxième service.

Quartier de chien braisé, gigot de chien rôti, rats cuits sous la cendre, pâté de souris et champignons, anguille de Seine à la broche, salade de céleri et mâches.

Dessert.

Fromage de Hollande, pommes de Calville, poires duchesse, marmelade au kirsch, gâteau d'Italie au fromage de Chester.

December 7th.—Complaints are still frequent on the part of persons owning property within the French lines, of the manner in which their houses are plundered. A gentleman, on visiting a charming little retreat the other day, found two Mobiles sawing a grand piano in two, and for the life of him couldn't help laughing at the discordant cries of the victim, who screamed very unharmoniously under the hands of the assassins. General Noel, who commands Mont Valérien, has just issued the following order concerning marauders, which gives an idea of the extent to which this unsoldierlike practice is carried. "Yesterday," says the general, "some marauders, belonging for the most part to the Mobile, crossed my outposts and went to Rueil to get drunk and destroy property. Others, to the number of about 300, went to Nanterre, where they sacked the houses. Five of these scoundrels have been arrested, and I hope prompt justice will be dealt out to them. I have given orders that every person found forcing the line of outposts shall be fired on without pity, and pillagers making a show of resistance shall be immediately executed. . . . I have 7,000 men under my orders, and have no desire to see them corrupted."

No part of the town has been so anxious to show its valour as Belleville, from which revolutionary district there has gone up a constant cry to go out and meet the enemy. Paris was therefore not quite prepared to read the following decree in the *Official*

Journal of this morning:—"Art. 1. The battalion called the Tirailleurs of Belleville is disbanded, and must give up its arms, &c. Art. 2. Those men who deserve to remain in the National Guard will be drafted into other battalions." Then comes an order of the day by General Clement Thomas, in which he states that, "desiring to satisfy the reiterated demands of the battalion to be employed in exterior operations, so as to measure itself with the enemy, an order was given for the "tirailleurs" to be equipped, and they were sent on the 25th November, with other troops, to occupy a post of honour at Créteil, at about 100 yards from the Prussian outposts. Sad rumours soon reached the commander-in-chief of the conduct of the battalion. On the 28th November the commandant, Lamperière, reported that, having gone the round of the trenches at 8.30 P.M., with his adjutant, he had recommended his men not to fire uselessly. He had hardly terminated his rounds when he heard a lively fire of musketry, and on looking round perceived the 1st and 2nd companies of his battalion flying from the trenches. He had the greatest difficulty in stopping these men, and getting them back to their post. This shameful retreat was caused by the tempestuous fire of the battalion itself, and cost the lives of three men, whilst three others were wounded. The men threw the blame on Captain Ballandier, who is said to have cried out that they were turned. The next day the

"tirailleurs" were withdrawn behind the fort of Charenton, and afterwards, on being ordered to return to the trenches, they at first refused, but finally consented to march. On the 3rd inst., Colonel Le Mains, commanding a brigade, had to demand the immediate recall of the Belleville battalion, which he found useless for service, and on such bad terms with the 147th, that a kind of barricade had been erected between it and the men of La Villette. The presence of M. Flourens had also led to difficulties. On the evening of the 3rd, Belleville again abandoned the trenches, and, under these circumstances, Colonel Le Mains requested that the battalion should be immediately recalled. In a report of the 4th inst., Commandant Lamperière states that he marched out of Paris with 457 men, but that the strength of his battalion has been reduced by sixty-one men who have returned home, with arms and baggage, without permission. The commandant declares that there is no discipline amongst either officers or men, and demands permission to shoulder a musket in the ranks of some honest regiment, so as to purify himself after dwelling too long in the tents of Belleville. At the conclusion of his order of the day, General Clement Thomas announces that the sixty-one men who deserted in presence of the enemy are to be tried by court-martial, as well as Aide-Major Leuvray. Captain Ballandier's conduct is to be inquired into, and citizen Flourens arrested

and brought to trial. If we could only write over Belleville "requiescat in pace!"

We have just learned the fall of Thionville, which reminds me that when besieged by the Prussians during the first Republic, the commandant exhibited on the ramparts a wooden horse, with a bundle of hay round its neck, and it was intimated to the assailants that Thionville would never surrender till the animal had eaten his provender.

Some Prussian officers taken prisoners the other day, and released on parole, are said to have been insulted in a café on the Boulevards; it was with some difficulty that they were got safely back to La Roquette.

December 8th.—In some of the clubs there is actually a dearth of orators, and French eloquence is dying out like a wasted candle for want of food. However, citizen Sans, in presence of a limited audience, last night brought a serious accusation against the noble inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain, and proposed that the people should pay a visit to their empty hotels in Paris. Should the proposition of citizen Sans be carried out, it will be found that the Hôtel-de-Luynes is an ambulance, as also the hôtels of Galliera, Duchâtel, &c.; the Hôtel de la Rochefoucauld is a cantine; the Countesses of Biron and La Ferronnays nurse the wounded in the hospitals. The Duke de Broglie has one son a

prisoner, another in the army, and a third a chaplain in the Mobiles. The Duke of Fitz-James, the Marquis de Bienfert, the Marquis de Cariolio, the Counts de Bearn and Durfort, and other nobles not actually obliged to take service, have joined the army. The other day the Marquis de Podenas, and the Barons de Grancy and de Dampierre, fell on the field of battle. In fact the noble faubourg is showing well to the front, and will leave behind it a brighter reputation after the war than the reds of Belleville and the tirailleurs of Flourens. Baron de Dampierre was shot at the head of his battalion, when leading it gallantly against a barricade at Villejuif, and his friend De Grancy met with a similar fate. The Marquis de Podenas, who had retired from the service, rejoined the Zouaves when the siege commenced, and at fifty years of age fell at Petit-Brie, cheering on his company. De Grancy, by the way, was a great sportsman, and not long ago was much annoyed to find his game poached in the most daring manner. After watching for several nights, he at last collared a man and took him to his château. There could be no doubt of his guilt; his pockets were crammed with pheasants. "Give the fellow a glass of wine," said the Baron, and the culprit began to unmuffle himself. What was De Grancy's surprise to find that his poacher was De Dampierre. "A nice joke indeed to kill my game," said he; "but you shall pay a fine of 500 francs, and remain here a

month as my prisoner." And now both poacher and poached have fallen in presence of the enemy. The son of the Duke de Broglie, who is acting as chaplain, was formerly a captain in the navy, but suddenly he threw up his commission and took holy orders. When I last heard of him he was giving evening lectures to the soldiers posted at Créteil. A certain centurion who went to hear him was struck by the manner in which M. de Broglie opened his meeting. He stood up and demanded two volunteers to sing Halleluiah.

It appears that Victor Hugo wished to go out and fight during the recent engagements, but he was prevented by the 144th battalion of National Guards, who objected to the popular poet risking his life like a common mortal. Did not Goethe smell powder when the Prussians invaded France under Brunswick? Did not Lopez de Vega sail with the Spanish Armada, Gibbon join the militia, Byron plunge into the Grecian ranks, Horace run away from Philippi in company with Pompeius Varus?

> Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
> Sensi, &c.,

and have not many great poets and writers served their country under arms?

The troublesome Major Flourens has been arrested: he is a misguided young man, whose proper place for the moment is Bicêtre or Charenton, where there are asylums and strait-waistcoats.

December 9th.—H. Vrignault is delighted with the snow, which has fallen in large quantities here and in the Vosges mountains. "How will the Prussians bring up their provisions and ammunition?" cries this enthusiastic editor. "Heaven is for us, and this time we have for ally our enemy of 1812. Should this weather continue, the Germans will be blockaded in their turn, and the last door by which their armies can yet retreat will be closed to them. Courage, then! We have read attentively all the letters found on dead Germans: some are very touching, but there is no enthusiasm. This army is pushed forward by discipline and attracted by covetousness (*sic*)—it has neither faith nor ideal: it fights well, but in turning its head towards fatherland and saying, 'Why am I here?'" H. Vrignault then quotes from Edgar Quinet, who proposed a national war:—"In the national war carried on by Spain," says that Republican writer, who appears never to have heard of our "tight little island," "the Spaniards began by being defeated at Sommo-Sierra and Ocana in pitched battles. This led them to revenge themselves at Vittoria! In the national war of Germany in 1813, the Germans were first of all defeated at Dresden, Lutzen, and Bautzen, which led to the revenge of Leipsic and Waterloo."

Timothée Trimm has come across a "brave" who remembers when France had 132 departments: the chief towns of some were called Trèves, Mayence,

Coblentz, Aix-la-Chapelle, Munster, Hamburg, Bremen, Osnabrück, Aurich, &c. "I," said the brave, "and a few others scattered here and there over the native soil, are the sole survivors of the five millions who won the German provinces under the banner of Napoleon." And for our instruction Timothy appends the following table, which shows the various levées made in France from the year 1791 to that of 1814, and the price paid for glory :—

	MEN.
Levée d'hommes du 24 Juin, 1791	150,000
„ de Septembre, 1792	100,000
„ du 24 Février, 1793	300,000
Deuxiéme levée de 1739, 16 Avril	30,000
Réquisition du 16 Août, 1793	1,050,000
Levée du 8 Nivôse, an XIII.	60,000
„ du 27 Nivôse, an XIII.	60,000
„ du 2 Vendémiaire, an XIV.	80,000
„ du 15 Décembre, 1806	80,000
„ du 7 Avril, 1807	80,000
„ du 21 Janvier, 1808	80,000
„ du 10 Septembre, 1808	80,000
„ du 12 Septembre, 1808	80,000
„ du 1er Janvier, 1809	80,000
„ du 25 Avril, 1809	40,000
„ du 5 Octobre, 1809	36,000
„ du 13 Décembre, 1809	120,000
„ du même jour	40,000
„ du 1er Septembre, 1812	120,000
„ du 11 Janvier, 1813	350,000
„ du 3 Avril, 1813	180,000
„ du 24 Août, 1813	30,000
„ du 9 Octobre, 1813	280,000
„ du 15 Novembre, 1813, sur toutes les classes antérieures à 1814	300,000
Total	4,556,000

A note in the Journal of Henri III. shows that the mitrailleuse is a very old weapon. On the 26th of September, 1587, a man named Chantepie was broken on the wheel for having sent to the Seignor Millau d'Allegre a box in which thirty-six pistol-barrels were artificially arranged in such a way that on raising the lid a general discharge ensued. The servant who opened this box in the presence of his master was killed, but Millau was only slightly wounded. Chantepie was executed in the Rue de l'Arbe de Sec, which still exists.

There has been no military report for some days, and P. O. Schmitz appears to be sleeping.

December 10th.—The French, who are always boasting about their generosity, have been rather astonished on reading the subjoined letter from General Trochu to General Schmitz :—

"Vincennes, 8th Dec. 1870.

"My dear General,—I learn with veritable pain that the four Prussian officers whom I sent to Paris have been made the object of hostile manifestations. These officers, prisoners on parole, like ours in Prussia, find themselves in Paris, under the protection of the national honour. Send them to me immediately. I shall arrange for their exchange against a like number of French officers of the same rank. They will be able to carry to the Prussian army but one impression,

which is that the moral state of Paris, sustained by a spirit of devotion and sacrifice, has never been more solid, and that we are all preparing for the combat.

"Receive, &c.

(*Signed*) TROCHU.
(*Countersigned*) JULES FAVRE."

It must be admitted, in behalf of this generous nation, that there was something particularly mortifying in seeing Prussian officers drinking beer and smoking in a café on the boulevards, whilst their friends outside are subjecting citizens to dire privations.

The *Combat* is very angry with the Government for not including unmarried women in a recent decree which allots seventy-five centimes per diem to the wives of National Guards. Marriage is an anti-republican institution, and M. Felix Pyat, who is evidently acquainted with the private life of several members of the Government, asks what the Provisional sanhedrim would say if these starving women were to present themselves at the Hôtel-de-Ville with the terrible words of the Evangiles—*Qui sine peccato!* The Government decree and certain immunities enjoyed by married National Guards have induced many Republican couples to go before the maire, and take out a proper certificate. The maires never had so many marriage ceremonies to perform.

The French attribute many cunning devices to the enemy. One of Poulizac's *éclaireurs* says that he found a little instrument on a prisoner the other day with which the cry of the owl is perfectly imitated; but other *éclaireurs* say that certain Prussian bullets, from their peculiar form, make a kind of woo-hoop when whizzing through the air. This reminds me of, and perhaps may account for, a sudden freak on the part of a bird of Minerva, who, for several years, remained quietly perched outside the door of a crockery-shop in the Faubourg St. Honoré: but soon after the siege commenced it three times made its escape, and the last time was only recovered with great difficulty. The owner of the owl set down these attempts to patriotism.

The Prussian sentries are reported to be posted with great skill, and, according to one authority, between the heights of Sèvres and St. Cloud there are three lines of vedettes; the first line is under shelter along the road, which follows the Seine, and its mission is to watch the French trenches. At short intervals these vedettes have fixed rifles, pointed at the loop-holes in the French crenelated walls, which are discharged directly the presence of any one is suspected.

A French editor, writing about the ambulances, is hardly of the same opinion as that amiable monarch Vitellius, who found that a dead enemy smelt sweet, for he declares that Prussian uniforms,

and perhaps under-clothes, stink more than French corpses. The soldiers are beginning to complain about their food, but they receive much larger and better rations than the civil population. This morning my servant came back from the butcher's, with what she called a pair of calf's ears, which were duly cooked and devoured for breakfast. I have since been informed that the ears were the ears of a donkey, and did I not feel myself more in the position of Starveling, I should fancy myself Bottom the weaver. On Tuesday my ration was a herring for three days; and the bloated soldiery, which has 150 grammes of meat per diem, with bacon and biscuit, complain!

The following is the menu of a dinner served on the 80th day of the siege:—

Potage Parmentier.

Beurre demi-sel.
Hors-d'œuvres. saucisson de cheval.
Anguilles de Seine en matelotte.
Dos d'ânon en relevé, sauce chasseur.
Croquettes de rats à la duchesse.

Sorbets au rhum.
Rables de lapins rôtis.
Salade de barbe de capucin.

Galantine de bœuf haché.
Macaroni à la napolitaine—sans fromage.
Compotes de fruits.

Petites brioches à la graisse.
Vins, café, liqueurs, etc.

The papers notice the sudden disappearance of the celebrated Sergeant Hoff, who is supposed to have fallen on the 2nd of December. His loss is deeply regretted, for he is supposed to have slain more than fifty Germans.

December 11th.—We learn here that the Archbishop of Posen has implored King William to interfere at Rome, in favour of the Pope. This and other circumstances should have induced M. Louis Veuillot, the great ultramontane champion, to abstain from calling the present war a religious crusade. However, the editor of the *Univers*, who delights to call the King of Prussia Sennacherib coming down like a wolf on the fold, is a great admirer of the Middle Ages, and is much astonished that erring France does not return to the means practised with such success in the days of Peter the Hermit. "I cannot comprehend," he wrote the other day, "how it happens that this Government has not the grandeur of soul to demand public prayers in those days of calamity, and a pilgrimage to Ste. Geneviève," and General Trochu was invited to deliver battle on the 8th of December. "That day," wrote M. Veuillot, who only gave the Governor of Paris twelve hours' notice, "will be propitious. To-morrow, the 8th, will be the fête of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin—day of prayer for Catholics—day of benediction for France. The

peculiar devotion of France for the Mother of God is one of its titles to salvation, and when the hour of divine intervention shall arrive, it will prove of more use in delivering us from the Prussian heretics than the most formidable armies in the field."

M. Louis Veuillot forgets that France got on very well before the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and I much doubt if he could point to any battle gained by the French on the 8th December. He, perhaps, attributes most of the glory of Austerlitz to St. François Xavier, on whose fête-day that battle was fought; half the credit of Jena he possibly gives to St. Eusebius; whilst in his eyes the triumphs of Marengo and Borodino must be shared with St. Bonaventura and St. Cloud. On looking at the calendar, one observes that Trafalgar was fought on the day set apart for the worship of St. Ursula, and our great land-engagement, Waterloo, on the fête-day of St. Marine. M. Louis Veuillot would, no doubt, find it difficult to explain the hostility of some saints. Many of the churches of Paris are crowded daily with soldiers and civilians, offering up prayers for the deliverance of the city; and amongst the devout are many women. The fine old church of St. Etienne du Mont, which contains the tomb of St. Geneviève, the patron-saint of the capital, is the most favoured resort of worshippers, who kneel long at the shrine. This saint was originally brought into Paris from the neighbouring village

of Nanterre, in order to quell a pestilence. She succeeded, and is reported to have since saved Paris when besieged. When the Pantheon was turned into a church, and called St. Geneviève, a portion of the body of the sainted woman was removed thither, but the greater part of the remains still lie under the dome of St. Etienne, in a chapel splendidly decorated. The relics are kept in a golden case, enriched with precious stones, which is only exhibited to the faithful on certain occasions, so in ordinary times the people pray before an empty tomb. Most Catholics consider that France is being scourged for her crimes, but they utterly abhor the instrument employed by divine Providence, and prophesy that King William will some day be severely chastened for the injuries he has inflicted on France.

There was a good deal of agitation at Belleville yesterday, in consequence of some of the bakers' shops remaining closed. It was, of course, supposed that we had come to the end of our bread, or that the Democrats had the vile intention of starving the poor Republicans. On inquiry, it turned out that the Government had run short of flour; but steam-mills are being set to work, and this little mishap will be speedily remedied, and Belleville spared the trouble of seeking its food in other quarters.

The war companies of the National Guard are to be formed into regiments, and General Clement Thomas proposes to appoint the colonels himself,

instead of leaving the choice to universal suffrage. Amongst the new colonels proposed are to be found men of all shades—M. de Crisenoy, of the *beau monde*, and M. Ulric de Fonvielle, the ardent Republican, who accompanied poor Victor Noir in that fatal visit to Prince Pierre Bonaparte's house; M. Ibos, who delivered the Government on the 31st October at the Hôtel-de-Ville; M. Langlois, the bosom friend of Prudhon, who distinguished himself at Garc aux Bœufs; and M. de Brancion, who led the 72nd battalion in its expedition to Bondy, when the coachman Leloup danced a hornpipe over a dead Prussian.

December 12th.—A captain of the name of Beaurepaire is continually agitating, in the clubs and newspapers, to obtain the command of 12,000 men, to force the Prussian lines and commence partisan warfare. Hitherto, General Trochu has resisted the demands of this officer and his friends, having but a limited amount of faith in the captain and his undertaking, after the reception given to French regulars at Bagneux, Bourget, Malmaison, &c. Captain Beaurepaire is the grandson of the intrepid officer who blew out his brains when Verdun surrendered to the Prussians during the first Revolution.

The French power of invention is certainly remarkable. I find by our papers this evening that "la mère la Crimée," the oldest cantinière in France,

who is decorated with the military medal for campaigns in Africa, the Crimea, and Italy, is now attached to the 103rd battalion of the National Guards. On Wednesday last this gallant battalion marched out beyond Arcueil, and within 100 yards of the Prussian sentries. A halt was sounded, and *la mère* was distributing *petits verres*, when a Prussian vedette peered out of a hole and prepared to fire. "Wait a bit, Bismarck," cried the cantinière; and snatching a chassepot from a corporal, she fired, and brought down her man. "Bravo, la mère!" shouted the whole company, and the old lady was borne off in triumph.

The Government has laid its hands on all wood, coal, and coke, and no more biscuit is to be made by the bakers; we are to be limited in our firing, and deprived of our fancy bread.

December 13th.—A journal which was very famous under the Empire—the *Constitutionnel*—announces that private industry is furnishing cannons at a rapid rate, and that after two months' hard work an immense piece called *Valerie*, own sister to "Josephine" and "Marie-Jeanne," has been installed at Mont Valérien. "We have entered," says this paper, "into the phase of definite enterprises, and Valerie's powerful voice will soon be heard."

The four French officers sent in here in exchange for the Prussian officers insulted on the boulevards,

give an excellent account of the state of the Army of the Loire.

M. de Ring, before hostilities broke out, filled a diplomatic post at Berlin, and since the siege has been employed as an interpreter. The other day he was despatched on a mission to the Prussian posts, and recognized in the centre of a group of officers M. de Moltke, whom he had known in Germany. "Ah!" said the chief of the Prussian staff to M. de Ring, with a melancholy air, "what very sad things have passed since we met at Berlin!" and M. de Moltke wiped his eyes with his pocket-handkerchief. "Yes, very sad! especially for us, M. le Comte," was the reply. "Alas, dear sir," continued the general, "this morning I learned that Madame de Moltke, my poor wife, is dead!"

Ever since the great French naturalist wrote of the robin redbreast, "This interesting warbler is eaten with bread-crumbs," there has been no doubt as to the love of Frenchmen for small birds; but I little thought that I should ever see a sportsman in pursuit of game in the Champs-Elysées. Yet marked I such a man yesterday, with new leather-gaiters, a hat with a feather in it, and a double-barrelled fowling-piece, in quest of sparrows. Stealthily did he creep up the Elysian Fields, treading lightly on the snow. At last he perceived five half-frozen birds huddled together on a branch. Getting well under his game, he threw himself into a graceful attitude, and raised

his gun. Several small boys, looking hungry, and delighted at the prospect of mischief, accompanied the chasseur. The aim was painfully long, and the sparrows had just come to the conviction that they were being photographed, when the fatal trigger was pulled and one bird fell. In general, the sparrows are well treated in Paris, and in the Tuileries gardens an old gentleman, a few months ago, was on such good terms with both pigeons and sparrows that they would eat out of his hand.

Our gas is now cut off, and our streets and boulevards are almost entirely dependent on petroleum-lamps, which make darkness visible. Paris was first lighted with gas a short time after King William's visit with the Allies, at which epoch oil, much to the delight of the Cossacks, was in general use. The "mystic soudard" will, therefore, find the city little changed, as far as illumination goes, when he effects his second entrance. The traditional oil-lamp suspended by a cord in the middle of the street is still to be found in parts of ancient Paris, reminding one of the thoroughfares described by Laurence Sterne.

December 14th.—"My children, love one another," wrote Voltaire; "for if you don't, who the devil will?" The universal cry in Paris is that no one loves France, and that egotistical Europe stands afar off admiring our heroic defence. "It is disgraceful," cries one writer, "that no foreign power should step

in to the aid of France, considering all the nations France has aided—aided America against England, Greece against Turkey, Turkey against Russia, Italy against Austria, Rome against Italy, upheld the Pole and the Fenian;" and, as a leading man at the Tribunal of Commerce, a syndic, &c., said to me over a cup of *café au lait*, saved the military honour of England at Inkermann and Balaclava. The French are always enthusiastic over their generous conduct in marching to the assistance of the British army at Inkermann: they look upon it as one of the finest actions on record. It was in their power then and there to revenge Waterloo, and they nobly resisted the temptation. My syndic went on to declare that France would forgive anything but an injustice, and, as an example, he singled out Pelissier. "The country," he said, "never pardoned that man for the gross outrage he committed in Algeria." I ventured to suggest that if Pelissier did smoke out a few natives, he afterwards became a Marshal, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, senator, duke, commanded the French army in chief, and finally died governor-general of the very colony in which he had outraged public opinion. The answer was simple. These things had taken place under the Empire. The syndic told me that he had known Cobden well, and I pitied Cobden. However, one seldom finds a Frenchman who is not carried away by fine phrases and national vanity, and whose

passion does not utterly interfere with his reasoning powers.

The other evening M. Edmond About much amused us with a popinjay article, from which I make an extract:—"A little more than three years ago, I visited the Universal Exhibition with a philosopher not precisely an optimist. It was during the embracing time. The Emperor Napoleon's two cheeks were not sufficient for all the royal and imperial kisses which rained on his august visage. The foreigners of all countries and every condition publicly testified their astonishment at the prosperity and splendour of our country, and ill disguised the base envy which gnawed them. As for us, good sort of fellows, we pushed our courtesy even to humility. Our artists and our commercial men retired into the background to make room for the foreigners. France applauded, rewarded, thanked the stupidest German, the heaviest Englishman, the least Italian, the most unlicked Russian who condescended to compete with us. He who by a miracle succeeded in beating us was the object of our open-hearted tenderness, and no riband was sufficiently red for the button-hole of that good M. Krupp." The philosopher shook his head when Edmond About spoke of free trade, European civilization, and universal peace, and said that France was wrong to judge of others by herself, and to attribute the good sentiments with which she is animated to other nations. "On the slightest

shock," he added, "you will see the varnish crack and the skin of the beast appear. Our good neighbours of the north, the east, and the south amuse themselves, and allow themselves to be fêted, but they are not men unless they carry home a feeling of fierce jealousy." The conclusion is, that no more Germans are ever to be admitted into France; and I should not be surprised to find Edmond About proposing to-morrow night a second edition of the great wall of China to protect France from being infected by outer barbarians. The reflections of M. About on the disinterestedness of the French at the Universal Exposition will conjure up a smile on the lips of those who remember how the rewards were distributed.

The French military writers point out with feelings of undisguised satisfaction, that although General Ducrot and his corps repassed the Marne on the 3rd instant, still the plateau of Avron has not been evacuated. Heavy batteries are being established at that important point from which the enemy's communications are menaced, and Chelles threatened.

The manner in which the Germans are informed of every movement here greatly irritates the public; it was remarked that as soon as the engagements on the Marne were over, two Prussian divisions, which had been called up from another point, immediately returned to the old encampment, just as if General Ducrot had

sent word that he was going to repass the river the next day, and that their presence was no longer necessary. The Prussians are said to have an observatory at the Mill of Orgemont, from which, with powerful Berlin glasses, they can see all that passes in Paris.

A bombardment is feared, and night watches are stationed in various parts of the city.

M. Emile Chasles, a gentleman, well known here in scientific and literary circles, has been enlightening us on the ideas of M. de Moltke. His plan reposes, says the writer, on three essential conditions. "We must fight at a distance and in masses, in order to neutralize the *furia francese* and individual courage. We must avoid the maladies which disabled us at Valmy (amongst other things, keep our feet in good condition, and put tallow in our boots). We must turn to account the mobility of the French character, spread false news, excite discord between Paris and the provinces, the generals and their superiors, the republic and the monarchical parties, Belleville and the Hôtel-de-Ville." In speaking of M. de Moltke's recent letter to General Trochu, M. Chasles says that that general opposes German *canards* to French pigeons.

The precision of the new French breech-loaders, which cost about 450*l.* with their caissons, is highly spoken of. The Mill of la Tour is said to have been struck the first shot at a distance of 5,000 mètres. I

'am told, however, on good authority, that several of the breech-pieces have given way, and that the artillerymen are not so enamoured of the new pieces as the Parisian press.

December 15th.—I went into "Voisins'" to dine, and found an old army surgeon who saw a good deal of service with *père* Bugeau in Algeria; amongst other interesting facts, he told me that he had in his possession a letter from General Trochu, written some years ago, in which he foretold the defeat of the French army and the siege of Paris.

We have been some time without receiving any pigeon despatches, but the naturalists tell us that pigeons let loose in the winter are naturally inclined to go south, and that the bird that leaves Tours and comes to Paris has to wrestle with his instinct, or must be highly trained. It is suggested that the carrier-pigeons should be released as near Paris as possible, and to the north of the capital.

In official circles it is said that we shall be able to hold out till the middle of January, and that Jules Favre and his colleagues will then take to balloons and carry the seat of Government to Lyons or Bordeaux.

The Prussians have been laying down torpedoes in the Seine, in the hope of blowing up some of the gun-boats, which have greatly annoyed them at Meudon, &c.

All the vacancies in the war companies of the National Guard are to be filled up from the sedentary battalions; if any of the new regiments suffer heavily they will be recruited from the elderly gentlemen and parents, who at present keep the wall, and never go beyond the ramparts. In fact, the sedentary National Guards act as a depôt to the war companies of that force.

Baron Saillard, a diplomatist of the Empire, who was desperately wounded the other day in an attack on Epinay, died the day before yesterday, and was buried to-day. Several members of the Government attended the funeral service at the Madeleine. All possible haste had been made to decorate the Baron with the Legion of Honour before his death, but, in spite of the activity of the War Office and all the other offices concerned, and the non-observance of half the usual formalities, M. Saillard was dead and cold before the official decree nominating him a knight-commander made its appearance. The decoration arrived just in time to be placed on the coffin.

A curé in one of the villages still left standing round Paris, and who has seen at least five revolutions, is said to have recovered himself in the following manner on the Sunday after the 4th September. He was officiating, and on coming to a certain prayer, he began, "Domine, salvum fac imp——," and, after a moment's hesitation, continued, "le

gouvernement de la défense nationale." If I remember right, the expression used in '48 was "rem publicam."

A quantity of rumours are current in the city respecting the armies in the provinces. *Figaro* sums up the situation with the consoling reflection that, if the results are not satisfactory, all the details are good.

December 16th.—Another battalion of National Guards has fallen into disgrace. In an order of the day, General Clement Thomas reprimands a portion of the 214th battalion, which retired precipitately from the outpost at Créteil under the influence of a panic. The conduct of the lieutenant in command is to be inquired into, and the men are cautioned to behave with more courage. Another order of the day disbands the 147th battalion of volunteers, which, having received orders to go to Rosny, objected. At least, only 109 men appeared on parade, most of them without arms. The volunteers refused to go on outpost-duty because the wives of the married men had not received their seventy-five centimes. The state of discipline in many of the battalions of the civic force does not improve, and little is done to remedy the glaring defects of the mechanism. The republican system of having one's concièrge for one's colonel does not answer. A volunteer, reprimanded by his captain for the manner in which he

marched, has contributed the following effusion to the papers :—

De la Garde Parisienne,
Hier, un volontaire avec peine marchait ;
Et contre lui son capitaine
Jurait et tempêtait.
Le soldat répondit à l'homme aux épaulettes :
"Vous avez tort de vous fâcher,
Mon capitaine, avec les souliers que vous faites
Je ne saurais marcher."

The papers assure us that the Prussians, in consequence of the French occupation of the plateau of Avron, have evacuated Chelles, and also withdrawn their staffs from Villa Evrard and Montfermeil. An attempt made to retake the plateau was successfully resisted yesterday, and the enemy driven back with loss.

December 17th.—That powerful writer, M. Louis Veuillot, finds himself quite in his element when describing, in the columns of the *Univers*, the heroism of our priests and our soldiers. In a work written during the Crimean war, if I am not mistaken, M. Louis Veuillot gave the following description of his country, which I leave in the original :—"La France est une nation croyante et fière : elle enfantera toujours des prêtres et toujours des soldats ; elle les enfante de semblable nature, hardis, entreprenants, se portant du même cœur aux grandes et rudes entreprises, aux missions et aux croisades, pour

l'amour de Dieu, pour l'amour de la justice, pour l'amour de la gloire. Nul peuple n'a donné autant de sang aux idées: la pensée humaine vogue à travers le monde sur un large fleuve de sang Français. On peut dire que le Français, dans l'excellence de sa nature, naît prêtre ou naît soldat. L'épée est pour lui comme un huitième sacrement, créé exprès à son usage et qui le rend meilleur."

It is to be hoped that the severe lesson now being given to this unhappy country will change its ideas concerning, what the ultramontane writer calls, the 8th sacrament.

Very gloomy despatches have been received from Tours, and have completely upset poor M. de St. V——, who has never quite recovered from the Metz disaster. M. Gambetta begins his first despatch by saying to the Government, "I write to you every day, but the weather is so wretched . . . Affairs are not so bad as the Prussian outposts would make you believe;" and he terminates by saying, "All France applauds the answers which you returned to the snare of de Moltke," who announced the recapture of Orleans. The journalists called "capitulards" write in the most desponding manner concerning the military prospects of the campaign, and exhibit much greater reasoning powers than the patriotic party, which clings in the most desperate manner to the smallest straw: the so-called patriots are always hoping, like Mr. Micawber, that something will turn

up which is not on the cards, hoping that bad news is not true, and that gratifying intelligence, received from the best source, will be confirmed. This party should remember poor Phillis in Molière's play—

> Belle Phillis, on désespère
> Alors qu'on espère toujours.

The patriotic party sees in every retreat a splendid retrograde movement, and the *Débats* happily accuses Minister Gambetta of having invented "la fuite en avant," when alluding to the disorganized condition of Frederick Charles's advancing columns.

Amongst the few houses which have been spared at Champigny is a little pavilion of modest appearance, to which is attached an historical souvenir: it was there that Mdme. de Beauharnais, afterwards Empress Josephine, took refuge after the death of her husband, who perished during the Terror. But for the timely fall of Robespierre, his widow would have shared the same fate.

December 18th.—Decidedly the National Guard is not a steady and trustworthy force. General Clement Thomas now demands that the services of Commandant Leblois, of the 200th, be dispensed with, in consequence of that officer, with half his battalion, reaching the outposts at Créteil in a state of intoxication. The guards had to be relieved, and under these circumstances, adds the General in his report,

the civic troops constitute a trouble, and danger the more. And in fact the troops have work enough on hand without having to carry home tipsy National Guards.

The Parisians cannot conceive that the Prussians will ever venture on the bombardment of this capital, although certain precautions are being taken. Patriotic editors recall the amount of obloquy which has rested on the English name for the savage bombardment of Copenhagen in 1808, of Washington in 1814, and the "odious pillage of the summer-palace at Pekin." The French, we are told, have always behaved with humanity and generosity. I fancy that Napoleon bombarded Vienna when the Princess he afterwards married was lying ill in her palace; that Washington was not a capital when a few shells were thrown into it after Bladensburg, and that it was the General Montauban, Count of Palikao, who sacked the summer-palace. If he did not sack that palace, then the story of the wonderful necklace which he presented to the Empress, and which the Emperor would not allow her Majesty to accept, is a gross fabrication.

Yesterday evening a human body, which, on the approach of an outpost, cried "Vive la France!" was seen issuing from the Seine. The body had nothing on but a cap and a pair of shoes, and said it had come from Tours. It was decently attired and taken before General Trochu, to whom it delivered de-

spatches, which had been concealed in the lining of its shoes. M. Henry Richard, for such is the name of the body, gives capital news of the provinces, and says that for the last fortnight neither William nor Bismarck have been seen at Versailles. He reports that there are very few troops round Paris, and that half the Prussian batteries are armed with dummies in sheet iron and painted wood. The enemy is still terribly frightened of the franc-tireurs and the Zouaves. Most of the Germans are convinced that they will never enter Paris nor recross the Rhine. They are completely demoralized. Such is the tenour of the information given by M. Richard respecting the investing army, and his narrative has been eagerly printed by every paper in Paris.

The "maires" are to be allowed 12*l.* a month for their services, previously performed gratuitously. The ancient organs of the Empire are very harsh in their criticisms on this measure; but the work of a maire now-a-days is very laborious, and there is no reason why these authorities should give Paris their time gratuitously when every one else is paid. Under the late régime the Emperor, his Council of State, and his two houses of parliament were paid, and why not republican maires not overburdened with cash?

December 19*th.*—A great many attempts have been made to establish communications with the pro-

vinces by means of navigable balloons; but, alas! the art of flying appears to have made little progress since Dædalus fell into the sea and Nadar wrote his celebrated pamphlet, *La propriété c'est le vol.* However, at the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences, M. Elie de Beaumont presented a paper on a new invention, which the savant thinks promises well. The latest thing in balloons is a machine in the form of a bird, whose wings are set in motion by a series of explosions produced by some fulminating powder, &c. I must say that I prefer *Figaro's* suggestion that four half-starved eagles should be harnessed to a car with a long pole and a piece of raw meat at the end of it—the pole to be pointed in the direction desired to be pursued.

The price of provisions not in the hands of the Government is gradually increasing. Gruyère cheese is now 18 francs a pound, a box of sardines 10 francs, an egg 1 franc 50 centimes; a rabbit fetches 80 francs, a chicken 25 francs, a goose 70 francs, a pigeon 6 francs, a peacock 110 francs, and a lark 2 francs. However, one can still dine moderately at a good restaurant for something under a louis.

A journal conducted with considerable talent is not sorry to hear that the army of the Loire has been cut in two. France had four armies before, she now has five. It would be difficult to carry optimism further.

The plateau of Avron, says a military authority,

is now becoming a formidable point of defence; there are 14,000 men there and 60 pieces of cannon, most of them in position behind earthworks. A very curious detail, which depicts well the enemy, says this officer, is the care with which the trenches on the skirt of the woods of Raincy are guarded. All the stray dogs have been caught by the Prussians, well fed, and turned into sentinels, who bark at the slightest noise. The fate of these animals reminds one of the parrot in one of Dickens's novels, who endured insult added to injury when, taken away from his native clime, he was taught to speak the English language.

The Prussians are continually firing with a nasty large long-range rifle, which now and again kills a man in one of the forts or redoubts.

Gambetta, in a despatch just received, speaks in the highest terms of the military qualities of General Chanzy, and the optimists are enchanted with the new hero who is to break the fetters of France and humble the pride of our enemies. The optimists are also delighted to find that Manteuffel could not get any further than Honfleur, forgetting that Honfleur is on the coast, and that the German generals had probably no wish to perish like Pharaoh and his host.

The mortality is increasing at an alarming rate; it rose from 2,455 deaths the week before last to 2,728 last week, and these returns do not include

the men who die in the ambulances and military hospitals.

There are few people in Paris who are not quite satisfied that the Prussian engineers have been unable to construct, or at least to arm, any batteries to attack the detached forts; their works are always reported to be destroyed as quickly as they are thrown up.

December 20th.—General Trochu has a hard time of it, and, as a sportsman, often wishes that he were back at Belle Isle, shooting woodcocks by moonlight. The general is still popular, but it is felt that a stronger hand than his is required to deal with the unruly elements composing the Parisian population. His work on the army, in which he flattered England by quoting Bugeaud's opinion of British infantry—"the best in the world; but, thank God, there are not many of them"—made him popular in France and suspected by the Court. General Trochu is usually suspected of being tainted with Orleanism, but he declares himself a staunch Republican.

Yesterday an order was issued for the closing of the gates, which is as good as to say to the Prussians, "We are coming out to attack you;" and of course another attempt is about to be made on the Prussian lines to satisfy public opinion, which writhes under the idea of 150,000 Germans blockading 600,000 Frenchmen.

This morning Paris was violated. For the first

time since the beginning of the siege, a Prussian shell fell within the enceinte. The luckless battery which committed this daring sacrilege "was immediately silenced by our brave sailors of the forts of Issy and Mont Valérien." "Valerie," the new piece mounted at the latter fort, is a huge gun, and is said to carry a projectile of 100 kilos (225lbs.) nine kilomètres, or over six miles and a half. A military writer alludes to it as a 95 centimètre cannon, which must be a gross error. The "Valerie," "Joséphine," and "Marie-Jeanne" are possibly 27 centimètre guns, equivalent to 10·83 inch English pieces. The largest naval guns in general use in the forts and at a few redoubts and exposed bastions along the enceinte are 24 centimètres, or 9·45 inch guns; then come the pieces of 19 centimètres, or 7·80 inches.

General Clement Thomas has again to find fault with the National Guard. The other day it was the 200th battalion, composed of the men of Bercy, where the wine is kept in bond, which appeared drunk and disorderly in the trenches, and the 201st battalion has followed suit. The 201st reached the outposts of Issy yesterday morning in a state of complete intoxication. Several of the men broke into the church, profaned the altar and the sacred vessels, clothed themselves in the sacerdotal robes, and simulated the religious ceremonies. The consecrated bread and wine were handed round with revolting jokes, and, in fact, the 201st battalion renewed under the third Republic

the ceremony of the "Fête of the Ass," which used to be performed under the sanction of the Church every Epiphany during the middle ages, when a sham mass used to be celebrated, or the "Fête des Fous," or "Fête des Diacres Soûls" (fête of drunken deacons), thus described by Dulaure in his *History of Paris*:—"The clergy went in procession to the Bishop of Fools, and led him solemnly to the church, the bells ringing. On reaching the church, he assumed the episcopal seat, and commenced high-mass. The ecclesiastics figured at the ceremony in divers costumes—some dressed as clowns, others as women, their faces smudged with soot or covered with hideous masks. These ecclesiastics committed all sorts of follies and disorders: some danced and jumped, others, during the celebration of mass, played at dice on the altar, drank and devoured soup, sausages, and black-pudding; they burned old shoes in the censers, and forced the bishop to inhale the disagreeable odour. After this mass, the clergy, emboldened by the fumes of wine, indulged in all kinds of saturnalian antics, in lascivious dances and obscene songs; and theatrical representations were given in which the actors, dressed as monks and nuns, behaved in the most indecent manner." For a detailed description of the "Fête de l'Ane," see Ducange, who should be studied by the National Guards of the 201st battalion before they give their second performance.

The clubs continue to preach the most subversive

doctrines, and General Trochu is accused of having received 30,000,000 francs to betray Paris. "How different, too, are the members of the Provisional Government, who draw immense salaries," cried an orator at Belleville, last night, "to the honest men of '93, who deposited their savings, tied up in a corner of their pocket-handkerchiefs, on the altar of the country." At the end of this meeting an attempt was made to get up a subscription in favour of *La Patrie en Danger*, poor old Blanqui's organ, which foundered a few days ago, with all hands, for want of subscribers. This hopeful symptom is wildly deplored at Belleville, but the inexorable fact remains, which is that *La Patrie en Danger*, though the editors wrote without remuneration, has perished for want of support.

Strangely enough, in betting circles, the outsider is the favourite for the Grand Prix de Paris, and the Republic is not considered a good stayer. A young gentleman complained yesterday, at Durand's, that his "bif-teek de cheval" was very dark, and the waiter explained that the animal had been purchased from a neighbouring undertaker.

December 21*st*.—Last night there was a heavy cannonade on the part of the forts of Issy, Mont Valérien, La Briche, the Double Couronne, and the redoubt of St. Ouen, aided by several gun-boats, which had crept down the Seine from Billancourt;

and this morning there was a grand attack upon that bone of contention, Bourget, and a few other points. At two o'clock this afternoon General Schmitz, who is seldom behind-hand with his prose, had the following announcement placarded through Paris:— "The attack commenced this morning, on a large scale, from Mont Valérien up to Nogent-sur-Marne. The combat continues with every chance in our favour at all points. A hundred Prussian prisoners, taken at Bourget, have arrived at St. Denis. The Governor is at the head of the troops." The operations of the day may be briefly summed up thus:— Generals Mabroy and Blaise, acting under the orders of General Vinoy, and supported by the guns of the fort of Nogent and the plateau of Avron, were to attack Neuilly-sur-Marne, Villa Evrard, and the Maison Blanche. Admiral de la Roncière was charged with the capture of Bourget with his naval brigade, troops of the line, and Mobiles of the Seine; whilst false attacks were made in other directions at Buzenval, &c. The naval brigade, under Admiral de la Roncière, attacked Bourget with the greatest intrepidity, hatchet in hand, and carrying their rifles slung behind them. The "tars" carried everything before them for a time, and a portion of the village was taken, and about one hundred prisoners of the Prussian guard captured. However, the science of modern war was too much for the heroic brigade, which suffered fearfully, was badly supported, and

had at last to retire and leave Bourget to the enemy for the third time. Out of 600 sailors, who went into action, 279 were absent from roll-call this evening. Four officers were killed and several wounded. It is related of one sailor, that a Prussian bullet having nearly torn away a couple of fingers, he entered a house, placed his hand on a table, chopped off the mutilated fingers with his hatchet, and stuffing them into his breeches-pocket, rushed again into the midst of the fray.

General Vinoy's movement, to the extreme right of the attack, succeeded better than the attempt upon Bourget and Stains. That general gained possession of the important triangle formed by Neuilly-sur-Marne, Villa Evrard, and the Maison Blanche, and has thus advanced another step in the direction of Chelles, looked upon as a position of the utmost importance for the Germans to hold. It is thought this evening that Vinoy is marching on Chelles, and that General Ducrot is making a flank movement, by way of Bondy and Montfermeil, to aid the operation of the commander of the 3rd Army.

After the attack upon Bourget had failed, and the French troops had retired, a heavy artillery fire was kept up for some time betwixt the foes, in spite of a thick fog, which fell suddenly on the scene of action, and wrapped both Prussian and French positions in obscurity. The greatest sympathy is felt in Paris for the men of the naval brigade who have fallen. The

new breech-loading piece of seven centimètres is said to have done good service on the Marne, where a Prussian battery was disabled in double-quick time.

Paris hardly knows what to think of the day, but being of a hopeful disposition, is, perhaps, more satisfied than displeased with the results. General Favre, the ex-aide-de-camp to the Emperor, whose redoubt saved Ducrot's army on the Marne, has been severely wounded. The weather is bitterly cold, and the glass has gone down to an extent seldom remembered. Forty thousand National Guards are said to have been engaged this morning.

A jovial party dined at Vachette's last night on the following good things:

POTAGE.

Consommé de chien à la Bismarck.

Hors-d'œuvre.

Saucisson d'âne à l'Allemande.—Queues de rats à la Guillaume, avec des cornichons Bavarois.—Pieds de cheval à la Würtembergeoise.

Entrées.

Langues de chien à la sauce de Moltke.—Oreilles d'âne avec boulettes à la Saxonne.

Rôtis.

Gigot de chien à la Prussienne.—Côtelettes d'âne panées à la façon de notre Fritz.

Entremets.

Petits pois conservés à la barbe des Allemands.—Salade romaine à la Berlinoise.

DESSERT.

Croûtes Impériales.

Mégy, the Republican, who for shooting a policeman under the Empire was elected an officer in the National Guard, and struck his superior officer, has allowed judgment to go by default. The worthy citizen has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

December 22nd.—Whenever a Prussian is killed, his private letters, &c. are eagerly seized upon by the journalists, who are rather badly off for copy. On the body of a Bavarian recently slain, there was found a curious love-letter from "Mary," in which that young lady had forwarded two dollars, subscribed by the mayor and municipal authorities of her village to encourage her intended to smite hard on the "red-breeches." The French, naturally so gallant, hardly know what view to take of this offering, now that the soldier is dead and his betrothed disconsolate.

The authorities are sadly perplexed with the various plans submitted to them for the utter destruction of the Prussian army. The other day the editor of the *Constitutionnel* pompously announced that he had received the visit of an inventor, M. Nicolas Pfeiffer, who, thanks to a peculiar strategic system, has offered, and still offers to the Government, to rid us, in ten days, of all the Prussians who strangle Paris. The plan of M. Nicolas Pfeiffer, submitted to a special commission of the College of France, was unanimously approved. The editor

strongly recommends the inventor's unknown plan. M. Charles Emmanuel, a well-known savant here, has several times proposed to the Government to make a tunnel from Paris to Berlin, and to take the Prussian capital by surprise; and several other suggestions, almost as extravagant, have emanated from the Academy of Sciences and other learned bodies. They remind one of the curious proposals made to the first Napoleon when he wished to carry an army over the Channel for the invasion of England. Marshal Davoust, if we are to believe the lively Duchess of Arbantes, forwarded one day to Boulogne a plan, which had received his approval, for the catching and training of a number of porpoises, upon whose backs the French cavalry was to cross the "ditch." Fortunately for England, Fulton's plans, studied by the Emperor one morning in bed at Ambleteuse, and forwarded to Paris for examination, were rejected by the savants.

December 23rd.—A few days ago I mentioned that Paris had to thank M. Thiers for his detached forts, enceinte, and cod-fish. The fact is that, when the fortifications were being constructed, the illustrious statesman, desiring that no details should be neglected, had casemates constructed for the preservation of food, in case of an investment; and into these casemates, by way of experiment, 50,000 barrels of salted cod-fish were put. These provisions were

entirely forgotten until the naval brigade took possession of the forts, when the barrels, supposed to contain cement, were examined, and their true character revealed. The cod-fish was very dry; but it has since been found most acceptable, and served out to the inhabitants in rations.

A curious case was brought before a court-martial yesterday. Captain Remy was on outpost-duty at Bobigny, when he observed that a sentinel named Souiris had abandoned his post; the man pretended that he had been driven in by the enemy, which was not the case. He was severely reprimanded by Captain Remy, reminded of the penalty attached to his crime, and sent back to his post. Shortly afterwards the captain found Souiris, who had again fallen back, in conversation with a man called Harmoignon. Captain Remy called upon this man to shoot the coward down, but, as Harmoignon was loading his rifle, Souiris fired on the captain and killed him. Souiris disappeared, and has not since been heard of: he was sentenced in default to hard labour for life. Harmoignon, who allowed the assassin to get off without discharging his weapon at him, is a Breton dullard, who doesn't understand a word of French.

The other day, in the attack on Neuilly-sur-Marne, the 32nd battalion of the National Guard showed the white feather; but the unfortunate men were so badly received by the women of Paris, that they implored to be allowed a chance of retrieving

their honour. The commandant of the battalion has been placed under arrest, but the remainder of the officers and men have been sent on outpost-duty, which is no joke in such weather as this, with the glass many degrees below freezing-point. It must be admitted that a portion of the National Guard had a severe *entrée en scène*. Before entering Neuilly, some battalions exposed themselves to a Prussian battery, which immediately discharged a volley of shells at them from the forest of Bondy; six men were killed on the spot, a number wounded, and the cantinière's horse was cut clean in two.

A writer on military affairs cannot understand how the Prussians submit to be bombarded at Bourget without returning a single shot. "There must be something very peculiar," he adds, "in the nature of these men, or else this silence betokens one of the thousand tricks employed by the enemy since the war began to deceive us as to their real force." It is true that a column of 1,200 men was sent to attack Stains on the 21st, in open daylight, only a very small party of Prussians having been observed in that village. The column was permitted to approach, and, without catching sight of the enemy, was nearly annihilated. The place was swarming with Prussians, who had always kept out of sight, in order to complete a heavy battery without being too much molested by La Briche and the Double Couronne.

December 24th.—Figaro, who is gay and grave by turns, and who easily passes from scoffing to prayer, suggests that, as the present war has taken a religious turn, it would be well to call in the assistance of Mother Church, and demand a Papal Bull. *Figaro* should remember of what little use the consecrated hat and sword were to Daun against the vigilant and active Frederick, caught napping for the last time at Kolin, and the merciless quizzing that sleepy commander underwent at the hands of his Majesty of Prussia and the Patriarch of Ferney. Our friend *Figaro* also announces that the celebrated English sire, Boidratcher (*sic*), is about to be served out to the Parisians in rations, and protests against the sacrifice.

The cold continues to be most severe; in one little hamlet occupied by French troops 125 men were frost-bitten the night before last, and at Aubervilliers a soldier is reported to have been found frozen to death, with his rifle up to his shoulder, in the attitude of a man taking aim.

Amongst other documents which it would have been dangerous to have published a few months ago, is a parody on Nadaud's celebrated song, "The Two Gendarmes," now given to the world. The song, strange to say, was first read at a supper given by the Princesse Mathilde, at which M. Billault, then Minister without a portfolio, Sainte-Beuve, the Minister of Beaux Arts, a poet, a high functionary,

a celebrated painter, a dramatic author, a member of the diplomatic corps and his wife, two other ladies of high rank, with celebrities from the French Academy and Institut, were present. The Princess Julia Bonaparte had informed her cousin that, during the day, M. Billault had read her a stinging song, in which the Emperor was roughly handled, and the Princess Mathilde insisted on the verses being read out at her table. Every one swore to observe the most impenetrable secrecy, the servants were dismissed, and the doors closed. M. Billault, after a little pressing, read the following work, the composition of a capital fellow, who had served in his office when he was Minister of the Interior :—

A SAINT-CLOUD.

L'Empereur avec un ministre
  Flânait dans le parc de Saint-Cloud ;
Sa moustache pendait sinistre,
  Ses doigts en tortillaient le bout:
" Ah ! " disait-il, tout sombre et cloche,
  " Je vois du noir à l'horizon."
" Majesté," répondait Baroche,
  " Majesté, vous avez raison."

" Depuis quinze ans que je gouverne,
  Qu'ai-je gagné ? haine et mépris.
A mon régime de caserne
  Tout a plié—mais à quel prix ?
La haine à tous mes pas s'accroche ;
  J'étais plus heureux en prison."
" Majesté," répondait Baroche,
  " Majesté, vous avez raison."

"Pour quelque amour que je demande,
Que faire et que n'ai-je pas fait ?
Paris est beau, la France est grande,
L'Europe admire—et l'on me hait !
Beau le loin, suspect à l'approche,
Je brille,—mais comme un tison."
"Majesté," répondait Baroche,
"Majesté, vous avez raison."

"Esprit libéral, âme bonne,
Du bien même on me fait un tort ;
Comédien, quand je pardonne,
Et tyran, quand je frappe fort.
Pour la plus petite bamboche
On m'appelle un Don Juan grison."
"Majesté," répondait Baroche,
"Majesté, vous avez raison."

"Malgré le bâillon et la schlague,
Tout se sait et se dit céans ;
Ma presse elle-même me blague,
Ma police est aux d'Orléans !
L'entretien qu'avec toi je broche,
Demain sera mis en chanson."
"Majesté," répondait Baroche,
"Majesté, vous avez raison."

"Que sont mes conseillers ? Des ânes.
Mes généraux ? Des racoleurs.
Mes courtisans ? Des courtisanes.
Et mes ministres ? Des voleurs.
Mon Sénat ? Un appui bancroche.
Ma Chambre ? Un faux diapason."
"Majesté," répondait Baroche,
"Majesté, vous avez raison."

"Qui me sert ? Des fous ou des reîtres ;
Juges pourris, préfets crétins;
Ici des cuistres, là des traîtres,
Partout mouchards, voleurs, catins !
Vidocq, Cartouche, et Rigolboche
Dans ma cour tiennent garnison."
"Majesté," répondait Baroche,
"Majesté, vous avez raison."

" Sauf Persigny le janissaire,
Et Billault l'éloquent trembleur,
Qui de vous me croit nécessaire
Et n'est prêt en cas de malheur ?
Pourvu qu'on ait rempli sa poche,
Le feu peut prendre à la maison."
" Majesté," répondait Baroche,
" Majesté, vous avez raison."

" Tout est possible et rien ne dure
Chez cette nation de fous,
Qui chasse et jette aux tas d'ordures
Ceux qu'elle adorait à genoux.
Qui mit mon oncle sur sa roche ?
La haine, et non la trahison."
" Majesté," répondait Baroche,
" Majesté, vous avez raison."

" Claremont, Prague, et Sainte-Hélène
Ont eu des hôtes qui, ma foi !
N'avaient pas eu beaucoup de peine
A régner beaucoup mieux que moi.
L'aigle et le coq mis à la broche
Sont un présage pour l'oison."
" Majesté," répondait Baroche,
" Majesté, vous avez raison."

" Qu'aujourd'hui pour demain je crève,
Qui de vous portera mon deuil ?
Mon fils est votre dernier rève,
Toi, le premier, tu t'en bats l'œil ;
Plon-Plon, d'ailleures, du pauvre mioche
S'apprête à barrer le blason."
" Majesté," répondait Baroche,
" Majesté, vous avez raison."

" Quoi ! j'aurai mis l'Empire au monde,
L'Europe en feu, la France à sac,
Pour gagner quoi ? L'éloge immonde
D'un Véron ou d'un Cassagnac ?
Pour trembler à chaque anicroche,
Et la nuit rêver de poison ? "
" Majesté," répondait Baroche,
" Majesté, vous avez raison."

Ainsi César vidait son âme . . .
Il se tut—car en ce moment,
Il voyait son fils et sa femme
Venir à lui, couple charmant.
On eût pu voir, vivant reproche,
Ses pleurs tomber sur le gazon.
"Majesté," répondait Baroche,
"Majesté, vous avez raison."

The first couplets were received with profound silence, succeeded by murmurs of stupefaction, stifled laughter, and cries of indignation. However, M. Billault got to the end of his task, in spite of the savage manner in which several of the guests were lashed by the merciless lyrist. The supper-party could not recover its tone, and broke up quite dispirited. The promise of secrecy was renewed by each person present. The next morning the author of the song presented himself as usual at M. Billault's house in the Rue St. Arnaud, and was informed of the success which his verses had met with in the Rue de Courcelles. The author reminded the Minister that he had promised not to show them. "There's no danger," returned M. Billault. "I showed them in the morning to Madame Julia, who spoke of them to her cousin. I had them in my portfolio, and, my faith, it was necessary to be agreeable to the princess, who laughed heartily. Never fear! all the people present are discreet; there was only the Prince and Princess de M——, the Chevalier N——," &c. As M. Billault was speaking, a

note from the Tuileries was handed to him, which ran thus:

"My dear Minister, — I shall expect you to breakfast. Be good enough to bring with you the verses which you read last night at the Rue de Courcelles.

"Yours affectionately,

"Napoleon."

The situation was embarrassing. When M. Billault went to the Tuileries, he took the author in his carriage, and, leaving him at the door of the palace, told him he would not be long, and that he would tell him everything that happened. When the Minister entered the Emperor's cabinet, his Majesty held out his hand, and asked him, with a laugh, what he thought of his police? "I knew all about the song at ten this morning," he added, "and I give you my word Pietri had nothing to do with the matter. But let me see the song." The Emperor read it over slowly, without saying a word, twisting his moustache, biting his lip now and then, sometimes smiling, sometimes shrugging his shoulders; then handing back the manuscript, he asked M. Billault if the author was personally known to him. The Minister said he was an upright man, and a faithful servant of the Government. "So much the better," said his Majesty: "you can tell him that I don't want to know his name, but that I should like to see his

next production before it is read to the Princess Mathilde." Here the matter ended: M. Billault found out the next day who had betrayed the secret, but, used to similar acts of bad faith, he refrained from exposing the traitor.

December 25th.—The day has passed over quietly, and hardly a cannon-shot has profaned our Christian festival. We learn that as a Christmas-box the minor kings and princes beyond the Rhine have presented his Majesty of Prussia with the title of Emperor of Germany—a title which the rest of Europe will recognize more easily than when an upstart Brandenburg urged his pretensions to be acknowledged as a king.

There has been a feeble attempt on the part of the English colony to be merry and indulge in the festivities of the season: church-going was impossible, for all our pastors fled at the approach of the great Protestant king, likened by Louis Veuillot to Sennacherib, and we are like sheep who have no shepherd. It cheered the British heart, however, even to pass by the great butcher's shop at the top of the Faubourg St. Honoré, over whose door are the arms of England, and see the exhibition of fancy meat, the product of every country from Indus to the Pole. The supply, of course, came from the Zoological Gardens, and purchasers hovered between a prime piece of white bear or a bit of the patient

dromedary. Butcher Duboos also displayed in his window several plum-puddings, which were generally mistaken by the crowd for Prussian cannon-balls, and, out of justice to the public, it must be admitted that they looked very deadly missiles, each plum being the size of a bullet.

There is a good deal of funny writing in the French papers on the subject of Christmas, and several incoherent individuals have been let loose on the press. One gentleman heads an article "Christmas," and goes on to say:—"Religion shouts this word to us with the voice of nineteen centuries. It is nineteen centuries since that divine tragedy was played which had heaven and earth for a theatre, God and men for performers. It is nineteen centuries since Christ was born, bringing into the world a mission of charity, liberty, and gentleness, and for nineteen hundred years men and nations have parodied this immortal legend. The Passion has become the history of humanity. Like men, peoples have been nailed to the cross; has not Poland been called the 'Christ nation?' To-day it is France, that is to say, the expansion of liberty and progress, whose long agony astonishes the world, which looks on impassibly: for she has gone through the humiliation and defeats of Pilate, who is England; of Caiaphas, who is Russia. Judas is at Wilhelmshöhe. But there is another Redeemer. Behold Christmas! Like Attila, he [the King of Prussia, not Christmas]

drags in his train a horde of barbarians. He plunders, burns, massacres, shoots. In the name of the God of peace, whose Bible he reads, he pursues his execrable work. He has saturated our plains with the best of our blood, and reddened the Meuse and the Moselle, which have been laden with corpses. . . . . Christmas! Poor Germans, what a sad fête. You weep as you raise your musket to the shoulder; you wipe away a tear, which flows silently down your cheek, with hands black with powder, and you charge in the midst of blood and smoke whilst thinking of the merry Christmas of last year. . . . Christmas! Parisians, you are soldiers. You have all risen at the name of honour, liberty, and justice. The capital of the world is a large camp where the harsh sound of the bugle echoes. Equipages no longer encumber the Boulevards, formerly drunken with noise, now sad, awakened from time to time by the gallop of a horseman bearing orders, or a battery rattling noisily over the pavement." The conclusion of the writer is, that God intends to put victory in the "sabot" of France. It must be remembered that it is the custom of children to put their shoes on the hearth on Christmas-eve, and to believe that little Noel fills them with bon-bons during the night. "Yes," says this vigorous writer, "France has armed a million of her sons at Paris, in the north, on the Loire! They have all responded to our appeal —the children of Brittany, of Poitou, and Auvergne!

Republican France shall live; her resurrection is at hand, for in its sabots—the glorious wooden shoes of '92—God will put the victory!"

December 26th.—How will M. Haussmann, who, like Madame Rachael, thought he had made Paris beautiful for ever, feel when he hears that a cruel edict has gone forth for the felling of all the timber along our boulevards and avenues? It is to be hoped that the trees in the Tuileries and Luxembourg Gardens will be spared, that the Jardin des Plantes, with its precious specimens of foreign growth and its magnificent alleys, has not been included in M. Jules Ferry's order, and that the woodman will use his hatchet with some discrimination. The weather, however, is bitterly cold, and the troops must be kept warm, without which it would be impossible to serve them up properly on the field of battle. The other day, on the plateau of Avron and the surrounding high grounds, the war companies of the National Guard not only had tents but stoves, and yet they found it next to impossible to stand the weather. The sailors are much more hardy than the land troops, and an officer of the latter branch of the service tells me that he was much astonished at the conversation of two tars who were on guard outside his tent. The glass was many degrees below zero, the wind from the north, the position high and unsheltered, and the time 3 a.m., when these two

worthies entered into a discussion on the merits of white "ducks" in the navy. The land forces inside the tent may have had their own opinions on the subject, but were much too cold to utter them.

To-day a war correspondent smooths down the bristles of the more valorous portion of the National Guard in a very plausible manner. Some of the war companies have been crying out to be led against the enemy: just as the "tirailleurs" of Gustave Flourens did, and the volunteers of the 147th, and in fact all Belleville *en masse*, if the Government would only make the priests march first. Now the military authorities place a very limited amount of confidence in the steadiness of the National Guard, and, judging by the conduct of several battalions in the trenches, are not inclined to try its nerve in a pitched battle. Knowing this to be the case, our war correspondent calls the attention of the civic troops to the fact that battles are not always won by the troops actually engaged, and that the fortunes of many a day have been changed by the sudden appearance of a fresh body of troops in the distance! It remains to be seen whether the war companies will submit to play the part the war correspondent would assign to them.

Considering the manner in which the National Guard, to a great extent, is officered, and the want of discipline which pervades the ranks even of the war battalions, the little confidence it inspires is not

astonishing. A few days ago a lieutenant, a corporal, and two men, were tried by court-martial for breaking into a house and killing the proprietor; the charge was fully proved, and it came out on the trial that Lieutenant Muriel was a man of notoriously bad character, that he had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for theft upon one occasion, to two years on another, and to six years on a third, and that when he was elected a lieutenant he was an escaped convict. The court-martial condemned this officer to hard labour for five years. This is by no means a solitary instance. There are numbers of Muriels in the National Guard, and the corps requires a thorough re-modelling. It is in the hands of a weak-minded Republican, General Clement Thomas, who was very properly christened. Yesterday Clement Thomas apologized in the *Official Journal* for the severity of some of the sentences inflicted on National Guards, and pointed out that there is a code on which he acts, just as if we were living in ordinary times, and that the National Guard who gets drunk in the trenches does not commit a graver crime than the man who fêted the Emperor too freely on the 15th August eighteen months ago.

December 27th.—This morning a heavy fire was opened to the east of Paris at an early hour, and about noon the Government issued a report, informing the population that the enemy had unmasked heavy batteries in front of the forts of Nogent and

Noisy, and the northern portion of the plateau of Avron. A lively fire was kept up until about five in the evening, when, according to General Schmitz, the enemy relaxed his efforts, after having done very little damage to works or men. As a general rule the troops behaved well, but Vinoy had to report that some soldiers quitted their trenches at the commencement of the affair; they were recaptured and sent to pass the night at the outposts. Another official document states that the troops have been ordered to return to their cantonments, on account of the excessive cold, which affects the French more than the Germans, who are accustomed to a ruder climate. Heartless journalists, writing in pleasant quarters, and by the blaze of a wood fire, blame this humane retreat, and remind the Government of the Russian campaign, Pichegru's performance in Holland, the battle of Hohenlinden, &c. &c., when French soldiers knew how to brave the elements, ill-clad and far from home. General Schmitz, when inditing his bulletin, should have taken care not to commit the blunder of supposing the Germans better able to support the French climate than Frenchmen.

A letter, sent in by a German general, on the subject of an exchange of prisoners, mentions incidentally that the army of the North has been beaten by General Manteuffel. The *Official Journal* publishes this letter, and attacks the German general for attempting to discourage the population! The gene-

ral's real object, of course, was not to communicate this disagreeable news, but to ask for some information concerning Jean Müller, a Saxon rifleman, taken prisoner on the 2nd inst.; to tell Admiral de la Roncière le Noury, that some officers and men he is anxious to hear about shall be inquired after, &c. &c. However, the Prussian officer's communication to the commandant of St. Denis has been taken in ill-part, and viewed in a *timeo Danaos* sense.

An order of the day addressed by General Vinoy to his troops admits that the troops under General Blaise were surprised at Villa Evrard. The general goès on to say that whilst the battalions, taken unaware, for the most part showed considerable courage, some officers and men deserted their posts and spread alarm through the neighbouring villages, and almost as far as head-quarters. These fugitives are to be tried by court-martial.

The communists are again threatening; and this time an army of "misery and despair," composed of 60,000 combatants of both sexes, is to descend on the Hôtel-de-Ville from the heights of Belleville. Flourens is to be released from Mazas, Blanqui drawn up from his sewer, Felix Pyat—like Marat—from his cellar, Delescluze taken from his mairie, &c., and Garibaldi proclaimed the chief of the new Universal Republic.

The cavalry of the National Guard, which has seen some desperate service in the streets of Paris

and along the boulevards, has just presented the Government with two new breech-loaders, called "Trot" and "Gallop."

It is evident, from General Schmitz's report this evening, that the Prussians have set to work in earnest. However, now that the bombardment of the forts has commenced, the Parisians are convinced that the Prussian army is compromised, and has resorted to this *ultima ratio* in order to cover its retreat.

December 28th.—With wood and wine running short, and the Seine frozen over in several places, one was not astonished to hear of a suffering population, unable to make the pot boil, breaking down hoardings and plundering wood. These wood-stealers have already been christened "chapardeurs," and in some instances they have been so daring as to carry off carts and trucks, in addition to palings and scaffolding-timber. In some of the hospitals it has been found so difficult to procure wood that many wounded men have perished of cold and discomfort. Most of the fuel one buys is green, produces ophthalmia, and throws out very little heat. Altogether, the siege is not enjoyable, and the misery one meets in the streets is slow torture in itself.

A new club, called the "Reine Blanche," was inaugurated last night, and the first orator denounced a lady guilty of nourishing four dogs upon bread whilst her brothers were starving; the Omnibus Company

and the Frères Ignorantins were also denounced, as well as General Clement Thomas and his staff, who have taken up their quarters in the sumptuous apartments of the Palace of the Elysée, where they had ordered new billiard-tables. General Trochu and his plan were then held up to public ridicule, and the Government accused of leading the people on to a capitulation. "General Trochu," cried one speaker, "is a Breton and a Catholic, and awaits the arrival of a new Joan of Arc (laughter). Is there such a thing as a Joan of Arc here? (profound silence)." In the opinion of the speaker, the Commune alone could save Paris. At Blanqui's club an orator complained of the tyranny of a landlord who had prosecuted him for burning one of the doors of his room. A citoyenne reported that special orders had been given to the ambulance men by M. Jules Ferry only to pick up the wounded officers on the fields of battle, as there were too many men already in the hospitals. The same citoyenne stated that in her quarter the Sisters of Charity were in the habit of carrying the soldiers who were dangerously wounded into the open air at night, so that they might perish from cold (explosion of indignation). This lady then related that on going to the Hôtel-de-Ville she had been seized by eighty Breton Mobiles and almost strangled, and that on passing before an ambulance a pistol-shot had been fired at her (expressions of horror).

A very strange man has just died here, at the advanced age of ninety-seven. His name was Lambert, and he was formerly tipstaff to the celebrated Fouquier Tinville, whose name sends a shudder through one's veins. Pursued as a terrorist by the reaction of Thermidor, Lambert took refuge in England, and obtained employment as a clerk in the brewery of Lob and Stein. He returned to France with the Allies in 1815, and took up his residence in the small house where he died the other day. His chief pleasure was the cultivation of flowers. Only two or three neighbours were admitted to his intimacy. The atrocities committed during the Reign of Terror constantly troubled him, and it was seldom that he could be persuaded to touch upon the episodes of those days of blood. He was much affected by the revolution of '48, which plunged him into the deepest melancholy. The invasion of France and the investment of Paris completed the work of '48; and M. Lambert, we are told, died with these words on his lips,—"Que Dieu sauve la France!" Three persons followed his remains to the grave.

December 29th.—Alas! the French arms have met with another disaster, and this morning General Schmitz announces that the troops which held the plateau of Avron have been driven in by the superior fire of the Prussian batteries. The French have held the plateau for about a month, and have armed the

position with heavy naval guns, and yet, on the first trial of strength, Krupp carries everything before him, and sweeps the plateau clean in a few hours. General Schmitz of course expresses his highest admiration for the Governor, who withdrew the troops and guns from "a situation which the increasing intensity of the fire could only aggravate." He carried his pieces behind the forts, which difficult and laborious operation was effected during the night and early this morning. By all accounts the fire which the Prussians poured over Avron was diabolical; it is thus described by one military writer:—"There were some terrible casualties. Two shells bursting one after another tore a naval officer who was pointing a gun, and three of his men, to shreds. Those who were imprudent enough to attempt to cross the plateau were literally cut in two: the officers and gunners fell round their pieces, mowed down by grape. It was a painful spectacle to see our sailors calmly affronting this deluge of iron, and trying to lay their guns, animating their men by gesture and voice, and falling horribly mutilated, their scattered members being thrown in every direction." Another writer gives this description of the retreat:—"At 2 A.M. everything was ready, and the long cortège got under weigh. Commandant Pothier's beautiful pieces of seven opened the march; the large naval guns, drawn with much difficulty, followed; then came the fourgons, &c. The troops of the line,

Mobiles, and National Guard were charged to cover the retreat. It was no easy matter to descend the hill to Rosny, and then ascend the opposite slope in the dark, and over ground rendered slippery by snow and ice. For some time all went well, and the procession advanced silently and undisturbed. However, the sound of wheels and the cessation of firing on our side rendered the enemy suspicious, and his guns opened fire upon the slope in front of Rosny; his shells at first fell wide, but some soon knocked over horses and drivers, and created much confusion. The fire of the enemy redoubled in intensity, and the safety of the convoy was threatened. Fortunately, our chiefs did not lose their presence of mind: the undamaged carriages leave the road which is blocked up: horses and men exert themselves to the utmost, and finally our artillery is saved." General Trochu was present at this gloomy and disastrous retreat, but did not manage to get away all his guns, as the *Official Journal* assures us.

The new colonels of the National Guard are gazetted. Each regiment consists of four war companies, the commanding officers having, contrary to custom, been selected by the Minister of War. Ulric de Fonvielle, of the Victor Noir tragedy, has been appointed to the command of the 46th Regiment; Louis Noir, poor Victor's brother, to that of the 56th; and in fact the regiments have been given away without any reference to politics.

December 30th.—The Provisional Government has so far conceded to the demands of the communists that it is taking the maires of the twenty arrondissements into its confidence, and condescending to discuss political and military questions with the municipal authorities. At a meeting of the maires held at the Hôtel-de-Ville yesterday, M. Delescluze, editor of the *Réveil*, and maire of the nineteenth arrondissement, made a violent attack on General Trochu and his military schemes; the General was warmly defended by M. Jules Favre, but in the end the discussion became so vituperative that it broke up in a regular storm, which was not to be allayed even by the hint thrown out by the Minister of Foreign Affairs that Von der Tann and Prince Frederick Charles had been defeated, and that the armies of the Loire were within twelve leagues of Paris.

Many excuses are put forward for the loss of Avron, which, like other places, should have been fortified before the Prussians appeared before the city, seeing the range of modern guns. In 1841, neither Avron, Moulin Saquet, Hautes Bruyères, Brimborion, Montretout, Gennevilliers, Saint Ouen or Châtillon were necessary for the defence, and the Prussians, aware that these places had been neglected, took three of them, and paralyzed two. However, after having held possession of Avron for a month, it is difficult to understand how the position

was not rendered capable of a better resistance than that offered.

Yesterday evening General Schmitz, whose bulletins are always equal to the occasion, wrote:—"To-day the intensity of the bombardment has redoubled; its effects on the plateau of Avron, which has not ceased to be cannonaded, demonstrates the propriety of the evacuation operated last night. The seventy-four pieces of artillery which have been withdrawn almost intact, would have been completely disorganized by the violent fire in the day-time, directed principally against the forts of Rosny, Nogent, and Noisy, which stood firm under a shower of shells of extraordinary dimensions fired at a great distance," &c.

Not long ago 40,000 francs were accorded to M. Dupuy de Lôme for the construction of a navigable balloon, and *Figaro* says that this aërial machine was about to start yesterday, when suddenly the inventor refused to ascend in it. If true, this is decidedly a case of an engineer refusing to be hoisted by his own petard.

December 31*st*.—The old year is dying out in a gloomy manner for Paris, and but few bon-bons will be presented to-morrow. M. de V—— will, of course, give a superb box to the Marquise, but, as a general rule, neither Siraudin nor Gonache will have their shops taken by storm. Very few booths have been

erected along the boulevards, for even children's toys are out of fashion for the moment, and money is scarce. Twelve months ago the present hard frost would have been hailed with delight by the skating club, and "the Man of December" would have exhibited on the ice and cut graceful figures with the Princess of Sagan, a few French, and many American ladies. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* Most of the members of the pigeon and skating club are doing battle for France, and since a pigeon brought us in news of the Orleans victory, those birds have become sacred to all patriots. It is proposed to attach the penalty of death to the slaughter of a carrier, though when Private So-and-so shoots his officer his sentence to death is invariably commuted to hard labour for life.

Though there must be great suffering in this city, for the mortality-bills prove this, yet the poor receive an immense amount of relief, and the greatest deprivation falls on the lower middle classes, who can no longer work and are ashamed to beg. Paris in normal times gives relief to 105,000 poor, but according to statistics recently furnished by the office of Public Assistance, that number has now increased to 471,000, and only the other day the municipality of Paris voted 20,000*l.* for the establishment of extra national cantines. This very charity administered to the poor makes it more difficult for the lower middle class to exist, as the

Government has bought up such large stores of food and fuel to keep the national cantines and the economical kitchens going. It must be remembered that Paris has to support a large number of families driven in from the neighbouring villages on the approach of the Prussians, that these families have been quartered, some in sumptuous palaces which they treat like pigsties, and that many are, or prétend to be, wholly destitute and entirely dependent on charity.

By means of public and private charity there are now 190 establishments in operation where food is served out gratuitously or at a very low price, the people who present themselves being furnished either with a free ticket or a ticket for which they have paid a couple of *sous*, or even one *sou*. Here are the figures furnished by a kitchen where 2,190 rations were distributed in one day at the rate of a halfpenny a ticket. Bread, 200 kilos.; meat, 30 kilos.; bacon, 20 kilos.; potatoes, 100 kilos., which with salt, fire, &c., cost 215 francs 45 cents., and were sold at 105 francs. The kilogramme is 2 lbs. 3 oz. In the 11th arrondissement, where there are 200,000 souls, 100,000 receive relief from the municipality or the "bureau de bienfaisance," and sometimes from both. The bureau aids 1,500 poor, keeps three economical kitchens going, provides for sick National Guards without means, and women who are confined, and it distributes 5,500 kilos. of bread per diem. The mu-

nicipality delivers 100,000 free rations a day, and several thousand 10 centimes or penny rations, and has two cantines for the National Guards on duty on the ramparts, where those heroes can dine copiously for 4*d.*; it also gives away 9,000 kilos of bread per diem, and feeds and clothes 1,500 school-going children. If children do not go to school they do not get food-tickets. There is further in this arrondissement a committee of ladies charged to look after women lying-in and furnish them with chocolate, coffee, sugar, soap, and milk.

In the 20th arrondissement, which is the poorest in Paris, and includes Belleville, out of 80,000 souls, about 70,000 receive relief. The poor are so destitute in this quarter of the city, that nearly all the doctors and midwives have been forced to leave it, and the tickets for bread, &c., the shoes, blankets, and other articles given in charity are openly negotiated at the cabaret.

In round figures there is now distributed in Paris every day a million of rations of various sorts: 210,000 kilos. of bread, 20,000 francs in money, 2,000 francs'-worth of wood and clothes, 20,000 sick are tended, and 25,000 children fed and clothed. In addition to all this public charity, the clergy have collected important sums; and the Freemasons and other societies and co-operative associations have aided to keep body and soul together in this beleaguered city. Large companies have given indem-

nities to their clerks and the wives of their servants, and in fact it would be difficult to enumerate all that private charity has effected. The name of our countryman, Mr. Richard Wallace, of course stands pre-eminent; he has relieved both British and foreign misery in the most munificent, and, what is more, kindly manner.

It must be remembered, too, that the National Guards draw thirty sous a day for themselves, whilst seventy-five centimes is allowed to the wife of each civic soldier. This is a handsome allowance, when a man can dine copiously for 4*d.* at his cantine on the ramparts, and his wife get a fair ration for a *sou*. The artisans, &c. find their military life so infinitely preferable to their previous state of bondage that, as I have before mentioned, the Government has frequently experienced great difficulty in getting work done by men who have fallen into bad habits. Since the siege has commenced double the quantity of cheap wine and brandy has been sold, and, of course, intoxication has become the order of the day. It is much to be feared that our gallant defenders will not return each man to his craft when the war comes to an end, like the red-coats of Cromwell, or, in more recent times, the million of men in the United States.

JANUARY.

January 1*st*, 1871. — The Prussians kept up a smart fire on the forts of Rosny, Noisy, and Nogent last night, but during the day the bombardment slackened, and, according to General Schmitz, little or no damage was done by the enemy's projectiles. The optimists are more than ever convinced that this bombardment covers a snare; in some quarters the idea is, that M. de Moltke has been obliged to send away several divisions to try to stop the victorious columns of Chanzy, Bourbaki, and Faidherbe; and that the attack on the eastern forts is a feint, to keep Paris quiet; other people go so far as to declare that the Prussians have simply opened fire to prevent citizens from hearing the guns of the above-named generals, whose artillerymen are smashing in the outer line of circumvallation. This attack upon the eastern forts was not expected, and has puzzled the critics.

For some reason best known to themselves, the Parisians, who have remained in Paris, are proud of

not having fled into the provinces, and propose striking a medal wherewith to adorn themselves—a medal of presence, with a symbolical group representing Paris repulsing the foreigner. It seems to me that the men who fight well in the country are quite as worthy as those who fight well in the town. But this medal mania will probably die out in a few days.

Although General Schmitz looks upon it as a part of his duty to tranquillize the public mind, by publishing reports in which the bombardment is pooh-poohed, it is admitted by non-official authorities that the enemy's guns are pointed with great precision, and that the forts have been a good deal battered about. At Rosny a shell struck an air-hole, which was unfortunately insufficiently protected, and breaking the feeble wall and iron-bars which opposed its passage, entered a casemate which was occupied by fifty-seven gunners of the National Guard. A patriot, describing this accident, says, that as the shell burst a cry of "Vive la Republique!" broke from every breast. Ever since Voltaire's absurd story about the French Guard at Fontenoy, and Bertrand Barrière's imprudent lie concerning the sinking of the *Vengeur*, Frenchmen always insist upon saying, or having it believed they said patriotic things at the last moment. Bonaparte made great capital out of Desaix's fall at Marengo.

If the Prussian artillerymen do not come up to

the proper standard in the estimation of some journalists, the same fault cannot be found with "our gunners, who perform miracles of audacity and skill." The day before yesterday, the Prussians were mounting some guns in an earthwork near Brie-sur-Marne, when two French batteries of light field-pieces opened upon them at a distance of 1,500 mètres, and dismounted eleven cannon one after the other. The Prussians had only time to fire one shell: it killed a poor horse, which was instantly cut up by the infantry. It is with such fables as these that Paris allows itself to be lulled to sleep every evening.

The Bretons, as most of us are aware, are an obstinate, ignorant, superstitious, and eminently priest-ridden people. In the tinted maps showing the various shades of education, Brittany is as black as night, and forms a striking contrast to the departments which touch the German frontier, where the schoolmaster has not laboured in vain. The ultramontane *Univers* relates the following mishaps, which befell a deceased Breton, in the most indignant terms. It seems that the man was picked up wounded by an ungodly ambulance, or, as the *Univers* styles it, "une ambulance assez louche," belonging to the seventeenth arrondissement, and died suddenly. The members of the Breton Association for the aid of Breton soldiers unable to speak French, warned of the death of their

compatriot, took measures to give him a proper burial. However, to their great surprise, the proprietor of the ambulance, one Jacob, a dealer in furniture, declared that the deceased had expressed the desire to be interred *civilement*. Convinced that the poor soldier had never uttered such a wish, the president of the Breton Society, the Marquis de Plœuc, sub-director of the Bank of France, &c., opposed the interment, and hastened to the town-hall; but he could find neither *maire* nor *adjoint;* and, in the meantime, the Sieur Jacob carried off the body in triumph. It was taken to the cemetery, escorted by National Guards, and buried without any religious ceremony being performed over the remains. After relating this little vagary on the part of Sieur Jacob, who must be a perverted Hebrew, the *Univers* adds: "The Breton soldiers, especially those who are ignorant of French, are not infected with philosophy!"

On his side, M. Edgar Quinet writes in the highest terms about French philosophy, and the moral victory which this country has obtained over Germany. He relates that, forty years ago, the illustrious Creutzer said to him, "I can only understand German philosophy when it is explained to me by a Frenchman." To which M. Edgar Quinet politely replied, "That does not astonish me. You must make use of a lantern to go down into a cellar." And, says the writer, "it is because France is the

light of the world, that they have sworn to extinguish her."

The wood of Vincennes is now being cut down for the fourth time since the reign of Charles VI.

January 2nd.—Our thoughts naturally recur to-day to the Ollivier administration. It took office a year ago and was known as the Ministry of the 2nd January, which was to secure to France the blessings of peace, a stable government, decentralization, public morality, ministerial responsibility, and a host of liberal measures. Ollivier and his friends were to save the fortunes of the falling Empire, help to crown the edifice, and prop up the dynasty of the Bonapartes. The Emperor, slightly superstitious, would have nominated the Ministry for the 1st, but objected to sign the decrees on a Friday, lest ill-luck should befall his new servants! Soon after the creation of the liberal administration came the plebiscitum, and the cry all through the country was that the Empire was peace.

Yesterday the Government announced that, at a council of war held under the presidency of General Trochu, it had been determined to associate the National Guard in the active defence of Paris. Up to the present this force has done very little arduous or dangerous duty, as will be clearly shown when the returns of killed and wounded come to be printed. A volunteer has just written a letter to the papers,

which has attracted a good deal of attention. It is dated from the plateau of Avron, and says: "Living in the midst of the troops, I have been able to admire their constancy and resignation. The linesmen who defend Paris are for the most part from the provinces, have suffered many privations, but, with the Mobiles, they support bravely and patriotically all the rigours of the siege. They have done all the fighting, but have been ill-recompensed by the Government, which has not provided for their most material wants. Not a trooper has received a flannel-waistcoat, a pair of gloves, a comforter, or a hood for his great-coat. On the other hand, the Government has done much for the war battalions of the National Guard, who have parents and friends at hand to aid them. The war companies are composed of able-bodied men, defending their hearths, and yet they have taken part in none of the sanguinary affairs outside the walls." The letter goes on to blame the bragging of the civic troops, and the publicity given to all their movements and deeds of heroism! There has long been a sore feeling against the National Guards; but the different branches manage to jog along without coming to blows or even fighting duels.

A few days ago the Government, in a fit of generosity, promised us a small allowance of preserved beef and other good things for the new year —a gift to be paid for—but in many arrondissements

this distribution has not taken place. In the eighteenth arrondissement, something under two *sous* of horseflesh was served out per person, and in another quarter a herring for three days.

Amongst other gloomy anticipations indulged in by amateur diplomatists is the fanciful speculation that the great Powers have come to an agreement to neutralize Paris, which is to be placed under the joint protection of England, Germany, and Russia. "A hundred times better blow up the city," writes an irritated editor, who probably does not believe a word of the fiction, "and bury our last man under our last ruin! But we have not reached that extremity. The hour of vengeance will sound, and we shall behold our shuddering enemies huddling round their shattered guns in the agonies of death."

During the last week of the old year there were 3,280 civil deaths.

January 3rd.—*Apropos* of a letter in which M. Louis Blanc, addressing himself to Victor Hugo, calls upon Paris to struggle to the last, one is reminded of the manner in which M. Thiers, in 1841, defended himself and his fortifications against the accusation that Paris would not defend itself, and that, in fact, a city where there was an agglomeration of a million of souls would not be capable of sustaining a siege. M. Thiers replied in these terms:—

"Je suis convaincu que tout grand peuple, quand

son gouvernement lui donne l'exemple, se défend, que des masses d'hommes *bien conduites* ne sont jamais lâches, qu'il n'y a de lâches que les chefs, quand ils se retirent. Je sais qu'il y a des esprits forts qui veulent faire le monde à leur image, qui ne voudraient pas se défendre, et qui disent que Paris ne se défendrait pas. Je m'adresse à l'histoire, à l'humanité tout entière ; il n'y a pas de peuple qui, lorsqu'un grand chef avec un grand caractère lui a donné l'exemple, ne l'ait pas suivi. Je suis convaincu que Paris se défendrait. Bien plus, je suis convaincu *que, quand même nous le voudrions, nous n'empêcherions point Paris de se défendre.*"

A gentleman writing on the sieges to which Paris has been exposed, says,—"During the occupation by the English, Henri V. caused new works to be thrown up, but did not enlarge the enceinte in a notable manner. The English took care to fortify several vulnerable points, in expectation of an attack. The gates were furnished with all the engines of destruction known at that period, and Joan of Arc, wishing to deliver the capital from the foreigner, was *mortally* wounded at the Saint Honoré gate ! "

A few days ago it was reported that St. Denis had been summoned to surrender, under pain of bombardment. A military writer re-assures the inhabitants of that town by remarking,—"Even supposing the Prussians to be foolish enough to attack one of our strongest, if not the strongest position of Paris, we

should remember, in order to close the mouths of the alarmists, that the Mound of Pinson, the Mill of Orgemont, and the Château of Epinay have never unmasked a battery without its being immediately reduced to silence by the guns of Saint Ouen or those of La Briche." The writer goes on to say that Paris has nothing to fear from a bombardment.

An officer, placed under the orders of a general of division, asked for leave, the other day, to visit his mother, who he said was dying. The general granted the permission, and when the officer had left the room, said,—"Thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land:" This reminds one of Judge Bush's lines on the two Irish lawyers, who pleaded one a sick wife, the other a sick daughter, as an excuse for not "going out"—

> Two heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
> Improved the old Jewish command:
> One honoured his wife, and the other his daughter,
> That their days might be long in the land.

General Schmitz, in his military bulletin, says that the Prussians kept up a heavy fire on Nogent to-day, and that a man called Weiter, caught in the act of deserting, was instantly tried by court-martial and shot. This is the first soldier condemned to death and executed under the third Republic.

January 4th.—Great hopes are entertained that

we shall finally be delivered by citizen Chanzy, who is to replace Trochu on arriving in Paris, and to assume a temporary dictatorship. Chanzy—so it is reported here—has fought nineteen battles with the Prussians, and has managed to win six and draw six, which leaves Prince Frederick Charles and his other opponents in a very small majority.

The Republican rag-tag and bobtail, who only enjoyed the sweets of office for a few hours on the 31st of October, again menace the Government. With a delightful ignorance of history, they never cease urging on Paris their own disinterestedness and that of the men of '92. Every one acquainted with the history of the first revolution knows that, with the exception, perhaps, of "the friend of the people" and "the sea-green incorruptible," all the men of that epoch were accessible, and did not, as an orator declared the other night, lay their salaries, tied up in the corner of their pocket-handkerchiefs, on the altar of the country. Many of the wretches engaged in the hideous massacres of September took money and released their intended victims. The Princess de Lamballe would have been saved had she found strength to cry "Vive la Nation." And of Danton, the head of the Commune, the historian has written:—"Hardly elevated to power after the catastrophe of the 10th of August, Danton, throwing off his *rôle* of agitator, showed himself equal to the crisis. He attached to him, by means of his liberalities, all the ambitious subalterns

thirsting for gold and notoriety, whom he had long elbowed in the clubs. Venal himself, he knew the power of venality. He procured means without shame. He organized corruption amongst the patriots. Not satisfied with the 100,000 francs set aside for secret-service money for each Minister, he seized the quarter of two millions allowed by the Assembly to the Government for bribing foreign cabinets and influencing public opinion. He even forced Lebrun and Servan to make over to him a part of their secret-service money. He sent commissioners to the army, paid from these funds, and selected from amongst the men of the Commune those bought over to his interests. The public treasury paid the pro-consuls of Danton." The men of the Favié club are evidently unacquainted with the virtues of the members of the Cordeliers.

A great many curious animals have been put up for sale and devoured; but the hippopotamus, who sometimes disports himself in the Seine, cannot find a purchaser at the moderate price of 80,000 francs. At "Voisins" elephant was charged at the rate of 40 francs a pound! A clever gentleman, being anxious to obtain an audience with a certain witty Minister without being kept waiting in the ante-chamber, instead of giving his card to the usher, whispered into that functionary's ear, "Say it's the man with the leg of mutton." He was immediately shown into the Minister's cabinet, the usher crying

out, "On public service," to allay the irritation of a number of persons waiting for admittance. The Minister is said to have been highly amused at the joke, but I doubt it.

General Schmitz's bulletin to-day is extremely brief:—"The bombardment of the eastern forts was continued to-day. The fort of Nogent received over 1,200 shells, which have not produced any more effect than those of the preceding days." The general was probably hurrying out to dine when he penned the above on his dressing-table.

January 5th.—Alas the *dies iræ* has arrived. This morning at an early hour a violent cannonade was opened against the forts of Montrouge, Vanves, and Issy, by the Châtillon batteries, and later in the day a number of shells were thrown into Paris, much to the consternation of the inhabitants of the quarters visited by these terrible guests. Eight or nine projectiles fell into the Rue Guy-Lussac, in the Quartier Latin; a few buried themselves in the cemetery of Montparnasse; one made a large hole in the fifth story of a house situated opposite the Luxembourg Gardens, and close to the spot where Marshal Ney's statue marks the place where "the bravest of the brave" fell by French bullets. Crowds of people flocked to see the hole in the wall, which, in a couple of hours, became as famous as that of Kilkenny. Few persons had any idea that the Prussian

shells could be thrown so far into the city, and a very unpleasant sensation has been caused in the minds of people residing in the neighbourhood.

The Government announced the bombardment in the evening, and called on the people to "show themselves worthy of the army of the Loire, which has repulsed the enemy, and of the army of the North, which is marching to our assistance." General Schmitz casually remarks that a few shells have reached as far as the quarter of St. Jacques, but without causing any alarm amongst the population.

In addition to the Prussian shells, an infamous "red" proclamation has burst over Paris, signed by delegates of the twenty arrondissements, who bring grave accusations against the Government which permits 500,000 Frenchmen to be cooped up in Paris by 200,000 Prussians. The Municipality or the Commune can alone save the capital. "The Great People of '89," says the placard, "which destroys Bastilles, which overturns thrones, will it await in mute despair until cold and famine have iced its heart, whose pulsations are counted by the enemy? No!" Then comes the cry of "Place for the people! Place for the Commune!" and afterwards the signatures of the delegates, only four of whom are even unfavourably known—Sappia, the dismissed commandant of National Guards; Jules Vallès, who commenced life better; Leo Melliet, who was adjoint to a maire; and Dr. Tony Moilin, who speaks French with a

brogue. General Trochu has replied to this document with the promise—"The Governor of Paris will not capitulate."

Fouquier Tinville's secretary, who died the other day, used to relate a curious anecdote concerning that unjust attorney-general and the grand-aunt of Colonel de Grancy, who recently fell at the head of his regiment. The colonel's grandfather, Mandat de Grancy, who served with La Fayette, was butchered without trial at the Hôtel-de-Ville: but Madame de Thieuville, his sister, was placed at the bar of the revolutionary tribunal. Either Fouquier Tinville had not got up his case, or there was really no charge against the prisoner. The public prosecutor said there was no charge; "but," added he, "her name is Mandat, and I demand that she be condemned to death." The logic was found so irresistibly funny by the bench that the poor woman was guillotined.

January 6th.—It is said that when the Prussians arrived in the vicinity of Paris they were greatly astonished at finding fine old trees cut down for no reasonable purpose. An American general could only suppose that the French had learned at school that it was customary in time of war to fell timber, and had acted up to previous instruction. Here in Paris and the woods within the lines 20,000 trees have already been sacrificed to keep the pot boiling and the people from being frozen to death. Our spies bring us in

intelligence that the Germans are suffering fearfully —losing 1,200 men a day. It was noted as a remarkable fact, at the time of the retreat from Moscow, that the Neapolitan cavalry stood the cold better than any other troops, though it is as difficult to figure to oneself lazzeroni bearing up against a snow-storm in the steppes, as to imagine a polar bear enjoying himself in the tropics.

One of the first persons killed by the bombardment was the cantinière of the 146th battalion of National Guards. The poor woman, a mother of several children, was in bed, when a projectile dashed into her room and mutilated her fearfully. Death must have ensued instantaneously. She was buried this evening, her remains being followed to the grave by the battalion, to which she had been in the habit of serving out *petits verres*. Her military costume—her little hat with a tricolour, and her slashed tunic, were laid upon the coffin, and the people uncovered reverentially as the hearse and mourners went by.

To-day the bombardment was not so severe as yesterday, but a good number of casualties occurred. In the Rue d'Enfer seven men were drinking together, when a shell burst in the midst of them, killed one man and left the other six unscathed. Several projectiles fell into the College of Jesuits without hurting any one; one National Guard was killed, and another wounded, and a lad of twelve, who was engaged in picking up the splinters of one

shell, was blown to atoms by another. A severe duel took place between the batteries of Châtillon and some of the southern forts. A large number of people assembled on the Trocadero to witness the firing, but a slight mist hung over the scene of action, not to be pierced even by the glasses of the ambulating astronomers lured to the spot.

M. Felix Pyat, whose seeming faith in the Republic is quite sufficient to remove the Emperor William and his army from before the walls of Paris, writes in the *Combat* of to-day: "Yes! when the people shall find at their head the representatives of the nation, cuirassed simply, as in '92, with their tricoloured scarfs, entering first into the Prussian lines, they will follow and pass through." Belleville never grows weary of these fanfaronnades.

Several of the scamps who signed the "red" document yesterday have been arrested and cast into prison.

January 7th.—The most absurd accusations are daily brought against the Government. For instance, a charge of negligence is brought against General Trochu for not having casemated the plateau of Avron for the reception of 15,000 men! More might certainly have been done at Avron than was done, but still during the thirty-one days that the position remained in the hands of the French, it froze so hard during twenty-one days, that the ground

was as difficult to break as a stone; then came a sudden thaw, and the plateau was turned into a sea of mud.

The *Débats* has commenced the publication of the reports sent in to the Imperial Government by Baron Stoffel, who was military attaché at Berlin. The Baron's reports do him infinite credit; they state clearly the whole military system of M. de Moltke, and expose the deficiencies of that of the French War Office. These documents greatly increase the responsibilities of the late Government, which was accurately informed of all that was passing in Germany, from the steady purpose of Prussia to revenge Jena, to the smallest details of organization adopted by King William and his Minister. The Emperor Napoleon and his advisers were especially warned of the careful training of the Prussian staff officers, whose education was so minutely attended to by M. de Moltke himself. No officer in the English army should neglect reading these interesting reports and laying them to heart. There is a rumour that some of Baron Stoffel's reports were never even opened at the War Office. Knowing the amount of adulation with which the late War Minister used to approach the Emperor, it would not astonish me to learn for certain that these documents were withheld from his Majesty. In one report, much to the horror of the Emperor's staff, the Baron dared to point out that if the faults committed in

the Italian campaign had been committed in presence of a Prussian army, the war would have been disastrous for the French arms. Unfortunately perhaps for his country, Baron Stoffel, talented as he undoubtedly is, has an abrupt manner which renders him unpopular in society, especially in France, where outward polish is absolutely necessary. But even at Berlin the Baron was not liked; perhaps it was discovered that he was too observant, and Count Bismarck must have infinitely preferred doing business with the pliant Benedetti. Baron Stoffel's anecdote of going to the Exhibition here with the King of Prussia and M. de Moltke, and the General expressing the hope that his Majesty, at the sight of all the treasures of art collected on the Champ de Mars, would divert his attention from military matters on returning home, is charming. M. de Moltke was deceived, and the French declare that it was the sight of these treasures which has brought King William under their walls.

The bombardment of Paris and the forts was continued to-day, and the terrified inhabitants of Montrouge and the bombarded quarters are flying across the Seine, or burying themselves in their cellars. The merriment occasioned by the first projectiles has disappeared, and the price of five francs given for a tolerable splinter is no longer offered. The left bank of the river is gloomy and anxious, and the streets are assuming a deserted appearance. This

morning at Grenelle a cantinier had his head carried clean away by a shell, the cantinière was killed at his side, and two soldiers mortally wounded. Another projectile burst in a stable, and either killed or maimed sixteen horses, which were instantly sent to the butcher's.

January 8th.—M. Paul de St. Victor, and indeed all Paris, are highly irritated with Margaret Schneider, the betrothed of Johann Dietrick, private in the 7th company of the 88th regiment of the 42nd brigade 21st division of the German army. Poor Johann was killed the other day, and on his dead body was found a letter from Margaret Schneider, asking him to loot her a pair of earrings in Paris. This request has troubled half Paris for at least twelve hours, and furnished the occasion of an article, four columns long, and much admired, from the pen of M. Paul de St. Victor, who terminates his remarks thus: "But in order that the German Empire should usurp Europe, it must kill France, and France is immortal, and it is ignorance on the part of that brutal Prussia to think that she can kill her. Three enormous Powers have weighed for two hundred years upon Poland, weak and vulnerable on all sides: they tear her and martyrize her, but have not stifled her yet. And Prussia believes that she can annihilate the vitality of a great country in six months. This is carrying infatuation to a pitch which borders on

madness. France is a light, and a light cannot be killed. Only barbarians think that an eclipse devours the sun. Another symptom of the madness of Prussia is to be found in the fearful abuse she makes of her victories. We shall not pardon her, but of a truth she knows not what she doth. Her bloody banquet accumulates on her a century of revenge and reprisal. She sows the tempest to reap the whirlwind. France will rise again, no matter what she does, and the resurrections of France are eruptions. Between Prussia and us lies a gulf of hatred, a Rhine of blood and tears which no peace will be able to fill up. Henceforward, sword in hand, an irreconcilable enemy will watch at her gate awaiting his hour. No matter what the *dénouement* of this war, Germany must renounce repose, security, and leisure. Germany having wished to kill France, can say, like Macbeth after the murder of Banquo,—'I have killed sleep.' Or rather, after the death of Duncan, Macbeth thought he heard a voice cry

> Sleep no more.
> Macbeth does murder sleep—the innocent sleep."

The Diplomatic Corps has sent a protest to Count Bismarck against the bombardment; the representatives of all foreign Powers, with the exception of England, have signed this document, which sets forth that due notice should have been given of the bombardment. The protest, which is exceedingly

mild in form, was at first drawn up in rather harsh terms, but much to the disgust of Mr. Washburne, the American minister, some of the minor European secretaries of legation insisted on a modification of the original draft.

The bombardment was continued to-day, and the Prussians even "murder sleep," throwing shells into the city at night-time. A projectile is said to have fallen between two girls who were sleeping in the same bed, but must have been on distant terms, without touching either of them, and another shell fell upon the billiard-table of a café, burst, and wounded no one. All night long these unpleasant visitors were tumbling into the Faubourg St. Germain, and more than one nearly reached the Seine opposite the Tuileries.

January 9th.—M. Delescluze, the maire of the nineteenth arrondissement, elected by the Republican party in November, has just resigned office, being dissatisfied with his new position. Formerly, the twenty maires of Paris had simply to attend to municipal duties; but of late they have been taken into the confidence of the Government, and consulted on the Black Sea and other questions. As long as it was simply a matter of weighing out horse-flesh and distributing charities, the Republican editor of the *Réveil* was willing to act with the Provisional Government; but since the maires have been sounded

on political matters, and are being entangled in the responsibilities of the Hôtel-de-Ville, M. Delescluze, who is an honest but a misguided man, has determined to cut himself adrift. It is devoutly to be hoped that the other Republican maires will be less honest for the moment, and not throw up office, 12*l.* a month, and the insignia of office.

The optimists are delirious with joy, owing to the grateful despatches which Gambetta has forwarded to General Trochu. Viewed in a very favourable light by the most patriotic of editors, these despatches are thus summed up:—"Havre is intact; Rouen evacuated; Dijon, Beaune, Autun delivered; Bourges and Nevers protected; the Mans and the Perche country occupied by Chanzy; Peronne, Bapaume, in our hands: this is the balance of a week's fighting. In any case one sees that the situation has improved; and if we look at the figures given in the Havas despatches, which set down the number of Germans in France at 500,000, and their losses at 300,000, the situation is excellent, for we have not less than 950,000 men under arms." At Nuits, in Burgundy, celebrated for its wine, 10,000 French are reported to have beaten 25,000 Germans; and a gentleman of the fourth estate, with an eye to puffing, says that "the news of this triumph was received in Paris with a holy enthusiasm, mingled with languid pleasure. At P—— restaurant, the wine of Nuits flowed freely. Every one celebrated our victory with

that liquor whose seriousness and dash (*sic*) bear witness to the intrepidity of the population of Burgundy, which has contributed by its courage and fire to the defeat of the enemy. Yes, the news are good; we celebrate them, not in drunkenness, but in joy. We have all made the sacrifice of our lives or our fortunes, and we are all ready to march, to struggle, to conquer, to die. Our enthusiasm has its source in the unalterable faith which we all feel in the destinies of our country; and the wine of Nuits which flows to-day is the Te Deum of thanksgiving which the Parisians celebrate." So writes the paper with the largest circulation in Paris.

Citizen Decanis exhibited his Greek-fire rockets this morning to a few friends and artillery officers. Most of these diabolical rockets were fired so as to fall into the Seine. On plunging into the water there was a deadened sort of explosion, and then sheets of flame issued from the water and floated down stream, burning for at least ten minutes. After several rockets had been fired, M. Decanis went down to the river-side, and threw a small bottle of his liquid into the Seine; an explosion instantly took place, and some of the Greek fire falling upon floating ice the flames rose several feet high, and were seen blazing away as long as the eye could follow them. In a letter, citizen Decanis pictures himself in the presence of the enemy. He has a few companies of 120 men each, furnished with forty stands, capable

of projecting six rockets into a Prussian corps at 2,000, 3,000, 4,000, or 5,000 mètres. Each company fires 240 rockets a minute; each rocket contains 1,500 grammes of his composition; and in sixty seconds 360 kilogrammes of inflammable matter fall like a rain of fire on the Prussian corps. M. Decanis supposes that this "projection" lasts for several hours, in order to give one a proper idea of the terrible confusion his combustive liquid would eventually cause in the ranks of the enemy. "Under the action of this fire, which," he adds, "adheres to and corrodes the human flesh, causing intense agony, the bravest would fly; horses at the very sight of the flame would become mad with terror, and would spread alarm through the ranks of the army. Add to this the blowing up of ammunition-waggons and you will understand the ulterior rôle to be played by this invention." A similar kind of liquid is said to have been shown to Louis XIV., who purchased the secret, but refused to have any use made of it, even after remarking to Marshal Villars, "we are no longer fortunate in our old age." Might not such an inventor have worn an iron mask? The clubs are very angry with the Government for not at once adopting this Greek fire, but if a similar preparation were to be flung back into Paris, where would the catastrophe end?

The bombardment of the left bank of the Seine was continued last night and to-day, and many other

quarters are beginning to tremble and turn their eyes to the centre of Paris. It is reported that the Prussians are working up to us gradually, and that they mean to silence, not storm, some of the forts, and then play havoc with the whole of Haussmannville. The omnibuses have been driven off the road in the Montrouge and other districts; the inhabitants are recommended to walk on the southern or eastern side of the streets, as being more sheltered from projectiles, and *concièrges* have been requested to leave their gates open so that citizens may take refuge directly they hear the whistle of the enemy. A good many people were killed or wounded last night or this morning, and the splendid old church of St. Etienne du Mont was struck several times, but fortunately not much damaged. In the guard-room at the prison of Sainte Pélagie, six National Guards were standing round the fire when a shell burst amongst them, killed one on the spot, cut the two legs off another, who expired shortly afterwards, and wounded the other four. The hospital of La Pitié was knocked about a good deal, and one woman killed. The chapel of the Virgin in the church of St. Sulpice has been shattered to pieces, and a sad accident took place at the school of St. Nicolas, where four little boys were killed and five wounded by one shell. The master had asked the parents to remove their children, and many of them had complied; however, about 100 scholars had been left to take their chance,

and hence this slaughter of innocents. General Schmitz accuses the enemy of firing purposely on the hospitals of La Pitié, Val-de-Grâce, &c.

January 10th.—We now know what the Government thinks of the bombardment, for it has put forth the following statement:—"After an investment of three months, the enemy began to bombard our forts on the 30th December, and the city six days later. A shower of projectiles, some of them weighing 94 kilogrammes (about 210 lbs.), appearing for the first time in the history of sieges, has been thrown into that part of Paris which extends from the Museum to the Invalides. The fire has continued night and day, without interruption, with such violence that, on the night of the 8th, the quarter situated between St. Sulpice and the Odéon received a shell every two minutes. Everything has been struck; our hospitals swarming with patients, our ambulances, schools, museums, libraries, prisons, churches, and a certain number of private houses. Women have been killed in the street, and in bed; children have been seized by bullets (*sic*) in the arms of their mother. At a school in the Rue de Vaugirard four children were killed and five wounded by the same projectile. The Museum of the Luxembourg, which contains the masterpieces of modern art, and the garden, where there is an ambulance, received two shells in the course of a few hours. The famous

hot-houses of the Museum (Jardin des Plantes), which were unrivalled in the world, are destroyed. At Val-de-Grâce, two wounded soldiers were killed during the night in their beds. This hospital, to be easily recognized at the distance of several leagues by its dome, which every one knows, bears traces of the bombardment in its courtyards, its wards, and its church. No warning preceded this furious attack. Paris suddenly found itself transformed into a field of battle, and we declare, with pride, that the women have shown themselves as intrepid as the men. Every one has been roused to anger, but no one has felt afraid. Such are the acts of the Prussian army and its king. The Government registers them for France, Europe, and history."

There was a reconnaissance made last night in the direction of Clamart, where the Prussians were constructing a battery in close proximity to the fort of Issy. The reports say that twenty prisoners were made, and the works utterly destroyed. Commandant Poulizac, who is constantly snapping up outposts, has written the following letter to a friend. "Last night I carried off two Prussian outposts with my battalion. Received at the distance of 150 mètres by a lively fire of musketry, my men answered with the cry of 'At the bayonet!' They were admirable. I am proud of my men. The enemy did not hold his ground. I blew up two houses, on the roofs of which eight or nine soldiers of the 4th Grenadiers of

the Guard had taken refuge. I return with thirty-two helmets, some arms, blankets, &c. I have revenged Ruel. I have four men wounded."

Thirty-two helmets, &c., and no prisoners! There is a slight confusion in the accounts of this affair, some stating that the Prussians on the house-tops were not called upon to surrender, but that a couple of engineers placed a belt of dynamite round the buildings, which were shattered to dust. When the French dashed into one of the houses Prussians were remarked disappearing into the cellar; these men were summoned to surrender, and after due warning of what would happen if they continued hostilities, an *éclaireur* descended to take over the captives. Alas! the cellar was empty, and a subterraneous passage communicating with a neighbouring trench was discovered.

That very serious writer, M. Jules Richard, like another Deborah, bursts into lyricism over the successes of the armies in the provinces. At last, he says: "We have good news and true! The cannons of Messieurs the Prussians can offer us a concert, the army of Faidherbe plays an accompaniment in the distance. March, march, brave army; make forced marches; Paris awaits thee. It knows, henceforth, that, thanks to thee, the Prussians have experienced something which resembles a defeat, and that they will be demoralized, not by the eloquence of our bulletins, but by thy valour and thy patriotism."

But if Paris be satisfied with the armies of the Loire, the North, and the East, the Republican party shows the following reasons for being discontented with the conduct of military affairs here. "Châtillon, Bourget, the passage of the Marne, the plateau of Avron: partial attacks, as at Wissemburg, Reichshoffen, Forbach, and Gravelotte. Same plan: every time surprised by an incident 'which it was impossible to foresee.' The Prussians are never surprised: they are always informed forty-eight hours beforehand that they are about to be attacked. Every operation reveals in high quarters spies and traitors acting with simpletons. Schmitz retained; De Bellemare rewarded; neither d'Exea nor Favé tried by court-martial; Ducrot neither dead nor victorious. Trochu's plan is still being sought for. Every time that he exposes it to the lawyers of the Hôtel-de-Ville, on the eve of a battle, they go into raptures. Three days afterwards one learns that the plan consisted in—1st, not taking Bourget *without loss;* 2nd, taking it *with loss;* 3rd, abandoning it *with loss;* 4th, not passing the Marne; 5th, passing the Marne; 6th, repassing the Marne; 7th, promising to repass the Marne again; 8th, taking Avron, and being enchanted; 9th, losing Avron, and being equally delighted; 10th, acknowledging that, not knowing what to do, the whole system of defence must be changed." All this is very clever and very true. If the Government will hoodwink the

public on every possible occasion, it must expect hard knocks, for

> The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to plague us.

January 11th.—The little reconnaissance which took place yesterday, in the Clamart direction, had for object to destroy works which the Prussians were quietly throwing up at Moulin de Pierre, which is only 1,000 mètres from Issy, 1,900 from Vanves, 3,300 from the enceinte, 5,500 from the Ecole Militaire, 6,400 from the Invalides, and 7,700 from the Arc de Triomphe. It was, therefore, an important position to keep neutral ground; but I am told that the works were not destroyed, that the reconnoitring party simply fell in with a small patrol, which it captured, and then retired without venturing any further.

General Trochu astonished Paris this morning, by announcing the desertion of two officers of the Mobile, a lieutenant of the *éclaireurs* of the National Guard, a corporal, and three men, who took a boat and quietly paddled over to the Prussians. The Governor declares that these men will find their chastisement in the glorious successes of the armies of the Loire and the North. The names of the deserters are held up to public reprobation.

It is suspected that General Chanzy is no less a person than the Duc d'Aumale, who, like a certain

Duc de Chartres, does not object to serve France whilst afflicted with a Republican Government.

We are still being bombarded; but in order to protect the military hospital of Val-de-Grâce, the authorities have had the Prussian wounded sent there, and notice of the same forwarded to M. de Moltke. An unfortunate house in the Rue Neuve Saint-Médard has been so knocked about that the front wall alone has been left standing. Five people were killed there. The Prussians appear seldom to alter their aim; for instance, the barracks in the Rue Mouffetard received eighteen shells last night, and a small house in the Rue de Lacépède is being constantly perforated, whilst the neighbouring buildings remain unscathed. Then, again, the *hospice* of Salpétrière, which receives 3,000 aged or infirm women, and 1,500 mad-women, with other patients, was struck on Sunday night no less than fifteen times, and the hospital of La Charité eight times. One of the shells which fell into the latter establishment burst in the room of a medical student, who was fortunately absent at the moment, and, strange to say, smashed everything to atoms, with the exception of a German pipe.

In this time of dearth very little business is done, except by persons who have edibles to offer. My watchmaker has eggs in his window, and a staymaker in the neighbourhood exhibits black puddings with her corsets. A fashionable milliner advertises a few

chickens, which are more fashionable than her flounces; and the first ejaculation of a schoolmaster, on hearing a projectile burst in his playground, was, "Oh, my rabbits!" These vermin now fetch thirty francs apiéce; and when one is weak enough to purchase a *pâté de lapin*, the amount of paste and extraneous ingredients, as compared to the meat, is as Falstaff's sack to his bread.

The number of deaths last week showed an augmentation of 400 on the week before—that is to say, 3,680 civilians died out of hospital. The undertakers have so much to do that they are obliged to bury the dead by torchlight.

January 12*th*.—If we are to believe an announcement made by General Trochu in the *Official Journal*, a horrible plot has just been discovered. Evil-minded persons have reported the arrest of general officers and others who have betrayed the secret of our military operations to the enemy, and in this perfidious manner the sacred interests of the defence have been compromised. The Governor, who would fain be at Belle Isle shooting woodcocks, is highly indignant. The fact is, that a sortie was to have taken place yesterday, when it was found that the Prussians had massed large bodies of troops at the very point which was to have been attacked. The public, fully convinced that the enemy is not in force round Paris, had been expecting this attack im-

patiently; it was known that a solemn council of war had been held at the Hôtel-de-Ville; but when the fatal blow was about to fall on the Prussian host, lo! M. de Moltke, with his sword drawn, was found in the path, and the Emperor William was standing by him. The *Siècle* drew the attention of the public to these facts by declaring that only four generals—Trochu, Ducrot, Vinoy, and Schmitz—were aware of the plan, and then, like the judge, who, whenever a prisoner was placed at the bar accused of murder, invariably said, "Where is the woman?" asked who is the traitor. The greatest amount of suspicion fell upon General Schmitz, in consequence of his having served under the Count de Palikao in China and elsewhere, and a few credulous people thought that General Ducrot, accused of having escaped unfairly from the Prussians, might have been tampered with, and allowed to go free. Strangely enough, a Polish spy was arrested this evening, and when questioned about accomplices, said, "If you want to find spies, you must look for them in the head-quarters' staff."

Last night during the bombardment several shells struck the Lying-in Hospital and the Asylum for the Blind, fortunately doing but little damage. A projectile entered a room in the Rue Victor Cousin, where a family was at breakfast, and killed two children who were at table with their father and mother. Numerous casualties are reported, and many inhabitants of Montrouge have taken refuge in the

extensive vaults of the Panthéon. One hears of people on the left bank issuing invitations to tea, with the addition of "on bombardera" or "on recevra dans la cave," but all the joking takes place on the right bank. However, in spite of shells, the faithful, with admirable perseverance, still flock to the tomb of Sainte Geneviève at Saint Etienne du Mont, which has not been struck for the last few days.

The southern forts have been heavily bombarded to-day, and from the Trocadero one could see that Issy must be in distress, and almost unable to reply to the enemy's batteries; whilst Vanves and Montrouge are also apparently in a crippled condition. The Prussians have also kept up an intermittent fire on the eastern forts, and have been shelling the villages of Nogent and Fontenay and the loop of the Marne.

January 13th. — Until the Eastern question cropped up again we heard marvellously little of foreign politics; but since M. Jules Favre has been invited to go to London and take his seat at the Conference, there has been a revival. Half the town thinks that the Foreign Minister should go to England, and not allow the difficulties of the moment to interfere with the country playing its proper part in a great European question. The other half of Paris, forgetting Napoleon's words after Friedland, when Alexander, at the treaty of Tilsit, desired to have Constantinople in return for other advantages,

consider the Eastern question simply one between Russia and England. This half of Paris is in favour of all foreigners being expelled from France, as France can do very well without them. Numbers of persons who have received education, and who are considered responsible for their acts, propound this new idea now that the country is invaded. Domestic animals are fast disappearing, and the person who wishes to preserve either cat or dog from the men who stalk about armed with a heavy bludgeon and a bag, must keep a sharp look-out. The most distressing anecdotes of people who have eaten their own pets are current, and it is a sign of the times that though Punch and Judy still continue to beat each other about the head, poor Toby has disappeared. A family which left Choisy le Roi, on the approach of the Prussians, was annihilated last night by a shell; a number of other accidents occurred of less gravity. In consequence of the caution with which people move about, and the emigration which has taken place, there are now fewer casualties than when Châtillon first opened fire.

January 14th.—We are evidently drawing near the end of our stock of provisions. The Government has just decided that all but 2,000 horses, absolutely necessary to carry on the business of Paris, to cart meal, to bury the dead, &c. &c., shall be remorselessly slaughtered. Locomotion is becoming difficult;

nearly all the cab-horses have been devoured, and half the omnibus-horses have been drafted into the artillery. The bakers, too, have been forbidden to make any more fancy bread or biscuit, and in a few days the pastrycooks will have to close their shops, and thus throw an additional gloom over the city.

A gentleman of the name of Barral computes that the Prussians have already deluged Paris with 350,000 kilogrammes of iron; whilst M. Edouard Fournier applies himself to show that the Prussians and the English have always been renowned for inventing deadly weapons. "The Prussians," says this writer, "having invented a 'death's-head shell,' the English tried to rival that ingenious invention. It was in their army that the projectile known as the *obus à la spartelle*"—a name strangely corrupted from Shrapnell—"was first used. The carronades also came from England. France for a long time had a repugnance (she has still a repugnance for inventions so unchivalrous) to adopt such weapons. It was only in 1693 that she learned the use of mortars. It was necessary, first of all, for M. de Luxembourg to capture half-a-dozen from the Prince of Orange at Nerwinde. Yet mortars had been used in foreign armies for half a century. There still exists an old Florentine mortar bearing the date of 1643. You think, perhaps, that these terrible engines once known amongst us, that we hastened to imitate them? Not at all. Belidore had a few cast, which

were employed at the siege of Ath, and then they were forgotten for fifty years more." France has done better lately: if she waited till after Sadowa to arm her infantry with the chassepot, she took the lead in iron-clad vessels of war, beat the Austrians at Magenta and Solferino with her canons rayés, and was not behindhand with her *mitrailleuses*, which are, no doubt, chivalrous weapons. And to think of a certain popinjay saying to Hotspur—

> And but for those vile guns
> He would himself have been a soldier.

What would the fop, who could not stand a slovenly unhandsome corpse getting betwixt the wind and his nobility, think of the chivalrous artillery manufactured at Meudon?

The Prussians have cut down some trees in the park of St. Cloud, and unmasked a battery, which will soon make itself disagreeable to the southern forts, already overweighted; another new work is also observed at the Château de Breteuil, in the same direction. To-day a Mobile of the Seine was literally blown to atoms by a shell in the Rue Monge, and in all about a dozen people were either killed or wounded in the last twenty-four hours. The rumour of an intended sortie is revived as the people are becoming desperate. It is felt that there is little time to spare.

January 15th. — Yesterday General Schmitz issued the following somewhat comprehensive bulle-

tin:—"Upon the order of the Governor, General Vinoy prepared a sortie against Moulin de Pierre yesterday evening, Generals Blanchard and Correard being present. The head of the column having been received with a heavy fire of musketry, the sortie was not pushed home, and our troops re-entered their lines. The enemy, on his side, attacked our outposts at Drancy, but he was energetically repulsed. Rear-Admiral Pothuan executed a reconnaissance in the direction of the Gare aux Bœufs, and a little later the Prussians assumed the offensive; but they were warmly received and fell back rapidly, leaving an officer and several wounded men in our hands."

As for the attack upon Moulin de Pierre, General Vinoy took a strong body of troops to effect the capture of that important position, but the enemy was on his guard, and the French, finding themselves in presence of a vigilant corps-d'armée, declined all further advances. The officer taken prisoner to the east of Paris rode unconsciously into the French lines, having mislaid his spectacles in the morning.

Yesterday another shell came through the roof of St. Sulpice and destroyed a fine picture of the Last Judgment, and this morning the whistling of projectiles was so incessant that the curé thought it prudent to dismiss his flock and close the doors of the church. The good man remained behind himself, and walked up and down the aisle like a captain pacing his quarter-deck.

A military writer relates that the sailors quartered at Charenton, wishing for a bit of fun, determined to pay a visit to a Prussian post on the Marne. Taking advantage of a thick fog, the sentry was surprised and cut down with a hatchet: the sailors then attacked the outpost, and killed the fourteen men of which it was composed before they had time to fire a shot. A man of the naval brigade then put on the uniform of a dead Prussian, and by this means the relief was captured and marched back to the French lines. General Schmitz makes no mention of this brilliant success, nor of a counter-exploit by forty Moblots, who, being very hungry, planned an attack on a Prussian cavalry post. On reaching this post the Moblots were surprised to find it much larger than they had imagined, and the forty were about to retire without crying "open sesame," when a young soldier, excited by the smell of horse-flesh, fired on the Uhlan on guard, and there was nothing for it but to attack boldly. The Prussians, taken by surprise, scampered off, leaving their chargers. Each Moblot seized on a horse, jumped on his back, and returned to camp in triumph. To reward these gallant fellows they were permitted to keep the fattest horse.

Citizen Gagne, who is a well-known character in Paris, advocates philanthropophagy, and proposes that all persons over sixty years of age be slaughtered. He invites the venerable members of the Government

to set the example of self-immolation on the altar of a starving country. Gagne, who is a bit of a poet, and a wag, backs his appeal with the following verse—

O Paris, fais la boucherie
De la philanthropophagie !
O Paris, pour vivre sans fin,
Mange tes enfans pleins de faim ! ! !

January 16th.—A very fierce artillery duel has been going on between the southern forts and the Prussian batteries engaged in breaching them. The Trocadero and other eminences were crowded all day long by anxious spectators, who were treated to a continuous roar of artillery and the sight of some bomb-firing. Directly the French guns get the range of one of the enemy's batteries it ceases firing, and there is a suspicion here that the Prussians move about their pieces by means of an American railway. From what one can see of Issy it appears to have been knocked into a heap of ruins, and its sisters, Vanves and Montrouge, have suffered nearly as severely.

The Hoff question has turned up again. *Paris-Journal* insists that the celebrated sergeant, who was constantly bringing back helmets and needle-guns, who had an order of the day all to himself, and who was decorated with the Legion of Honour, was merely a Prussian spy. *Paris-Journal* declares that at head-quarters no doubt is entertained on the matter,

and that Hoff in reality is, or was, Lieutenant Hentzel, of the Bavarian Chasseurs. A detachment of franc-tireurs of the Seine reports that it fell in with the ex-sergeant a fortnight ago, during an expedition to Bezons, and having recognized the traitor by a scar on his neck, immediately shot him. If we are to believe the writer, Hoff quitted the ranks of the French army on the day of Champigny, at which battle he led the Zouaves into an ambush. His real character not having been suspected, his sudden disappearance led to the belief that he had fallen on the banks of the Marne. Paris refused to be comforted, and the Government was severely blamed for permitting so valuable an operator on outposts to risk his life in a general engagement. His sorrowing comrades, who were aware that he had a *liaison*, got up a subscription for his widow, which was carried to the relict by four officers—"par quatre officiers; par quatre officiers." To the surprise of these gentlemen, directly they presented themselves, the bereaved one exclaimed, in a terrified manner, "I only knew he was a German a few days ago! don't harm me!" and then made a clean breast of it. The Parisians, who had already conceived a high opinion of the Prussian spy system, were hardly prepared for this; but the farce is too good not to be laughed over. At one moment half Paris would have rejoiced to have seen Sergeant Hoff standing in General Trochu's shoes—and wearing them out.

Some quaint old songs of the Metz country have been published here. They are full of warlike sentiments and patriotism, though written not long after the annexation of Lorraine. One song reviles the Germans who attacked Metz under Charles V. The "Brave Claudine" is a very pretty specimen of a military *chansonette* :—

La petite Claudine s'habille en garçon,
Remplan ;
S'habille en garçon.

C'est pour aller en ville, pour s'engager dragon,
Remplan ;
Pour s'engager dragon.

Le capitaine le regarde :—Tu es un joli garçon,
Remplan ;
Tu es un joli garçon ;

Mais tu n'as point de barbe, point de barbe au menton,
Remplan ;
Point de barbe au menton.

Ah ! si je n'ai point de barbe, point de barbe au menton,
Remplan ;
Point de barbe au menton ;

Ah ! si je n'ai point de barbe, j'ai un cœur de lion,
Remplan ;
J'ai un cœur de lion.

Le capitaine l'engage, l'engage dans les dragons,
Remplan ;
L'engage dans les dragons.

La petite Claudine retrouva son mignon,
Remplan :
Retrouva son mignon.

Son mignon qui la laisse dans un triste abandon,
Remplan :
Dans un triste abandon.

Elle lui chercha querelle et tua son mignon,
Remplan ;
Et tua son mignon.

On la prend, on l'emmène jusques à la prison,
Remplan ;
Jusques à la prison.

Elle se déclare fille pour avoir son pardon,
Remplan ;
Pour avoir son pardon.

According to the calendar, to-day is the fête of St. William, and the Parisians are in high glee at the sort of bouquet offered to his Majesty by the French artillery. The chroniclers are very fond of seizing on meteorological phenomena and construing them into manifestations on the part of the divinity in favour of France. This morning the weather suddenly changed, and a warm south wind succeeded a hard frost. At about eight o'clock a magnificent rainbow appeared in the zenith, placed east and west. "The population," says M. J. Fernandez, "saw in this sign the promise of our speedy delivery, confirmed by the incessant discharges fired by an enemy at his wit's end, who throws his last projectiles into our city, which he thought to enter as our troops entered Berlin in 1806." Perhaps the Prussians interpreted the rainbow appearing on the day of St. William in another fashion. Would that the waters of the invasion would subside, and some dove bring us an olive-branch instead of the terrible despatches of Pro-Consul Gambetta, who rides upon the storm, because he will

probably lose his seat after it. The confidence even of the Parisians in this energetic man has been much shaken. The fête of Molière was observed at the Théâtre Français yesterday, when the following verses were recited after the performance of *Amphytrion* and the *Dépit Amouroux*:—

Ils brûlent nos palais,* ils campent à Versailles,
Ce Versailles, Molière, où tout parle de toi,
Plein de notre passé, vivant de nos batailles:
Ils croient que nos splendeurs peuvent grandir leur roi!

Qu'ils refassent un trône au maître qui les mène,
Qu'ils fixent à son front la couronne de fer:
Qu'ils se courbent encore et qu'ils rivent leur chaîne
Jusqu'à ce que l'anneau pénètre dans la chair!

Qu'ils aillent, promenant par la ville muette
Des fantômes de roi pour se faire une cour.
O sublime railleur, ô penseur, ô poëte,
Qu'ils te semblent petits, ces conquérants d'un jour!

Que ce vieil empereur, triomphateur inerte,
Prépare à son tombeau de superbes lambris;
La pourpre ne vaut pas la tombe toujours verte
Du dernier des soldats qui meurt pour son pays.

Bénissons nos revers. Que l'Europe assombrie
S'agenouille à loisir sous le droit du plus fort.
Nous avons retrouvé l'amour de la Patrie,
Le mépris du succès et l'orgueil de la mort.

Nous vivons follement, dédaigneux de conquêtes,
Jetant notre existence aux dieux que nous aimons,
Et les peuples jaloux se ruaient à nos fêtes
Pour voir ce qu'il restait de sang à nos poumons.

Ce sont les battements de nos cœurs que tu comptes,
Roi Guillaume! Eh bien! va, compte-les jusqu'au bout.
La France, d'un coup d'aile, a secoué ses hontes,
Et ses envahisseurs la retrouvent debout.

* Saint Cloud was burned by the French.

Debout, le front baigné de gloire et de lumière,
Et montrant sa blessure au monde épouvanté,
Plus belle que jamais, plus ardente, plus fière,
Dominant tous les bruits des cris de liberté !

January 17th.—The heavy firing between the southern forts, aided by a few bastions of the enceinte and the Prussian batteries, has been deafening to-day. "The terrible battery at Meudon" is said to be the most formidable antagonist which the French have to deal with, but the unofficial reports are cheery enough, and chronicle several of the enemy's pièces reduced to silence. General Schmitz, in his military bulletin, speaks of another new Prussian work, which he designates the battery of La Plâtrière, and, in fact, these "new works" are becoming rather monotonous. The enemy still continues to fling projectiles into the city, and the bombarded quarter now resembles a pest-stricken town. We shall soon have the grass growing in the streets. The cemetery of Montparnasse has been closed, and the shopkeepers of Montrouge and other districts are running up private barricades to defend their lives and property against splinters. A projectile burst this morning in the Rue de Vanves, killed three persons and wounded four, one of whom was two hundred yards from the spot where the shell exploded. In the Rue de Vaugirard a projectile entered the window of a convent and wounded a nun. In the Rue de l'Ouest three washerwomen were killed by the same shell,

which carried off the arm of the husband of one of the victims. Three shells fell to-day almost in the centre of Paris—one even crossed the Seine and exploded on the Island of the City. Another projectile hit in M. Littré's cabinet, during the absence of that *savant*, and demolished a bust of Sainte-Beuve and a portrait of Auguste Comte on his death-bed. When M. Michelet, who lodges opposite, saw the hole in his neighbour's apartment, he packed up and retreated north.

In the midst of all this noise and turmoil, Victor Hugo, who, by the way, at the beginning of the siege, promised to live in the bombarded quarter, expresses his astonishment in verse at two nations being fools enough to rend each other for the gratification of their rulers. His piece entitled "Dans le Cirque" runs thus:—

Le lion du midi voit venir l'ours polaire,
L'ours court droit au lion, grince, et, plein de colère,
L'attaque, plus grondant que l'autan Nubien,
Et le lion lui dit:

—Imbécile! c'est bien.
Nous sommes dans le cirque, et tu me fais la guerre.
Pour qui? Vois-tu là-bas cet homme au front vulgaire?
C'est le nommé Néron, empereur des Romains.
Tu combats pour lui. Saigné! Il rit, il bat des mains.
Nous ne nous gênions pas dans la grande nature,
Frère, et le ciel sur nous fait la même ouverture,
Et tu ne vois pas moins d'astres que je n'en vois.
Que nous veut donc ce maître assis sur un pavois?
Quoi donc! Il régne, et nous, nous mourons par son ordre;
Et c'est à lui de rire, et c'est à nous de mordre.

Il nous fait massacrer l'un par l'autre, et pendant,
Frère, que mon coup d'ongle attend ton coup de dent,
Il est là sur son trône et nous regarde faire.
Nos tourmens sont ses jeux, il est d'une autre sphère.
Frère, quand nous versons à ruisseaux notre sang,
Il appelle cela de la pourpre. Innocent,
Niais, viens m'attaquer. Soit. Mes griffes sont prêtes.
Mais je pense et je dis que nous sommes des bêtes
De nous entretuer avec tant de fureur,
Et que nous ferions mieux de manger l'empereur.

January 18*th*.—The Provisional Government, no matter what its faults of commission and omission, has, up to the present, hung well together; but now, at the eleventh hour, the rumour is that the colleagues of the Governor have lost confidence in his military capacity, and have invited him to retire: they have said to him in the words of *Othello:*

Cassio, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.

It is evident that we are approaching the end of the siege, and that that insatiable monster, the public, stands in need of a victim.

When we dine out now we are respectfully requested to bring our own bread, or our 300 grammes of what is called bread, but which is a staff of life one cannot lean on for support. Lazarus is in a very bad way, and those who can fare sumptuously as the "Trois Frères," "Voisins," &c., have become disciples of Banting. This reminds one of an anecdote related by Bourienne, who during the hard times of the first Republic invited Napoleon and Louis

Bonaparte to dinner. The two brothers brought their ration of black bread with them, but Bourienne, who had some property in the country, had managed to procure a little flour from his tenants, with which a white loaf had been baked for the occasion; the white bread was offered to Napoleon, whilst Louis, who was of a gentle disposition, contented himself with the ration of the Republic. The crime of having concealed flour was quite sufficient to have sent the whole party to the guillotine, and to have changed the world's history. What a train of reflection this suggests—Père Loriquet,* for example, holding up to public execration the execution of Napoleon Bonaparte for having eaten a penny roll. The clubs are getting more and more rabid, and the orators clearly prove that France is not yet ripe for a Republic. I think it was Armand Carrel, who fell in a duel with Emile de Girardin, who remarked: "The Republic is not the satisfaction of the low instincts of the people, but the realization of the national sovereignty." In the above phrase one has all the difference between Utopia and the Commune, which is to save the Republic, according to the insane orators of the *Folies Bergères* and other clubs. One may say of those orators as the clown in *Antony and Cleopatra* says of the fair sex: "He that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that

* The historian who ignored the empire.

they do." At the *Reine Blanche* the other night a citizen, after exposing the merits of the Commune, added that the Commune would do three things for Paris: "It would first of all assure the resistance of the capital for two months, by decreeing a general requisition and searching the convents and the houses of rich bourgeois, where provisions for a year were heaped up whilst the people were starving (applause). The Commune would abolish the military dictatorship; it would divide the command between several generals; and behind (!) each would be placed a commissioner of the Republic charged to blow out his brains in the event of treason (approbation)." Another orator announced the assassination of General Prim, which intelligence was well received. At the *Marseillaise* club the language is just as wild. According to one citizen who held forth there with great energy, France had been entangled in a net of treason from the commencement of the campaign. There had been a vast conspiracy hatched by emperors, kings, and speculators against the people. The Prussian war had been got up by them; it was a serious error to suppose that they had been beaten at Reichshoffen and Sedan; they had not been beaten, they had been betrayed. The Commune could alone save them. Another orator declared that a shameful capitulation had been agreed upon, that the Jardin des Plantes had been shut because all the elephants and other rare animals had been

eaten by the stockbrokers, who speculated on the misery of the people, and that potatoes were 30 francs instead of 30 sous a bushel, and a head of celery 2 francs (murmurs of indignation). Now that the contractors, &c. had realized immense sums of money, a capitulation was proposed. "Ah! when one thinks of these infamies," added the speaker, "one is almost tempted to blow out one's brains (applause)." The next citizen who occupied the tribune accused the clerks of the Bank of having eaten two cows and a calf, whilst the ambulance opposite was destitute of fresh meat (violent murmurs). This was the system of the men of the Hôtel-de-Ville and of Trochu, who starved them and betrayed them. The Commune alone could save Paris by ordering domiciliary visits and a *sortie en masse*, the success of which would be infallible. It resulted from the reports of Gambetta on the losses of the German army, that there were only 75,000 Prussians round Paris, and it was before this handful of Germans that their army of 500,000 Parisian soldiers remained idle. The commune would soon break the iron belt; it would know how to hinder treason by attaching two commissioners to each general. These commissioners would slay the general on the first symptom of weakness; and, inexorably placed between death and victory, the Republican commanders would naturally prefer the latter (general approbation).

The Republican paper the *Réveil* published, a couple of days ago, a very severe criticism of General de Bellemare. The general went to the office of the journal, and to-day the *Réveil* is just as eulogistic of that officer as it was abusive on Monday. General de Bellemare has quite converted the editor.

The battery called la Plâtrière, which has just opened fire on us, is constructed on the road from Clamart to Châtillon, on a spot where, a couple of months ago, a quantity of faggots was heaped up, which the National Guards amused themselves by setting fire to. It is naturally wondered how the Prussians could have been permitted to establish a work at this open place, which is only 1,500 mètres from the fort of Vanves.

Yesterday, the Prussians, usually so careful about exposing themselves, were guilty of what might be termed here "a sublime folly." A squadron of horse advanced at noon on Villejuif, a little to the right of the Moulin Saquet redoubt, and upon a brisk fire being commenced by the sentinels, the cavalry retired by both flanks, and exposed to view a couple of field-guns and a body of about 1,000 infantry. The field-pieces immediately opened fire, but were soon silenced by the mitrailleuses in position at the barricade and the guns of Moulin Saquet. The enemy managed to carry off his dead and wounded under cover of the fire of a new battery constructed between l'Hay and Chevilly. The French are unable to

account for this sudden and daring attack in broad daylight.

The bombardment of the city still continues, inflicting the average amount of damage to life and property; about twenty persons appear to have been killed or wounded during the last twenty-four hours. Two shells exploded in the Jardin des Plantes, but fortunately did no damage either to the animal or vegetable kingdoms; another forced its way into the hotel of the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, and injured his winter-garden, but none of the wounded soldiers on the second story. Strange to say, a projectile fell into the study of M. Daubrée, and rolled under his table without bursting. M. Daubrée is a savant who for some years past has been studying the constitution and effects of bolides, and was far from expecting the spurious article manufactured by Krupp which paid him a visit this morning. Another shell burst in the library of the well-known scientific writer, Abbé Moigno, who wrote yesterday a violent article against the bombardment; the reply was more violent still—it pulverised a bookcase, and fearfully lacerated 500 volumes. The Abbé himself escaped with a slight wound in the head, which, he says, caused a few drops of blood to flow—he would gladly shed more for the salvation of France.

January 19th.—This morning the French marched out against the enemy without beat of drum; the

gates were not previously closed as a warning to the enemy, nor were flaming proclamations issued to rouse the troops, and betray the intentions of their leaders. A force of over 100,000 men, composed of the line, Mobile, and National Guard, the latter being taken into action for the first time, advanced with considerable spirit against a point in the Prussian lines skilfully chosen. The men were confident—at least, the war companies of the National Guard, with their new uniforms and other appointments—were confident of sleeping to-night at Versailles, in the beds of the "mystic soudard" and his legions. In consequence of the direction of the wind, even the people living in the west of Paris were not aware that anything unusual was going on in front of 'Mont Valérien until the first batch of wounded were sent in, and the Government made known a despatch which it had received early in the morning, announcing the capture of Montretout. This success excited all the more enthusiasm because the place was surprised, because it was supposed to be heavily armed and strongly occupied, and because it was one of the four important points lost on the second day of the siege. It turned out, however, that Montretout was nearly unarmed, and was only held by a very small force, a part of which managed to fight its way through the French columns. The sixty men taken prisoners are said to be Poles, uncleanly, but friendly to France.

The attacking force was placed under the orders

of General Vinoy, who commanded the left, charged to carry Montretout and then the village of Garches, whilst General de Bellemare with the centre, and General Ducrot with the right, were to advance through Buzenval and attack the formidable plateau of la Bergerie, which rises to a greater elevation than Mont Valérien, where General Trochu, who commanded in chief, took up his position with several other members of the Government. The day, as an official report issued this evening states, commenced fortunately, but did not turn out as was desired. The enemy, taken by surprise in the morning, towards the end of the day brought up enormous masses of artillery and reserves of infantry. At three o'clock the left, which had begun the day so well, gave way, and General Trochu rode to Garches to try to re-establish the fortunes of the day. General Vinoy's corps, encouraged by the presence of the Governor, made another effort, but the columns were soon driven back, and forced to abandon the heights they had previously conquered. General de Bellemare made considerable progress, and appears to have reached the crest of the plateau of la Bergerie, but unfortunately he was not sustained as he should have been by the right. General Ducrot, who had had to march about ten miles during the night, had found himself unable to occupy the positions assigned to him at the proper time, in consequence of his road having been blocked up

by a column of artillery, which had lost its way in the dark. The Prussians, too, had made an obstinate resistance at the château of Buzenval and in the surrounding woods, whilst his right, established at Rueil, suffered heavily from the fire of a battery on the opposite side of the Seine. In fact, General Ducrot found his hands full, in spite of the assistance he received from the guns of Mont Valérien. The general behaved in the most intrepid way, and several times led on his skirmishers; his staff suffered severely, but the bullets respected Ducrot, and if he did not "conquer or die" it was no fault of his. The artillery continued to fire long after the shades of evening had fallen over this disastrous day, which marks the expiring effort of Paris. General Schmitz received the following note from the Governor at a late hour. "The fog is thick. The enemy does not attack. I have withdrawn the greater portion of my troops, some of them to their old cantonments. An armistice for two days must be earnestly demanded at Sèvres, to enable us to pick up our wounded and bury the dead. Much time and energy will be required for this, as well as carriages with stout teams and a large body of men for the stretchers. Do not lose any time to act in this way." From the above note it seems that the losses must have been extremely heavy on this side; at an early hour in the afternoon all the ambulances on this side of the city were full. More than sixty National Guards were brought to the American

ambulance by noon, and Dr. Swinburne and his staff will be up all night. It would be difficult to say how the troops behaved, for the National Guard was not at all equal to the task of supporting a night march, and then carrying well-defended positions against veteran soldiers, flushed "with victory's crimson'd wing." The Imperial army failed to break out of Metz, and the raw levies of Paris and the provinces, aided by the splendid naval brigade and a not very fine body of soldiers of the line, have again failed to force the iron girdle bound round this capital. The National Guard and other troops might certainly have made a better stand; Montretout might have been defended, and not quietly given back to the Prussians, who evidently expected, judging from the force concentrated for the re-capture of the position, that it would have been held to the last extremity. That the civic troops must have gone all to pieces at the end of the day is clear from the bands of stragglers which are still wending their way home, having left their regiments.

During the battle to-day the bombardment was slack; however, shells were thrown into the city, and one fell into the Halle aux Vins and set it on fire; fortunately the flames were immediately extinguished.

The Government has offered a reward to any one who will give information against persons possessing more than the legal amount of flour: the apartments of absentees are also to be searched for food.

January 20th.—As if yesterday's misfortunes were not sufficient, the Government has received intelligence of General Chanzy's defeat: we are told that he has lost twelve guns and 10,000 men. The news from Bourbaki is more cheery; he is reported to have beaten the Prussians in two engagements; but then Bourbaki is suspected here of being a traitor, bent on restoring the empire, with the aid of the old army and the Germans. Faidherbe also claims to have gained some fresh advantages over the enemy. In spite of the glimpses of sunshine from the east and the north, our last failure has created a ferment in Paris. It is felt that we are on the eve of a capitulation, and the clubs are again bestirring themselves. It is not supposed that even the Commune could save the city now. "The hour of the Commune has past," cried M. Briosne, the most eloquent speaker of the clubs; "who would be mad enough to assume the responsibility of the present situation? The *bourgeoisie* would be responsible for the fall of Paris; but this disaster would be greater than they imagined. The *bourgeoisie* had thought it sufficient to make a show of resistance, to go upon the ramparts, and to make reconnaissances without ever seeing the enemy, returning with the set phrase, 'We have been admirable.'" "Paris," added the orator, "is the capital of the civilized world, and its fall must be worthy of its renown. When Jerusalem perished, the women,

for want of stones and rubbish, flung down on the enemy from the top of the wall the palpitating members of the defenders of the Holy City; there only remains of Palmyra, the queen of the desert, a mutilated column, and it required centuries to find the site of Babylon and Nineveh. Well! Paris must know how to die." M. Briosne terminated his eloquent oration by a passionate appeal to the people to go out *en masse;* he would let the *bourgeoisie* take part in the sortie if they had sufficient courage. The Prussians would never be able to slay 2,000,000 people; some would get through the lines, and live to revenge their fellow-citizens. This speech, delivered with great animation, had a great effect on the audience; the female portion wept, and two women went into hysterics. The president paid M. Briosne the samé compliment once paid to Sheridan; he proposed to close the proceedings. A young citizen who attempted to prove that the act of despair so eloquently proposed by citizen Briosne was not practicable, was forced to leave the tribune.

One of the villages round Paris, which has the most suffered from intermittent bombardment, is Grand Drancy, which is now a heap of ruins. In 1470, Drancy was destroyed by the English, and the Pope promised indulgences to any one who would contribute to the rebuilding the sanctuary of Notre Dame des Vertus. The church in question soon rose from its ruins, and was highly esteemed by pilgrims.

In 1814 Drancy was partially destroyed by the Prussians; and after the war, theatrical representations were given in behalf of the inhabitants, and the church was restored. Will Drancy be restored a third time by the church or by the theatre? A franc-tireur, called Hamet, has just been tried and sentenced to a month's imprisonment, for having robbed the church-plate; he had appropriated them to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy.

January 21st.—The papers contain many anecdotes of the energy and courage exhibited by the army of Paris on the disastrous 19th. Amongst those who fell may be cited Henri Regnault, a young painter of great promise, who exhibited the most remarkable picture at the Palais d'Industrie in May last; Seveste, an actor at the Théâtre Français; Genaro Perelli, a composer; M. Delangle, one of General Trochu's aides-de-camp; the Count de Montbison, colonel of Mobiles; the Marquis de Coriolis, an ex-captain of Zouaves, &c. Amongst the wounded was M. V. de Lesseps, who was struck in the knee and was picked up by his father, who is in the Ambulance Corps. On the morning of the 19th the staff of the *Liberté* wrote a collective note to state that their respected editor, M. Henri Vrignault, though a married man with children, had gone out to do battle for his country. A paragraph in the same paper relates an episode of the struggle in which comedy and tragedy

are curiously blended. "The Marquis de Coriolis," says the writer, "fell in the attack on Buzenval, fighting side by side with our chief editor. The ambulance-men were sent for. A Dominican—the chaplain of the regiment—was the first to arrive, who, uncovering, said to M. Vrignault,—'Let us recite a *De profundis*.' The two men knelt down, and, bare-headed, under a shower of bullets, repeated to the soul of the dead the adieu of the Christian. The ambulance-men did not arrive. The Dominican and M. Vrignault carried the body away upon two muskets, whilst the Prussians fired without cessation on the little group!" The losses of the 19th, alluded to as a *patriotic* hecatomb, are set down at about 8,000 men. M. Vrignault, be it added, is highly indignant with General Trochu for writing despondingly about the affair, and acknowledging a disaster. The chief editor of the *Liberté* contests the defeat; but then he had evidently left the field with the body of his friend the Marquis de Coriolis.

It cannot be laid to the account of the Republicans that they are blind to the faults of their friends. M. Felix Pyat, considering that M. Gambetta has made a mistake in handing over the assassins of the Commandant Arnaud at Lyons, indulges in the following pen-and-ink sketch of the energetic Pro-Consul. It would be impossible to translate this article:—

"Le jeune Gambetta est décidément le héros des

républicains roses, une statuette de Danton, une idole de Cham, l'immortel du quart d'heure, le grand homme de l'entresol-Vachette, le père de la patrie et des pigeons, la mère des armées et des canards, l'enfant chéri de la victoire et de la basoche, le Carnot de la troisième république et de la chicane, l'organisateur des départs pour Bordeaux et Londres, le sauveur de la France et le sauvé de Tours comme de Paris. . .

"Qu'est-ce que Gambetta?

"Un avocat de la graine d'Ollivier—un autre élève de M. Favre. *Abraham genuit Isaac.* On pourrait s'en tenir là.

"Un avocat, vous dis-je? Comment un avocat? Que parlez-vous de Carnot? Plus fort que Carnot, qui n'était que soldat, Carnot avocat.

"Un Carnot hâbleur, quelque peu exotique, Italien, peut-être Corse, le plus beau champignon poussé sur le fumier Bonapartiste, dans les sous-sols du parjure, cryptogame malsain, trompeur, assermenté deux fois au crime, et comme député et comme avocat d'une faconde égale à sa conscience, ayant exalté l'insurgé Baudin et condamné l'insurgé Eudes, ayant prôné Marat à Belleville et M. Thiers à Aix, un ami du peuple qui ne mourra jamais comme le premier, assassiné par l'ange de la réaction; un Mirabeau phthisique, capable, sinon de parler, du moins de finir comme lui, avec son reçu dans une cassette royale!"

To-day is the anniversary of the death of Louis

XVI., an anniversary always observed by the Imperial Court, which never indulged in any festivities on the 21st January. The Republican papers indulge in facetious remarks on the guillotine and the other "properties" of the Reign of Terror.

One hears of a box of treasures belonging to Napoleon III. having been discovered in the Duc de Persigny's apartments in the Rue d'Albe. The said treasures appear to be historical. Amongst other objects is the *humerus* of Charlemagne, for which bone his ex-Majesty is said to have refused 2,000,000 francs when he was residing in London! An equally curious relic, to be found in the collection of a warrior so often surprised by the Prussians, is an alarm-clock which belonged to the Great Frederick. The box also contained many souvenirs, one of the strangest being the wig in which he made his escape from Ham when he impersonated the carpenter Badinguet.

The bombardment of St. Denis, due notice of which was given by the Prussians, commenced this morning, and was continued with violence throughout the day. Most of the troops, the naval brigade, &c., immediately retired to the cellars; but the Mobiles of the Seine were left for some hours in the wooden huts, and were then ordered off to Aubervilliers and the fort de l'Est. The head-quarters of Admiral de la Roncière le Noury is a low building quite invisible from the Prussian batteries, and yet several shells were thrown into it. The admiral,

however, had decamped in time, suspecting that the enemy had marked him down. The usual number of projectiles were fired into Paris, without occasioning any accident worthy of notice.

January 22nd.—This morning General Trochu resigned the command of the army, which has devolved on General Vinoy, who has been in favour since his retreat from Mezières: he saved the only division which escaped the general wreck at Sedan, and, such as it was, brought it safely into Paris. The popularity of General Trochu has quite died out; it is felt that his rule has been feeble, and that he is merely a book-soldier with a good heart. Had not General Ducrot been two hours late on the 19th, he might have been offered the command, as he was appointed to an army in November, when Vinoy was simply given a corps. Vinoy then refused to serve under Ducrot, in consequence of his having signed the capitulation of Sedan, and now he objects to Ducrot serving under him. By the rules of the service, an officer who has signed a capitulation must be whitewashed by a court-martial before resuming his position. The resignation of General Trochu is viewed in two ways—he has resigned because he declared the other day that he would not capitulate, and because somebody else must do so, or he has resigned to let Vinoy try whether he can force the blockade in another sortie.

Whilst the public were ruminating over the news of the Governor's withdrawal from the military command of Paris, it was startled to learn that the Commune, which has been growing tumultuous for the last two days, was marching on the Hôtel-de-Ville. The Government rather anticipated an assault, and had taken proper precautions to meet it. Troops were held in readiness to act within the building, and the gates were closed. At about one o'clock a band of 300 rioters, most of them in the uniform of the National Guard, arrived on the Place de Grève, loaded their muskets, and deployed in skirmishing order. The various groups retired with precipitation; the skirmishers advanced, when suddenly a dozen Mobiles issued from the gates to the Hôtel-de-Ville, and levelled their chassepots. There was no necessity for pulling a trigger, for a panic seized the attacking force, which fled. The shopkeepers in the surrounding streets put up their shutters and made all as safe as possible, in presence of this tempest. The rioters, who were not pursued, except by the laughter of the Bretons, rallied on the Quay of Notre Dame, and were led back in some order to the Rue de Rivoli, where they cried, "Vive la Commune!" and "A bas les Bretons," for the Breton is to the man of Belleville as the weasel is to the rat. Another band of rioters, about 100 strong, soon afterwards made its appearance, and a desperate attack seemed imminent. The second band fraternised with the first, and the

two bands were then harangued by some individual having authority, and apparently took his advice and dispersed. The peaceful groups returned to the Place de Grève, and a compact crowd, which supposed the day's business over, stood chatting and gesticulating. Suddenly another armed band, of 150 men, came down from the Temple, and taking up its position on the pavement, close to the Hôtel-de-Ville, shouted, "A bas Trochu!" and "Vive la Commune!" Some of the men endeavoured to break down the iron railing which runs round the building. The commandant of the Hôtel-de-Ville and two other officers came out and asked the rioters what they intended. A man dressed as an officer of the National Guard asked whether the troops would fire on the people. To this question Colonel Valre replied, "How can they fire whilst we are parlamenting with you?" The colonel had hardly uttered these words when the rioters fired and wounded M. Bernard of the Finisterre battalion in three places. Whilst Colonel Valre and Commandant Legge were trying to open the door by which they had come out to try to appease the mob, several more shots were fired at them, but fortunately without taking effect. Directly the noise of musketry was heard in the Place the windows of the Hôtel-de-Ville were crowded with troops, who opened fire on the men of Belleville and quickly scattered them. The bravest of the brave crouched down under the shelter of some

heaps of sand, or from behind solid lamp-posts replied to the Moblots; others, more cautious, kept up a discharge at a safer distance, and from doorways in the Avenue Victoria and the Rue de Rivoli peppered the venerable pile where the Government deliberates. After a desultory fire had been kept up for half-an-hour an hospital volunteer appeared on the Place de Grève waving a white handkerchief, and an officer of National Guards, with a yard of calico at the end of his sword, interceded between the belligerents. There also arose a cry from the people that the Moblots should cease firing, as the rioters were on their knees demanding forgiveness. When tranquillity was restored a number of citizens who were supposed to have fallen in the defence of their political opinions, suddenly regained their legs, and proceeded to make good use of them. About twenty men were killed in this foolhardy attack, and amongst the dead was Sappia, dismissed a couple of months ago from the command of his battalion of National Guards; on his trial it was proved that he had been broken once before in Mexico, whilst serving in that country, and that he had afterwards been locked up in a lunatic asylum, suffering from a complication of disorders, set forth in the books of the establishment where he was confined as "maniacal delirium, mingled with ideas of greatness and suicide."

The rioters acted with great judgment in giving up the contest at the right moment. The white flag

had not been hoisted five minutes, when General Correard made his appearance at the head of strong detachments of cavalry and infantry, and General Clement Thomas also came to the rescue. The sight-seers were not long in rushing back to the scene of action, and great anxiety was manifested to catch a glimpse of poor Sappia, whose addled brain has now ceased to trouble himself and others. General Correard got impatient, and ordered the Place de Grève to be cleared, and might have exclaimed—

> What doth this rabble here,
> Have they no craft to mind at home, that hitherward they stray ?
> Ho ! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse away.

Several arrests were made. M. Jules Ferry accuses the rioters of having made use of explosive bullets and small bombs, and of having by their foolish and cowardly aggression sullied a page so pure as the defence of Paris.

The men of the Commune were encouraged to make this attack on the Hôtel-de-Ville in consequence of the success which attended their enterprise against Mazas. That strong prison, which is the modern representative of the Bastille, was broken into last night by a handful of men, who proceeded to release Flourens and the other political prisoners. Either the governor of the prison was in the conspiracy, or he is a simpleton. He opened one of his gates to parley with the mob, the mob rushed in,

and the governor, candle in hand, was forced to show King Commune round the cells. There was much weeping and embracing, fetters were knocked off, and all that the governor demanded was a receipt for the prisoners delivered. Major Flourens has again disappeared into the realms of Belleville; he was not remarked at the Hôtel-de-Ville, and was probably unwilling to compromise his liberty so soon after having regained it.

Such is the state of excitement into which the city has been thrown by the events of the day, that a journal remarks that the death of King William, who is said to have been struck down by apoplexy, passes almost unperceived.

The Prussians bombarded as usual, and are playing havoc with St. Denis, which is almost entirely deserted. The forts of La Briche, Double Couronne, l'Est, and Aubervilliers have been sadly knocked about.

January 23*rd*.—The intrepid Major Flourens and his band, after leaving Mazas, appear to have paid a visit to the town-hall of the twentieth arrondissement, and to have carried off 2,000 rations intended for the poor. After this exploit our heroes disappeared, and the ex-chief of the battalions of Belleville went into retirement. Gustave Flourens, in this matter of arrests and condemnations, is becoming a serious rival of that chronic conspirator, Blanqui, who can never remain above ground for more than a few

months at a time. Various clubs promised to support the movement yesterday, but the heart of the members failed them. Let any one take up a detailed account of the attack made on the Tuileries, when it was defended by the last adherents of Louis XVI. and the Swiss Guard, and he will have a very fair account of the scene which disgraced Paris yesterday, as far as the conduct of the mob is concerned. There was the same cowardice exhibited by the rioters, and on the Place du Carrousel, as on the Place de Grève, numbers of men pretended to be dead, but jumped to their legs when all danger was over. Fortunately the result was not the same, as the regular troops stuck to their colours instead of going over to the people.

In consequence of the rioting yesterday, the Government has directed that the clubs shall be closed, and has taken other precautionary measures. A couple of new Prussian batteries were reported this morning to have opened fire from the wood of Clamart. Saint Denis is undergoing a terrible ordeal; last night no less than 120 shells were thrown into the town in an hour's time. The fire kept up on the forts is so severe that they are unable to reply, and the garrisons remain in their casemates, whilst several outposts have been driven in for shelter. A large number of projectiles fell into Paris last night and this morning, but very few lives were lost; every one appears to have been out when M. Krupp pre-

sented his respects, and nearly all the shells burst in empty rooms.

General Vinoy, on taking command of the army, has issued a modest, soldier-like order of the day, and General Schmitz has been succeeded by General de Valdan, who is a decided improvement. General Schmitz's reports had become monotonous in the extreme. His humane mind evidently shunned dwelling upon slaughter; under his beneficent reign fewer casualties occurred, and the Prussian guns never damaged French forts. General de Valdan is less patriotic, more careless of human life, and admits the reasoning of the enemy's artillery. In his first bulletin he says, that "the damage done by the fire of the Prussian batteries has not caused any serious damage, although the fort of Issy has been considerably knocked about." "At the east," he adds, "the Prussians have established a battery with six embrasures, at 5,000 yards from the fort of Charenton. . . To the north, Saint Denis has been bombarded with great violence. Several new batteries have been established. . . . About 1,000 projectiles were hurled to-day at La Briche, which had to support the cross-fire of six batteries. Two pieces of twenty-four and one of twelve were disabled," &c.

Yesterday, Brabant paid 220 francs for a couple of turkeys without the giblets; a lean hen fetches 30 francs, and a good rabbit about 50 francs. Ham is 20 francs a pound, and gruyère, 25 francs.

January 24th.—The military report of General de Valdan has given great dissatisfaction to the optimists, who, like the ostrich, prefer not to see the danger which menaces them. It is probable that the General is in error as regards the battery in front of Charenton, *with six embrasures*, as the Prussians mount their guns *en barbette*, but the rest of the report is probably correct, and not written merely to frighten the population. However, one of the most patriotic writers states this evening, that the fire round St. Denis is something formidable. The redoubt of Courneuve was not only rendered untenable in the morning, but the war companies of the National Guard, which were driven out of that position, in order to gain the fort de l'Est, distant about 1,500 yards, had to make a round of several miles. At Bourget, where so much hard fighting has taken place, and where it was considered impossible for either French or Prussians to make a permanent footing, there is now a battery of Krupp guns. To-day General de Valdan alludes to several new batteries, and it is evident that the enemy is pushing his attack with vigour.

Count Bismarck is accused of having got up the attack on the Hôtel-de-Ville; several spies were observed, it is said, distributing money and arms to the rioters. Sober-minded people have declared to me that they saw suspicious-looking men giving gold to soldiers in by-streets and under gateways.

On the last night that meetings were permitted a curious scene was presented by the Favié club. An orator with a red belt, accused the men of Belleville of idleness, or want of energy. "For two days," he said, "we have been calling on you to take up arms and overthrow the infamous Government of the Hôtel-de-Ville. Every time you answered 'All! All!' and you were about 1,200 who thus replied. How many appeared before the Hôtel-de-Ville this morning? We were not forty." (Cries of "shame.") "It was not Belleville which fought, but the eighteenth arrondissement—Belleville which boasts that it is the crater of the revolution! Belleville dishonours itself! Belleville abdicates!" ("Yes! yes! It's true we are cowards!")

Another citizen, who had taken part in the fray, related how he fell back at about 3 P.M. in presence of a superior force. He thought that he should find Belleville covered with barricades. What did he see? Citizens and their wives walking about arm-in-arm like *fainéants*. "Is this the way to deliver ourselves from tyrants, and to save the country? Ah, Belleville, you know how to speak, but you know not how to act." (Hilarity, applause, protestations.) Then rose a third citizen, who, after bowing to the president, declared that all the evil arose from the clubs. "How are we to take virile resolutions," he cried, "in the midst of a heap of women and children who come here to digest their dinner?" (Laughter.) "Then,

when we take a resolution, we take it publicly, and our enemies are aware of our intentions. We should have secret societies." ("He's right, no more clubs.") "We could then arrange an attack on the Hôtel-de-Ville without being sure of finding Mobiles and mitrailleuses ready to receive us.".

Later in the evening a practical orator proposed an attack on the town-hall of the district, "which was held," he said, "by some custom-house men." This proposition was hailed with cries of "Come along!" which in no wise satisfied the man at the tribune. "I know you," he added, "you are 1,000 now, and not fifty would follow me." (Applause, protestations, ironical laughter.) "Let those good citizens who mean business go and get their muskets." ("Yes, yes! that's it.") "We will then count our forces, and if we are in sufficient numbers we will attack the town-hall. If not, we will not expose ourselves to be shot down like fools." Another citizen declared that the municipality was quite willing to hand over the town-hall to the elected of the people. "Well, our elected, we have him; he is in liberty, it is citizen Flourens. (Immense acclamation.) Let us carry him to the town-hall." ("Yes, yes!" women's voices add, "directly.") The President rose to calm the agitation, and remarked that it would be as well to assure themselves first of all of the real sentiments of the municipality, and if the custom-house men were inclined to hand over their post

quietly. "It must then be ascertained," he added, "if citizen Flourens will consent to allow himself to be carried to the town-hall under the circumstances in which he finds himself, for Trochu, Vinoy, and their lot have put a price on his head, and he is liable to be shot without trial." (Prolonged sensation; women's voices, "It's horrible.") The President therefore proposed that two commissions should be named; one to go and find the municipality and the custom-house men, and the other to obtain the decision of Flourens. A citizen having remarked that the first-named commission would run a fair chance of being kicked out of doors, the president determined to put the matter to a vote. The club decided that the commission should be named, and escorted by a force sufficient to make itself respected. (Applause.) Before the naming of the commission, the President insisted on some pledge being given that citizens would form the escort, and those who declared themselves willing to fetch their muskets and accompany the embassy, were asked to stand aside. ("Yes, yes!" tumult; "it's not practical; they'll bolt.") The President then suggested that the volunteers should write down name and address. ("That's it! all, all.") This proposition was voted without a division. The oratorical part of the performance was suspended whilst the citizens, ready to march on the maire of the arrondissement, or even on the Hôtel-de-Ville, were inscribing their names. At the end of three

quarters of an hour proceedings were resumed, and the President having rung his bell, ran his eye over the list of volunteers, and announced twenty-three inscriptions. (Movement of stupefaction, cries of indignation from women and armed citizens.) The President, quite discouraged, was about to quit the tribune, when a citizen rushed wildly into the hall, declaring that the custom-house men, unwilling to thwart the people of Belleville, had consented to evacuate the town-hall. (Immense applause.) "Now that the town-hall is ours," cried the President, "we must see that it is not re-captured; men and even women must keep guard over it to-night." (Feeble cries of "Yes, yes! we'll go.") "And in the meantime the twenty-three will take council with Flourens, who will be found equal to the situation." The meeting broke up and every one went home to bed; nor has anything more been heard of the town-hall, nor the gallant twenty-three and the dashing Major Gustave Flourens.

The town of St. Denis is suffering terribly from the bombardment, and appears doomed to entire destruction; the forts of the Double Couronne, La Briche, and l'Est, are unable to reply to the heavy fire of the enemy. In Paris seven persons were wounded this morning in the hospital of La Pitié; an office for nurses, hard by, received a shell, which fortunately, hurt no one. Another projectile fell into a Carmelite convent, and did 20,000 francs'-

worth of damage in the chapel. There were a variety of other accidents of a more or less ghastly nature, and twenty people must have been killed or wounded this morning.

January 25th.—With wonderful unanimity all the papers cry out against the detestable compound which is being served out as bread; a chorus of editors and sub-editors declares it to be a mixture of hay, sawdust, and other matters impossible to digest. A chemist has taken the trouble to analyse a loaf, and finds that a pound of bread is made up of one-eighth of common wheaten flour, four-eighths of a mixture of fecula of potato, rice, lentils, split-peas, vetches, oats, rye, two-eighths of water, one-eighth of straw and other detritus. The nutritive qualities of this bread, continues the savant, are as one to twelve, when compared to the common bread used by the peasant of the Ardèche, where the bread is not of first quality. It is evident from what is now written in the press, that the Government is seriously uneasy, and that Paris is starved out. The Prussians, too, have thrown shells into Cail's premises, at Grenelle, which are under the fire of several new batteries: at Cail's all the mess above alluded to is ground by steam-mills, and an unfortunate shot might, at any moment, deprive the entire population of what is still called by courtesy the staff of life. People are dying in hundreds for want of

nourishment; the last bills of mortality showed the deaths to amount to nearly 5,000 a week, and these returns do not include the military, nor even the civil hospitals. Paris, in fact, is *in extremis.*

The Versailles *Moniteur,* which came into Paris this morning, gives a sad account of the condition of the armies of Chanzy, Faidherbe, and Bourbaki, which the Parisians have been counting on with such exuberant faith. A portion of the population still clings to the idea that General Vinoy has a better plan than General Trochu, and that we are on the eve of another supreme effort to shake off the Prussians; the other portion believes that General Trochu has simply resigned his command, because he stands pledged not to capitulate, and because a capitulation is necessary. One hears that General Vinoy, who objected to serve under General Ducrot, when the three armies were first formed, now objects to that general serving under him, and the consequence is that Ducrot, who, no matter what his faults, has always behaved with intrepidity, has retired to Vincennes.

The Sergeant Hoff question has turned up again. His friends publish his "book," which shows that he was born in Alsace, that he entered the army in 1857, that he attained the rank of corporal in 1867, was made a second-class sergeant in 1869, a first-class sergeant in 1870, &c. The lady who is alluded to as his widow denies the imputations brought

against the sergeant, and some of his comrades declare that he was killed on December 2nd at Petit Bry. In spite of papers and other proofs, the paper which first accused Hoff of being a spy adheres to its assertions, and boldly declares that their truth is admitted at head-quarters. It will be interesting to hear what the Bavarians have to say about this mysterious soldier.

It is the impression here that the Prussians are sending every stick of furniture which is not too heavy to be removed, across the Rhine, and that long trains of waggons are constantly engaged in "removing." This idea has been confirmed in the minds of the Parisians by the publication of a list of articles found on the body of a soldier, who fell a couple of days ago at Moulin de Pierre. The list reads like the enumeration of objects found on the post-mortem examination of a shark captured in low latitudes after a long run. The list comprises a damask napkin, a printed cotton shirt, a peignoir, with initials C. B., another peignoir, a cotton counterpane, a felt hat, a child's frock, a pair of woman's stockings, marked D. B., a piece of printed cotton, stay laces, an infant's under-waistcoat, marked 22, with "Sunday" written on the belt, a cutting of green cotton velvet, a silk handkerchief, a woollen comforter, a cherry-coloured lady-cravat, an English collar in satin, child's gaiters, a cambric collar, an old woollen petticoat, a white cotton net, a cutting of

flannel, a belt ornament, with jet, a piece of list, an ear-cover, a printed cotton petticoat, a piece of white cotton, a piece of black cloth, some velvet trimming, an apron, some diachylon, covering a linen bandage, some lint, a pack of cards, three pair of children's gloves, an object in copper, taken from a church ornament, a violet flannel waistcoat, a pair of polished leather boots stuffed with wristbands meant for a little girl, a pair of blue stockings, a pair of blue slippers, a pair of mittens, a towel, with coffee wrapped up in it, a bit of cleaning leather, a little camp-kettle, containing soap, &c., a small frying-pan, a packet of white wool, a small sack of rice, a game of dominoes, a shoe-brush, a clothes-brush, some pepper, a dozen cigars, a small bag, with salt, a tin box, with cartridges, three small bottles, containing oil and camphorated oil, a spoon, a pair of scissors, a bit of wax, a bottle of blacking, a snuff-box, with pepper, two pieces of sugar, two balls of red wool, a packet of preserved meat.

If all this was found upon a simple soldier, what must be the booty of the general-in-chief?

During the bombardment to-day a shell fell into a battalion of National Guards, which was thrown into general confusion; the men flung themselves on the ground, and, if not covered with glory, were covered with dirt, and a few slight wounds were inflicted. A Mobile quarter-master, who, taken prisoner at Sedan, had managed to effect his escape,

was killed on the Orleans road by a projectile, which also killed a sergeant, and smashed the arm of a private. Several shells fell into the wine-stores, and one merchant had twenty-two barrels stove in.

The bombardment of St. Denis and the forts has been going on all day, but nothing interesting is reported, beyond the fact that the forts only reply feebly.

January 26th. — The Government, seeing the state of famine to which Paris has been reduced, and that there is no longer any hope of receiving aid from the provinces, has at last decided on tossing up the sponge. The fact is, that unless supplies can be rapidly thrown into Paris, thousands of persons will be starved to death, and to no purpose. The stock of provisions is almost entirely exhausted, and the horses of the 9th Cuirassiers are said to have been marched to the shambles this morning. Most of the papers now look upon negociations with the enemy as absolutely necessary; even the *Liberté*, which has written all through the siege in the most optimist and rash manner, bows its head and accepts the position. The rumour is that M. Jules Favre has gone to Versailles to renew the conversation commenced at Ferrières, and that the siege is as good as over. There is much excitement in the streets and cafés, without any actual disturbance. The blow, thought long expected by many, has stunned Paris

for the moment. It may be too early to review the causes which have led to the downfall of this populous city, with its garrison of 500,000 men, and its fine outer line of defence; but, doubtless, General Trochu will be reproached with not having formed an army with the materials at his disposal. It is often thought that a Republican form of Government is incompatible with discipline, but, during the First Revolution, the most rigid discipline was preserved in the armies; not only were civil commissioners sent to accompany the generals-in-chief, with a portable guillotine, but the military code was excessively severe for the private soldier. The man who strays fifteen paces from his column, the man who steals a chicken, shall be shot—such were the laws enacted by the Jacobin Ministers of War. Under the present Republic there was a perfect horror of taking away life even to save Paris. The men who ran away at Chatillon without firing a shot, and who were condemned to death by court-martial, found their capital punishment reduced to the penalty which would be inflicted on a man for picking a pocket. When National Guards broke into open mutiny no punishment at all was inflicted; and, for a long time, the commandants of battalions marched their men about the city without any orders from head quarters. In no single instance has any National Guard been visited with more than ordinary punishment for breach of military discipline; the state of siege was entirely ignored by Generals

Trochu and Clement Thomas, and the natural consequence was that Paris was garrisoned by a body of men, but not by soldiers. The National Guards, who were called out for the first time in September, picked up their drill with remarkable rapidity; but the officers selected by vote never had any command over their men, and the authorities were evidently afraid of acting with severity; and yet a few citizens publicly executed would have leavened the whole lump. In many instances the choice of officers was deplorable. A few days ago the commandant of the 24th battalion was sentenced to four months imprisonment for cheating two young women out of a large sum of money; and, on his trial, it was shown that he had previously undergone a confinement of two years on a similar count. All through the siege scamps of like antecedents were being discovered under a brilliant uniform, which failed to cover their propensities.

How could any discipline be possible in an army where the following episode could occur? Two companies of artillery of the National Guard were incorporated, and Captain Longchamp was consulted by the men on the advisability of undergoing another election. Captain Longchamp, so the artillerymen in a letter to their colonel complain, said that he had submitted twice to universal suffrage, and would not go through the ordeal a third time. "I am an old republican," he added, "and have a profound contempt

for the democrats. If you wish to know my opinions I glory in being an anti-democrat." After a few soldier-like expressions on the part of the captain, more forcible than polite, an artilleryman observed that he was abusing his power by insulting men in the ranks. Upon this Captain Longchamp gave the gunner his address and offered to fight him. These facts, say thirty-eight artillerymen in their letter, filled the 3rd battery with profound stupor and great indignation; the citizens who compose that battery, protest energetically in the name of the Country, the Republic, Democracy, and Universal Suffrage. "We demand, Citizen Colonel," concludes this remarkable epistle, "our incorporation in another battery, and the dismissal of Captain Longchamp. Awaiting the solution of this deplorable incident, we shall continue to assemble under our present chiefs." Captain Longchamp will probably be removed to an anti-democratic battery, where his contempt for universal suffrage will be accepted by his gunners. The other day a captain of National Guards, named to the Legion of Honour, had the insolence to write to the Governor of Paris, through the medium of the *Réveil*, saying that it would be contrary to his Republican principles to accept a decoration. Nor did he think that he deserved one from the hands of a general who, during four months, had done nothing serious to break the blockade of Paris. With troops in such a state of discipline after

a siege of four months what could a general hope to accomplish? Nearly all the successes of the Germans are attributed to their strict discipline.

The bombardment of Paris was continued to-day and there was some sharp practice between the enemies' batteries and the forts of the South and North-West. General de Valdan, however, states that the material damage done to the forts of Issy, Vanves, and Montrouge, were repaired during the night, and that the damage done to La Briche and the other forts in that direction is not of a serious character as far as the defence is concerned.

January 29th.—Last night the Prussians were busily plying St. Denis with shot and shell, when their fire suddenly ceased shortly after ten o'clock. A little later the order to cease firing was communicated to the French forts and outposts, and at midnight the most profound silence reigned all round Paris. After the constant shaking of one's windows, there was something oppressive in the stillness which succeeded the repeated discharges of artillery, to which we have been so long accustomed. When the projectiles ceased to fall like hail on St. Denis, the inhabitants who had taken refuge in their cellars, soon popped up their heads and ventured out into the streets with night-caps and slippers, when they learned that hostilities had ceased. The poor old town has been sadly battered, and the cathedral, or

rather the church, has not escaped. The old legend concerning St. Denis, relates how that holy man used to walk about with his head under his arm. And, strange to say, the head of the statue of the saint was cut clean off by a Prussian shell. The legend of St. Denis, arose from the custom of burying the Christian martyr with his head in his hands, ready to offer it to God on entering Paradise. In contradistinction, the murderer was long buried, and I fancy still is buried, with his head between his legs. The damage done to the church of St. Denis, though serious, is not irreparable; it is fortunate that no shell got into the vaults, which the military authorities had turned into a powder-magazine, and which was most negligently guarded by the civic troops.

The *Official Journal*, announces this morning, that negociations have been opened, and M. Jules Favre is said to have discussed the conditions of an armistice over a barrel of "natives." The report is, that when M. Jules Favre found out yesterday morning that there only remained a few days bread in Paris; he immediately rushed off to Versailles without announcing his visit. He found the terrible chancellor standing with his back to the fire. Count Bismarck's first words were, "M. Jules Favre, I have been expecting you for some time," and then breakfast was served up and preliminaries arranged. But it is difficult to believe what appears

in the French press. It has played a poor rôle in the defence by misleading its readers who seldom objected to be gulled. Only yesterday, a new editor and staff with fervent aspirations, brought out a newspaper called *Le Salut de Paris*, which is not destined to have a long run. Yesterday evening a paper, not of the ranting optimist class, solemnly announced that "it is remarked that the enemy in his attacks on our outposts has lost all the dash which distinguished him in the first days of the siege. Now, said a lieutenant of the 109th, encamped at Villejuif, at our first discharge the Prussians fly like frightened hares."

A portion of the National Guard appears to be highly indignant with ministers for the step they have taken, but the war-like enthusiasm of this body comes too late. However, heroes often reveal themselves at unexpected moments. The line and the Mobile, who have had hard work, and have lost over 50,000 men, having done their duty, will lay down their arms quietly, and the splendid naval brigade, to which Paris owes so much, is in too high a state of discipline not to obey its officers; over 2,000 sailors have fallen in defence of the capital. There is a good deal of talk about blowing out one's brains sooner than surrender, and new accusations of treason very indiscriminately distributed.

We shall probably have some special books on the military hospitals and ambulances, which were under

the chief direction of Doctor Chenu, who, in a voluminous work, had attacked the system in force in the Crimea and Italy, and was supposed equal to the task of improving everything he had blamed. Medical commissioners will most likely tell how many amputations succeeded in the French hospitals. The list I fear will be a short one, and will prove that no progress has been made in the treatment of soldiers under Doctor Chenu, whose book excited universal indignation against the medical service under the Empire. To give one instance of the way in which things were managed at the Grand Hôtel. An English gentlemen, attached to an ambulance here, visited that establishment several times, and found the stench unbearable. He one day learned from a poor fellow who was suffering from a suppurating wound in the leg, that the saw-dust in which the injured limb was placed had not been changed for a week.

In addition to the military hospitals and ambulances on the ramparts, there are 634 ambulances, containing 19,617 beds, in Paris; a great many of these in private houses. The private individual, be it added, who offers a bed is also held to furnish medical attendance, &c., and to submit to the decisions of the hygienic council. Out of the 634 ambulances 114 were created and kept up by religious societies. The Protestant committee founded 5; the Jews, 1; the *Mairies*, 17; the Hôtel-de-Ville, 19; the

Military Intendance, 20; the "Assistance Publique," 10; the National Guard, 10; the State, 7; public establishments, 13; the International Society, 10; the Press, 10; the theatres, 5; and the Tribunal of Commerce, the Chamber of Notaries, the Polytechnic School, the Protestant School, and the Irish College, 1 each. This list does not include the Foreign ambulances—the American ambulance, which stands at the top of the tree, and is under the command of Doctor Swinburne, whose operations do succeed. The Austrian ambulance, I believe, comes next in point of salubrity. The Hon. Lewis Wingfield, has devoted all his time, days and nights, to attending the wounded, aiding first Doctor Swinburne at the American ambulance, and then co-operating with the ambulance of the Press. As an artist he had fortunately studied anatomy, and by this time must have had as much practice as most of the members of the R.C.S.

Captain Ballandier, of the Belleville Tirailleurs, who fled at Maisons-Alfort, has been tried by court-martial, and condemned to six months' imprisonment for showing want of courage. According to the prosecutor, Ballandier, directly his men were attacked, ordered them to stand firm, and disappeared in the darkness of night in search of reinforcements. "He ran," said Captain Mouillefarine, who conducted the case against the prisoner, "to the house where the 2nd company was quartered, at a place called Petit-

Waterloo. He arrived there like a man out of his mind, and shouted, 'We are turned! Protect our retreat!' The 2nd company immediately sprang to arms, and threw out skirmishers. A musket went off accidentally, and again Captain Ballandier cried, 'We are turned!' Then, addressing himself to some sous-officiers who remained in the house, he said, 'Put out the candle.' The extinguishing of this candle determined the hasty retreat of both the 1st and 2nd companies, for, according to the men, the Fort of Charenton had orders to bombard the place directly the light in question, which was always strictly guarded, disappeared. The Tirailleurs of Belleville having a wholesome dread of being shelled from the rear, did not stand upon the order of their going, but bolted. On the court-martial it turned out that the Leanders of the Fort of Charenton knew nothing of the signal lighted by the heroes of Petit-Waterloo.

THE END.

00031016

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018